

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

https://archive.org/details/artjournal6219unse



From the Picture by C. Blair Leighton.

Copyright 1896 by Franz Hanfstaengl

The Return of the Regiment

THE ART JOURNAL

NEW SERIES

LONDON: H. VIRTUE & CO. LTD.

1900

[*The right of Translation and Reproduction is reserved.*]

THE ART JOURNAL, 1900.

ETCHINGS.

		To face page
1. PAMELA'S BIRTHDAY	*After* G. W. Joy, *by* C. O. Murray *Described on p.* 22.	22
2. ON THE THAMES, NEAR COOKHAM	*Original Etching by* David Law *Described on p.* 59.	60
3. A LULLABY	*Original Etching by* R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A. *Described on p.* 292.	292

OTHER PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

		To face page
1 THE RETURN OF THE REGIMENT	*From the Picture by* E. Blair Leighton *Described on p.* 138.	*Frontispiece*
2. THE GARDEN OF HESPERIDES	*From the Water-Colour Drawing by* Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. *Described on p.* 94.	94
3. L'ADMIRATION	*From the Picture by* W. Bouguereau *Described on p.* 116.	116
4. THE DRINKING PLACE	*From the Picture by* Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. *Described on p.* 176.	162
5. THE CITY OF DURHAM	*From the Picture by* Niels M. Lund *Described on p.* 180.	180
6. THE PIANO	*From the Picture by* J. McNeill Whistler *Described on p.* 198.	198
7. MARSH LANDS	*From the Painting by* Cecil Lawson *Described on p.* 232.	232
8. LADY CLARGES	*From the Picture by* Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. *Described on p.* 261.	266
9. IN TIME OF PEACE	*From the Picture by* R. Gemmell Hutchison *Described on p.* 325.	324
10. THE PEST IN ROME	*From the Picture by* A. Hirémy-Hirschl *Described on p.* 354.	354

705 Ary 9940

GENERAL INDEX TO ARTICLES AND TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS.

ABERDEEN Art Gallery, 254
Aberfeldy and its Neighbourhood, 12
Accident, The. By Mrs. Adrian Stokes, 196
Admiral, The. By Velasquez, 118
After the Heat of the Day. By F. Goodall, R.A., 166
Alaska, Art in, 152
Aller Vale Pottery, 119
Alsatian Flower Stall. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 289
Altar Frontals, 128, 285
Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Rome. By J. Pennell, 226
Ancient Monuments Protection Bill, 254
Angels, Group of. By B. Gozzoli, 204
Annunciation, The. By Lippi, 118
Apollo By Rodin, 215
Arab Hall, Lord Leighton's House, 352
Armour in the Wallace Collection, 259
Art Annual, 1900, 351
Art in Alaska, 152
Art in the Nursery, 247, 262
Arthur, Ex-Provost. By G. Hutchison, 324
Artistic Copyright Bill, 159
Artistic Position of Du Maurier, 337
Artists' War-Fund, 60, 92, 123
Arts and Crafts at Wilton, Wilts, 267
Aubourg Museum Inn, 278
Autumn on the Wye. By C. E. Johnson, 173
Avenue, The. By Hobbema, 117

BABY Bedouin. By G. W. Joy, 21
Bailie MacWheeble and Waverley, 56
'Bairnies, cuddle doon.' By G. Hutchison, 326
Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness, The. By Andrea del Sarto, 208
Bass Rock, The. By J. T. Ross, 287
Bath Art Gallery, 224
Bathers, The. By Mark Fisher, 178
Beatrice de Cusance. By Van Dyck, 69
Billiard Players. By Hon. John Collier, 177
"Binnorie." By Miss K. Cameron, 148
Biographies of Artists:
  Cameron, Miss K., 149
  Cros Family, The, 153
  Finn, Herbert, 33
  Fra Angelico, 204
  Gibson, Chas. Dana, 39
  Hirémy-Hirschl, A., 353
  Hutchison, R. Gemmell, 321
  Joy, G. W., 17
  Leighton, E. Blair, 133
  Levetus, Miss Celia, 237
  Macbeth, R. W., A.R.A., 289
  Maris, Jas., 107
  Nicholson, Wm., 72
  Orr, Munro S., 310
  Pennell, Joseph, 225
  Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian, 193
  Traquair, Mrs., 143
Birdcage, The. By Jas. Maris, 108
Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 218
Blake's Great Naval Engagement with Van Tromp. By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., 170
Boarding School, The. By G. Du Maurier, 337
Bonheur Sale, Rosa, 222
Botticelli in Florence, A "New," 58
Breakers Ahead! 'Ware Manacles! By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., 178
Bridge, The. By Jas. Maris, 111
Bridgewater House Gallery, 224
British School at Athens, 383
Brocades. By Warner & Sons, 220, 377
Building and Vegitable. Coloured engraving by J. B. Jackson, 330

CAINE, Hall. By Bernard Partridge, 380
Camberwell Vestry Hall, 383
Camera Craft, 341
Cameron, Miss K., 149
Canal, The. By Jas. Maris, 111
'Cannetella comes out of the Cask.' By H. J. Ford, 382
Canterbury Cathedral. By H. Finn, 35, 37
Caroline and Lindorf. Coloured Engraving by Ogborne, 327
Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh, Decoration of. By Mrs. Traquair, 143-7
Cavalier of Louis XIII. By Meissonier, 258
Chalees Satoon. Coloured Engraving by G. Baxter, 330.
Chalice Veil in Venetian Point Lace. By E. A. James, 297
Charing Cross Station. By J. Pennell, 227
Charities of Dick Whittington. By Henrietta Rae, 379
Charity. By F. Brangwyn, 185
Charles I., Three Children of. By Van Dyck, 71
Choir Stall. By A. Trimmer, 296
Christ and a Little Child. By G. W. Joy, 20
Christchurch, Oxford. By H. Finn, 36
Church Tapestry Design. By A. E. Payne, 295
Churchyard Steps. By Mrs. Mary Davis, 157
Chute d'Icare, La. By Rodin, 214
Cider-making. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 291
City and Guilds Technical College, Finsbury, 90
Clarges, Lady. By Gainsborough, 261
Coloured Prints, 327
Conspirator, The. By Munro Orr, 311
Council, A. By Mrs. Adrian Stokes, 195
Courtyard, The. By De Hoogh, 117
"Cricket on the Hearth." By G. Hutchison, 321
Cros Family, The, 153
Crozier in Silver Gilt and Enamels. By Miss E. J. Pickett, 296
Crucifixion, Group from the. By Fra Angelico, 205
Crystal Palace School of Art, 318

DANAID. By G. W. Joy, 22
Darvel, The Mortons of, 7, 78
Dawn of Womanhood, The. By T. C. Gotch, 179
Day's Work Done, The. By Arthur Lemon, 182
De Morgan Pottery, 155
Decoration of London Restaurants, 331
Decoration of Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, 99
Delightful Story, The, Coloured Engraving by W. Ward, 329
Della Robbia Pottery, 155
Denial, The. By Mrs. Young Hunter, 181
Dernier Jour d'un Condamné. By Munkacsy, 199
Design in a dead century, 208
Devils of Notre Dame. By J. Pennell, 231
Devonshire Potteries, 119
Diamonds, 252
Diana. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 292
Du Maurier, The Artistic Position of, 337
Dunkeld, 233, 273
Durham Cathedral and Prebend's Bridge. By George Thomson, 27
Dwarf Trees, Japanese, 350

EARRINGS worn by Van Dyke's Fair Women, 302
Earrings seen in Chalon's Portraits, 304
'Earth, The.' Tapestry by A. Bronconi, 305
Easter Art Annual, 1900, 115
Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, 254, 288
Education of Mr. Pipp. By Dana Gibson, 39, 40, 41, 43
Electric Lighting, 23
Embroidery, 62, 285
English Silks and Brocades, 377
Entangled. By Miss K. Cameron, 149
Entrance of the Vandals into Rome. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 354
Etretat and its Environs, 277
Eve après le Péché. By Rodin, 217
Evening Hymn, The. By G. H. Boughton, R.A., 174
Exhibitions:
  Agnew's, 27, 125
  Antwerp, The Van Dycks at, 25, 288
  Artists' War-Fund, 92, 123
  Berlin, 95
  Birmingham Art Gallery, 348
  Birmingham Royal Society of Artists', 218
  Carfax Gallery, 224
  Conder, Charles, Works of, 224
  Crane, Walter, Works of, 348
  De Bock, T., Works of, 125
  Ecclesiastical and Educational Art, 61
  Egyptian Hall, 192
  Emslie, A. E., Works of, 192
  Fine Art Society, 123, 159, 281
  Flemish Art at the New Gallery, 63
  Glasgow Art Club, 30
  Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, 126
  Goupil Gallery, 158, 381
  Grafton Galleries, 93, 157, 283
  Guildhall, 92, 123
  Holland Art Gallery, 125, 381
  Home Arts and Industries, 255
  Leeds Arts and Crafts, 383
  McLean's, 381
  National Competition at South Kensington, 293
Exhibitions—*continued*.
  New English Art Club, 27, 189
  New Gallery, 63, 184
  Paris Club of International Women Artists, 282
  Paris International, 60, 95, 129, 213, 254, 317, 368
  Pastel Society, 93
  Portrait Painters, Society of, 92
  Ridley Art Club, 157
  Royal Academy, 65, 161, 318
  Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 157, 379
  Royal Scottish Academy, 126
  Royal Society of British Artists, 189, 381
  Royal Society of Painter Etchers, 159
  Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, 348
  Scottish Artists' Society, 124, 287
  Tooth's, 125, 381
  Turner Water-Colours from Brantwood, 281
  Van Dycks at Antwerp, The, 25, 288
  Van Dyck at Burlington House, 65
  Women Artists, Society of, 93
  Woman's Exhibition, Earl's Court, 219, 247, 262

FALGUIÈRE. By Rodin, 213
Ferry-boat, The, By Jas. Maris, 107
Fête Galante. By Pater, 257
Fine Weather after a Breeze. By H. Moore, R.A., 219
Finn, Herbert, 33
Finnigan's Point, Alaska. By A. Scott Rankin, 152
Finsbury Technical College, 90
First Union Jack. By G. W. Joy, 19
Fishing Boats leaving Port. By Adrian Stokes, 197
Fitzherbert, Mrs., Coloured Engraving, by J. Condé, 328
Five Windmills, The. By Jas. Maris, 112
Florence Cathedral, New Gates of, 150
Florence Museum of Tapestries, 305
Flute-Player, The. By Corot, 5
For the Front. By A. Stewart, 189
Fra Angelico in Rome, 204
Fremington Pottery, 28
Fulham Palace, 297
Furniture in the Wallace Collection, 260

GAINSBOROUGH, Statue to, 95
"Game wi' the Auld Ane." By Gemmell Hutchison, 325
Gap in the Hedge, The. By Geo. Clausen, A.R.A., 168
Gardeners, The, Tapestry, 308
Gates of Florence Cathedral, New, 150
General Gordon's Last Stand. By G. W. Joy, 17
German Pavilion, Paris Exhibition, 132
Gesso Bookcovers. By F. Paul, 293
Gibson, Chas. Dana, and his Work, 39
Gipsy's Sunday, The. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 290
Giustiannini, Bartolommeo. By Van Dyck, 221
Glasgow Art Club Exhibition, 30
God giving Adam dominion over the Animals. Tapestry, 309
"God is Love." By A. E. Emslie, 192
"God Speed." By E. Blair Leighton, 169
Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, Paris Exhib., 132
Growth of an Influence, The, 45
Gundy Man. The. By Gemmell Hutchison, 321
Guthrie, Mrs. Murray. By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., 161

HANDKERCHIEFS, 361
Harlech Sands. By H. Finn, 33
Hay-wain, The. By Constable, 4
Hill-Farm Pond. By C. H. Mackie, 287
Hirémy-Hirschl, A., 353
Hollyer's Rooms, Mr. Fred., 349
Holy Women at Sepulchre. By Van Eyck, 63
Home Arts and Industries, 255
Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur, 223
Horses Bathing in the Sea. By Miss L. Kemp-Welch, 174
Howell and James, 61
Hutchison, R. Gemmell, 321

"I COULD not love thee, dear, so much." By Seymour Lucas, R.A., 163
"If you will be Pope, I will turn Papist." By G. Du Maurier, 340
Illustrator of Blake, An, 237
Illustrators' Errors, Some, 54

"I'm the Sweetest Little Geisha in Japan." By Miss F. Neumegen, 282
Imitation Jewels, 302
In the Golden Days. By H. G. Riviere, 183
"In the Month of Gold and Silver." By Miss Spence Bate, 284
In Time of Peril. By E. Blair Leighton, 134
In View of Windsor. By D. Murray, A.R.A., 164
Inception of a Song, The. By E. J. Gregory, R.A., 157
Industrial Art, 23, 61, 90, 127, 155, 190, 219, 255, 285, 293, 314, 318, 349, 377
International Art, Knightsbridge, 124
'It was a Princess who stood outside.' By Hans Tegner, 383

Jack Straw's Castle. By W. Monk, 319
Japanese Dwarf Trees, 350
Jewel Tower, Westminster, The, 200, 244
Jewellery, 252, 302, 365
Jewels, An Appreciation of Imitation, 302
Joan of Arc. By G. W. Joy, 18, 20
Joan of Arc. By W. Onslow Ford, 180
Joubert, General. By Madame Thérèse Schwartze, 92
Joy, G. W., 17

Kempe's Painted Glass Windows, 344
'Kerchiefs, Of, 361
Killigrew and Carew. By Van Dyck, 68
King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid. By E. Blair Leighton, 135
King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid. By Sir E. Burne-Jones, 317
King John granting Magna Charta. By Ernest Normand, 378
Kitchener, Lord. By A. S. Cope, A.R.A., 172
Kleinwort, Mrs. Alex. By Luke Fildes, R.A,, 177

Lace, 208, 361
Lady Castlewood and Beatrix Singing. By G. Du Maurier, 339
Lady Godiva. By E. Blair Leighton, 137
"Lady Waverley! Ten Thousand a Year." By George Cruikshank, 57
Lake Bourget. By Alfred East, A.R.A., 167
Lambeth Palace, 373
Lamp of Life, The, 89
"L'Art Nouveau," 293
Laodameia. By G. W. Joy, 18
Launched in Life. By E. Blair Leighton, 133
Le Printemps. By Millet, 3
Le Puy. By J. Pennell, 229
Lear and Cordelia. By G. W. Joy, 21
Leaving the Paddock. By M. Cameron, 127
Leighton, The Work of E. Blair, 133
Les Bords de L'Oise. By Daubigny, 7
Lettering, The Practice of, 313
Levetus, Miss Celia, 237
Lewis, Miss Peggy. By Ralph Peacock, 188
Liberty & Co., 45
"Like so much jewellery scattered on a mirror," 303
Lincoln. By Peter de Wint, 125
Linen Maniple. By E. A. James, 297
Little Apple-Gatherer, The. By Ed. Stott, 186
Little Drummer Boy. By G. W. Joy, 17
London, Bishop of. By H. Herkomer, R.A., 172
London from the Tower Bridge. By Colin Hunter, A.R.A., 170
Louis XV. Coloured Engraving by Le Blon, 330

Macbeth, R. W., A.R.A., 289
Madonna. By Holbein, 320
Madonna and Child. By Botticelli, 58
Maris, James, 107
Market Place, Verona. By Birket Foster, 218
Martin, Mrs. Edward. By James Guthrie, 30
Martyrdom of St. Ursula and her Funeral. By Carpaccio, 256
Metal-Work, 23, 90, 91, 190, 285
"Midsummer Night's Dream" at Her Majesty's Theatre, 113
"Midsummer Night's Dream." Table-cloth design by R. Anning Bell, 318
Millais, Mary. By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., 32
Monte Circeo, 240
Moonrise on the Dunes. By Adrian Stokes, 193
Morning Milking. By Adrian Stokes, 194
Morning Walk, The. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 289
Mortons of Darvel, The, 7, 78
Mother and Child. By Mrs. Adrian Stokes, 194
Mother and Child. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 356
"Motherless." By Miss Iso Rae, 283
Mount Ararat. By G. F. Watts, R.A., 1
Munkacsy, 199
Musée Rodin, Le, 213
Museum of Tapestries at Florence, 305
Musicienne du Silence. By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., 175
Mysore, Maharajah of. By E. Onslow Ford, R.A., 183

National Gallery, 95, 117, 123, 224, 317.
National Portrait Gallery, 95
National Records, 200, 244
Nelson's First Farewell. By G. W. Joy, 22
Néréides, Les. By Rodin, 216
New Gallery, 63, 184, 382
Nicholson, Wm., and his Work, 72
Notre Dame. By J. Pennell, 225
Nun, The. By Munro Orr, 312
Nursery, Art in the, 247, 262

Obituary:—
Blomfield, Sir Arthur, 26
Burton, Sir Fredk., 159
Corder, William, 384
Manuel, J. T. W., 26
Munkacsy, 199
Ruskin, John, 89
Stott, Wm., of Oldham, 124
Tate, Sir Henry, 26, 59
Thomas, W. L., R.I., 383
Vaughan, Henry, 26
Vollon, Antoine, 348
O'er Hill and Moor. By A. Kinsley, 185
Of 'Kerchiefs, 361
Old Ashmolean. By H. Finn, 36
Old Paris, 129, 130
Oldham Art Gallery, 124
On the Shore. By Jas. Maris, 110
On the Towing-path. By J. Pennell, 231
On the Y. By Jas. Maris, 107
Orr, Munro S., 310
Over the Sea from Skye. By J. MacWhirter, R.A., 166

Page, The. By Mrs. Adrian Stokes, 197
Painted Glass Windows, Mr. Kempe's, 344
Panels in the Royal Exchange, 378, 382
Paola Adorno. By Van Dyck, 66, 67
Paris Club of International Women Artists, 282
Paris Exhibition, 1900, 60, 95, 129, 213, 254, 317, 368
Pastel Society, 92, 382
Pastoral. By Thos. Hunt, 30
Pastorale Provençale. By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., 182
Paysage. By Rousseau, 6
Peel Sale, 221
Peep at the Pigs. By Gemmell Hutchison, 326
Pembroke, Earl of. By A. Gilbert, R.A., 267
Pennell, Joseph, 225
Penseroso. By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., 31
Pet Goat, The. By Jas. Maris, 108
Phaeton's Fall. Tapestry by L. Bernini, 306
Philip, Lord Wharton. By Van Dyck, 65
Photography, 341
Piccadilly. By J. Pennell, 230
Pictorial Possibilities of the Stage, The, 113
Picturesque Chronicle: Herbert Finn, 33
"Please, Aunt, I'm your Nephew." By Phiz, 54, 55
Ploughboy, The. By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., 168
Plumer's Attempt to Relieve Mafeking. By F. Dadd, 351
Porcelain, 61
Porch at Rouen, The. By J. Pennell, 228
Poster Artists' Society, 318
Pottery, 28, 119, 155
Practice of Lettering, The, 313
Prince of Wales' Pavilion, Paris Exhibition, 131
Printed Muslin Design. By J. A. Ray, 294
Prints in Colours, 327
Prometheus. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 353
Proserpine, The. By Turner, 2
Proserpine. By Rossetti, 64
Prue. By A. Roche, R.S.A., 126
Puma and Macaw. By J. M. Swan, A.R.A., 161
"Punch's Forefathers." By G. Du Maurier, 339
Puritan Guard. By Munro Orr, 311
"Purity." Tapestry by G. B. Termini, 305

Question, The. By E. Blair Leighton, 133

"Rainbow" Landscape. By Rubens, 257
Ravensheugh Castle. By Thomson of Duddingston, 180
Restaurants, Decoration of London, 331
Return of Esmond to Castlewood. By G. Du Maurier, 338
Réveil. By Rodin, 214
Reviews:—
Christmas and New Year Cards, 384
Photographic Books, 96
Plates, 319
Various Illustrated Books, 31, 64, 95, 117, 160, 256, 319, 352, 384
"Rings and Things and Fine Array." By J. Young Hunter, 181
Road from the Heath. By Adrian Stokes, 195
Roasted Apple. By Gemmell Hutchison, 324
Roberts, Lord. By M. Menpes, 351
Rodin, Le Musée, 213
Roman Girl, A. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 356
Romantic Water-Colours of Miss Cameron, 149
Royal Academy, 60, 65, 95, 161, 288, 318, 348
Royal Academy Exhibition, 1900, 161, 318
Royal College of Art, 382
Royal Exchange, New Panels in the, 378, 382
Royal Porcelain Manufactory, Copenhagen, 61
Royal School of Art Needlework, 127
Royal Scottish Academy, 124, 126
Rubens' Drawing Room, 31
Rubens Exhibition at Brussels, 26
Ruby, The, 365
Rue des Nations, 131
Ruskin, John, 89, 95

St. Cecilia. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 353
St. George. By Briton Riviere, R.A., 162
St. John. By Mrs. Adrian Stokes, 193
St. Paul's Cathedral, Decoration of Choir, 99
St. Stephen. By Fra Angelico, 206, 207
Sales, Picture, 221
Salisbury. By Turner, 281
Sandwich. By G. Fulleylove, 380
Sandwich Man. By Munro Orr, 310
Saturday Night. By Edward Stott, 164
Schoolmaster's Garden, The. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 290
Scottish Artists, Society of, 124, 287
Scottish National Portrait Gallery, 254
Secret, The. By E. Blair Leighton, 136
Setting of the Sun. By F. Boucher, 259
Shades on the Banks of Acheron. By Hirémy-Hirschl, 357
Shadow, The. By C. Conder, 224
Silks and Brocades, English, 377
Silver Mirror. By Graham Robertson, 381
Sisters, The. By Ralph Peacock, 165
Some Prints in Colours, 327
Song of the Sea, The. By W. G. Von Glehn, 188
South Kensington, 95, 123, 159, 288, 293
Souvenir, A. By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., 93
Spires of Oxford. By H. Finn, 33
Springtime. By Miss A. Nordgren, 282
Stage, Pictorial Possibilities of the, 113
Stained Glass, 286
Stencil Designs, 293-295
Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian, 123, 193
Story of a Tower, The, 200, 244
Stott, Wm., of Oldham, 124
Strathtay, 50, 139
Straw Gatherers in Roxburgshire. By Miss F. E. Haig, 283
Stream at Valmondes, The. By Daubigny, 158
Sun God, The. By S. J. Webb, 38, 124
Swooning of Esther. Tapestry by G. Audran, 307
Sylvan Stream, The By G. Weatherbee, 187
Syndic, The. By Van Dyck, 25

Tamerlane. By W. H. Robinson, 384
Tapestries, 11, 82, 158. 190, 295, 305
Tapestry Museum at Florence, 305
Tate Gallery, 26, 59, 224
Tate, Sir Henry, 59
Tay, Upper Reaches of the:—
7. Aberfeldy and its Neighbourhood, 12
8. Strathtay, 50, 139
9. Dunkeld, 233, 273
Tempera Painting, 358
Three Windmills, The. By Jas. Maris, 109
"Through the Mist of Past Years." By Frank Bramley, A.R.A., 171
Tower, The Story of a, 200, 244
Traquair, The Art of Mrs., 143
Tulip-Stealer, The. By J. D. Peddie, 288
Turner Water-Colours from Brantwood, 281

Vallance, Aymer, M.A., F.S.A., 115
Van Dyck. By himself, 25
Van Dyck at Burlington House, 65
Van Dycks at Antwerp, The, 25
Van Dyck, The Peel Sale, 221
Vauxhall Bridge. By J. Pennell, 225
Venice, 83
Victoria and Albert Museum, 123, 159, 288, 382
Victoria Tower, 200
Vieille Heaulmière, La, 216
Village Carnival. By Gemmell Hutchison, 323

Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 124
Wall-paper, 62
Wallace Collection, Hertford House, 123, 257
Warners' Silks and Brocades, 377
Watching Monk, The. By Munro Orr, 312
Watcombe Pottery, 119
Water-Baby, A. By H. J. Draper, 184
Watercress. By Edgar Bundy, 175
Watering Cattle. By B. Priestman, 184
Watts' Gallery of Heroes, 288
Wedding Party, A. By Hirémy-Hirschl. 355
Westminster. By J. Pennell, 226
Westminster Abbey, 382
What the brush cannot paint, 1
"When Seas run high." By G. Hutchison, 322
Wilton House, 267
Wilton, Wilts, Arts and Crafts at, 267
Winchester Cathedral. By H. Finn, 34
Windows, Mr. Kempe's Painted Glass, 344
Wishford Bridge on the Wily River. By J. P. Beadle, 180
Wizard's Daughter, The. By H. Van der Weyden, 187
Woman's Exhibition, Earl's Court, 219, 247, 262

LIST OF ARTISTS WHOSE WORK IS REPRODUCED IN THIS VOLUME.

ALDIN, Cecil, 247 *et seq.*, 262 *et seq.*
Angelico, Fra., 205 *et seq.*
Audran, G., 327

BAKER, Harold, 343
Baldry, A. L., 113 *et seq.*
Bate, Miss Spence, 324
Baxter, George, 330
Bayes, Gilbert, 90
Beadle, J. Prinsep, 180
Bell, R. Anning, 318
Bernini, L., 336
Bonheur, Mlle. Rosa, 232
Botticelli, 58
Boucher, F., 259
Boughton, G. H., R.A., 115
Bouguereau, W., opp. 116
Bramley, Frank, A.R.A., 171
Brangwyn, Frank, 185
Brewer, Henry C., 331 *et seq.*
Brewtnall, F., 62
Bronconi, A., 305
Browne, H. K. ("Phiz"), 54 *et seq.*
Bruce Clarke, Mrs., 209, 210
Bundy, Edgar, 176
Burne-Jones, Sir E., opp. 94, 317, and *The Easter Art Annual*

CAMERON, Miss K., 148 *et seq.*
Cameron, Miss M., 127
Canaletto, 87
Carpaccio, 256
Cassioli, Prof. G., 150 *et seq.*
Clausen, Geo., A.R.A., 168
Clifford, E. C., 298 *et seq.*, 373 *et seq.*
Collier, Hon. John, 177
Condé, John, 328
Conder, Chas., 224
Constable, J., R.A., 4
Cope, A. S., A.R.A., 172
Corot, J. B. C., 5.
Cros, Henry, 153 *et seq.*
Cruikshank, Geo., 57

DADD, Frank, 351
Daubigny, 7, 158
Davis, Mrs. M., 157
Day, Lewis, F., 9
De Hoogh, 117
De Troy, G. F., 307
De Wint, P., 125
Dibdin, Miss Grace, 88, 208, 219, 358, 360
Draper, H. J., 184
Du Maurier, George, 337 *et seq.*
Dumas, Mrs., 342
Dunkley, E. L., 90

EAST, Alfred, A.R.A., 167
Emslie, A. E., 192

FIDLER, Gideon, 267 *et seq.*
Fildes, Luke, R.A., 177
Finn, Herbert, 33 *et seq.*
Fisher, Mark, 178
Fitzgerald, J. A., 116, 382
Forbes, Stanhope A., A.R.A., opp. 162
Ford, E. Onslow, R.A., 183
Ford, H. J., 382
Ford, W. Onslow, 180
Foster, Birket, 218
Foxley, Miss Constance, 57
Fulleylove, G., 380

GAINSBOROUGH, Thos., R.A., 261, opp. 266
Gibson, C. Dana, 39 *et seq.*
Gilbert, A., R.A., 207
Gilbert, Miss J., 90
Goodall, F., R.A., 166
Gotch, T. C., 179
Gozzoli, Benozzo, 204
Gregory, E. J., R.A., P.R.I., 157
Guthrie, Jas., 30

HACKER, Arthur, A.R.A., 175
Haig, Miss F. E., 283
Harvey, Miss A. B., 295
Hassall, John, 247 *et seq.*, 262 *et seq.*
Hemy, C. Napier, A.R.A., 178
Herkomer, H., R.A., 172
Hirémy-Hirschl, A., 353 *et seq.*
Hobbema, 117
Holbein, 320
Hunt, Thos., 30
Hunter, Colin, A.R.A., 170
Hunter, J. Young, 181
Hunter, Mrs. Young, 181
Hutchison, R. Gemmell, 321 *et seq.*

JACKSON, J. B., 330
James, Miss Edith, 98 *et seq.*
James, E. A., 297
Johnson, C. E., 173
Joy, G. W., 17 *et seq.*

KEMP-WELCH, Miss L. E., 174
Kerr, H. W., A.R.S.A., 325
Kinsley, Albert, 185
Kydd, Shand, 10

LA THANGUE, H. H., A.R.A., 93, 168
Law, David, opp. 60
Lawson, Cecil, opp. 232
Lazzell, J., 91
Le Blon, 330
Leighton, E. Blair, *Frontispiece*, 133 *et seq.*, 169
Lemon, Arthur, 182
Levetus, Miss Celia, 237 *et seq.*
Lewis, Percy, 343
Lippi, Fra Filippo, 118
Lucas, Seymour, R.A., 163
Lund, Niels, M., opp. 180
Lynn-Jenkins F., 331 *et seq.*

MACBETH, R. W., A.R.A., 289 *et seq.*
Mackie, C. H., 287
MacWhirter, J., R.A., 166
Maris, Jas., 107
Martin, Miss B., 91
Meissonier, J. L. E., 258
Menpes, Mortimer, 351
Meucci, V., 306
Millais, Sir J. E., P.R.A., 31 *et seq.*
Millet, J. F., 3
Moira, G. E., 331 *et seq.*
Monk, W., 319
Moore, Albert, 45
Moore, Henry, R.A., 219
Moro, L. Del, 305
Morton, G., 78
Moss, J., 91
Munkacsy, M., 199
Murray, C. O. opp. 22
Murray, David, A.R.A., 164

NEUMEGEN, Miss F., 282
Nicholson, Miss M., 72
Nicholson, Wm., 72 *et seq.*
Nordgren, Miss A., 282
Normand, Ernest, 378
Normand, Mrs. Ernest (Henrietta Rae), 379

OGBORNE, 327
Orr, Munro S., 310 *et seq.*

PARTRIDGE, Bernard, 380
Passaglia, Prof. A., 150
Pater, J. B. J., 257
Paul, Fred, 293
Payne, A. E., 295
Peacock, Ralph, 165, 188
Peddie, J. D., 288
Pennell, Joseph, 225 *et seq.*
Petrie, W. M., 359
"Phiz" (H. K. Browne), 54 *et seq.*
Pickett, Miss E. J., 296
Poynter, Sir E. J., P.R.A., 161
Priestman, Bertram, 184

RAAB, Miss Doris, 320
Rae, Miss Henrietta (Mrs. Ernest Normand, 379
Rae, Miss Iso, 283
Rankin, A. Scott, 12 *et seq.*, 50 *et seq.*, 139 *et seq.*, 152, 233 *et seq.*, 273 *et seq.*
Ray, John A., 294
Riviere, Briton, R.A., 162
Riviere, Hugh G., 183
Robertson, Graham, 381
Robinson, W. Heath, 384
Roche, Alexander, R.S.A., 126
Rodin, A., 213 *et seq.*
Rope, Miss E. M., 156
Ross, J. T., 287
Rossetti, D. G., 64
Rousseau, 6
Rubens, 257

SCHWARTZE, Mlle. Thérèse, 92
Sarto, Andrea del, 208
Smith, Fred, 294
Spyvee, Miss G., 211, 212
Stewart, Arthur, 189
Stokes, Adrian, 193 *et seq.*
Stokes, Mrs. Adrian, 193 *et seq.*
Stott, Edward, 164, 186
Swan, J. M., A.R.A., 161

TEGNER, Hans, 383
Termini, G. B., 305
Thomson, Geo., 27
Thomson of Duddingston, 160
Tingley, George E., 342
Townsend, Harrison, 82
Traquair, Mrs. P. A. M., 143 *et seq.*
Trimmer, A., 296
Turner, J. M. W., R.A., 2, 281

VAN DER WEYDEN, H., 187
Van Dyck, 25, 65 *et seq.*, 221
Van Eyck, Jan, 63
Velasquez, 118
Von Glehn, W. G., 188
Voysey, C. F. A., 10, 11, 79, 80

WARD, W., 329
Warren, W. J., 341
Waterlow, E. A., A.R.A., 182
Watson, Miss E. L., 343
Watts, G. F., R.A., 1
Webb, Sampson, 38
Weil, Miss Mathilde, 341
Wetherbee, Geo., 187
Whistler, J. MacNeill, opp. 198
Williamson, Miss, 211
Wood, G. F., 293
Wyllie, W. L., A.R.A., 170

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS OF SIGNED ARTICLES TO THIS VOLUME.

ADY, MRS. (MISS JULIA CARTWRIGHT), 94
ALLAN, UGOLIN, 358
AYLEN, REGINALD, 152

BALDRY, A. L., 45, 113, 289
BENN, R. DAVIS, 247, 262
BROMHEAD, H. W., 237
BRUCE-CLARKE, MRS., 208, 302, 361

CARTER, A. C. R., *The Art Annual*, 1900
CARTWRIGHT, MISS JULIA (MRS. ADY), 94
CAW, JAMES, L., 7, 78, 143
CREIGHTON, MISS BEATRICE, 297

DAY, LEWIS F., 293

EVANS, A. R., 150

FIDLER, GIDEON, 267
FISHER, S., 200, 244

GIBERT, MRS. A. T., 153, 277
GRAY, MISS MINNA, 99

HARTLEY, MISS C. GASQUOINE, 282

LANDER, MISS LOUISE, 58
LUSK, LEWIS, 337

MCLEOD, ADDISON, 204
MACMILLAN, THE REV. HUGH, D.D., LL.D., 12, 50, 139, 233, 273
MARILLIER, H. C., 149
MELANI, PROFESSOR A., 305
MEYNELL, WILFRID, 193
MILLER, FRED., 133, 331
MOLMENTI, POMPEO, 83

PHILLIPS, CLAUDE, 1, 65

QUENTIN, CHARLES, 213, 344

REID, J. A., 39, 72
RINDER, FRANK, 27, 63, 92, 125, 157, 161, 257, 379

SETOUN, GABRIEL, 321
SHARP, WILLIAM, 310
SLATER, J. HERBERT, 327
STEELE, MISS FRANCESCA, M., 28
STRANGE, EDWARD F., 313

TAYLOR, MISS ALICIA C., 240
THORNLEY, GEORGE W., 252, 365
TOMSON, ARTHUR, 225

VALLANCE, AYMER. *The Easter Art Annual*, 1900.

WARD, H. SNOWDEN, 119, 341
WATT, FRANCIS, 372
WEDMORE, FREDERICK, 33
WOODROFFE, W. L., 17

ZIMMERN, MISS HELEN, 353

THE RIGHTS OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCTION ARE RESERVED.

THE ART JOURNAL, 1900.

WHAT THE BRUSH CANNOT PAINT.

WHO shall venture with authority to lay down the exact line of demarcation which is to divide the fine arts the one from the other; or, approaching a task still more hazardous, to say how far the plastic arts may trespass upon the chosen ground of prose and verse, and seek to unravel, to teach, to argue, to prove and disprove—appealing to the eye mainly to reach the reason—as well as to represent, to suggest, to evoke—appealing to the eye mainly to reach the emotions and the æsthetic sense?

So long as art endures will the great question be hotly discussed, never to be solved until mankind, and those who assume to speak for mankind, are in agreement as to its true nature, its scope and ultimate objects. A splendid array of examples, both in the past and the present, might be marshalled on the one and the other side. Ever and again should we find the audacity of genius battering down the perfectly-built walls of theory and gloriously asserting itself where, according to rules evolved by unimpeachable process from this same theory, it ought most conspicuously to fail. Those who battle for the view that art should be the painted poem, the sermon, the lecture, the lesson in history or philosophy, the rhetorical appeal, might give instances enough, and to spare, which one would not venture lightly to brush aside. They might begin with the finest works of Early Christian and Byzantine art, and go on to the great frescoes of Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the Public Palace at Siena; to the drier and more complicated treatises in paint of the anonymous craftsman who worked for the Dominicans in the Spanish Chapel at S. Maria Novella; to that sublime didactic poem, the "Trionfo della Morte," in the Campo Santo at Pisa. They might proceed thus through the ages, until they reached the touching allegories and symbolisms of Mr. Watts and the delicate literary fancies, the carefully elaborated conceits of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.



Mount Ararat.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.
In the possession of Douglas Freshfield, Esq.

Yet on the other side, too, the array would be so overwhelming in mass, so great in the quality of the examples — especially among the moderns of this century—that enumeration becomes as impossible as it is surely unnecessary. But, perhaps, the middle column, made up of those whose work might be cited on the one as on the other side, would be the greatest, the most dazzling array of all. Would it not include the great sculptures which in the portals of the French and German cathedrals play, and are meant to play, the



The Proserpine—The Plains of Enna.
By Turner.

From the picture in the possession of Edward Chapman, Esq., M.A., J.P.

double part—the frescoes of Giotto in the Arena Chapel and at Assisi; the marble reliefs designed by him, and carried out by Andrea Pisano on the base of the Campanile of Florence? Would it not include the painted poems of a Giorgione, and of a Titian in his golden youth; the innumerable inventions of an Albrecht Dürer; the 'Disputa' and the 'School of Athens' of a Raphael; the whole Sixtine Chapel of a Michelangelo?

But the writer has not the audacity to attempt in these few and tentative remarks any such gigantic task as is here foreshadowed. His desire is to show, if possible, that poetry, in its highest forms, may on occasion make incursion into the realms where painting reigns, or is deemed to reign, undisputed mistress, and there actually accomplish what the brush, even of the greatest magician, can but shadow forth in faltering and incomplete fashion. Visions, vast, sublime, all-embracing, and yet so definite, have been called up by the verse of the world's greatest poets, not only to the philosophic perception, but to the mind's eye in concrete, glorious images, which the brush, even of those who are most richly gifted with the true painter's power to see, can but narrow and diminish, though the pictorial presentment be the most exalted, and, in the truest sense of the word, the most spiritual. And the reason for such a superiority in these rare and isolated instances is the obvious one that the poet's image—when he paints, or causes the mind's eye, the brain, of the reader to paint at his bidding—is the ideal one, which even the vastest executive power, doing the bidding of creative genius of the plastic order, cannot more than imperfectly realise. It is, moreover, that round the sublime image thus definitely conjured up, there are projected—ever greater if ever dimmer as they go, until they reach infinity—the concentric, luminous rings of imagination, enlarging the vision of solemn beauty by all that it calls up and, consciously or unconsciously, carries with it, in the brain of the creator. True, it is only in the case of transcendent genius that the vision, with its train of thought and feeling, can be transmitted unimpaired from the live focus of heat and light that is the brain of the creative poet to that of the reader or listener, so as to evoke in him not only the image, but all that luminous atmosphere by which it is enlarged and beautified.

The writer must be pardoned for adducing, as examples, certain passages which only their infinite beauty saves from being hackneyed, so familiar are they, so well loved by the whole world. Take this one, for instance, which one might well put forward without fear of contradiction, as the most exquisite passage in all literature—

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

First, Shakespeare evokes rather than paints the



Le Printemps. By Millet.
From the picture in the Louvre.

By permission of Messrs. Braun, Clément & Cie, Dornach.

Venetian garden, the runaway lovers enframed in the moonlit landscape, through which the lute sounds with a faint, amorous sweetness. Then suddenly the pair, so little worthy, in their meanness and treachery, to be the centre of the most divine among all the purely happy love-scenes of the poet, are forgotten. With one swift, soft touch he draws aside the curtain which divides earth from heaven, and behold, in an effulgence as mild in its radiant brightness as it is mighty and all-penetrating, we see the very wheels of the universe at work, we hear the music of the spheres as no other poet has ever made us hear it. In comparison with this vision, in comparison with this "still, small voice," how artificial, how coldly calculated, appear even the most exalted imaginings of a Milton, nobly as he strives to maintain himself in these sublime altitudes, in which to breathe without sustained effort is not always given even to him!

And this of Milton's own, from "Paradise Lost," which is a true painter's vision, but one vaster and more wonderful than it is possible for the brush of any mortal—even that of Turner—to realise without diminution of its immensity:—

> "As when far off at sea a fleet descried
> Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
> Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
> Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
> Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
> Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape,
> Ply stemming nightly toward the pole. . . ."

Most masters of the brush, and especially the greatest among them, have eschewed such subjects as these, wisely declining to grapple with the impossible; and if the effort has been made at all, it has been made by moderns of this century. The greatest painters of all time, from Titian onwards—nay, long before him, the Netherlanders, the Venetians, and the Umbrians of the fifteenth century—knew, or, with no cold reasoning on the point, acted upon the intuition, that the beauty of landscape for the artist must ever be not only in loveliness of line, of form, of colour, but in close and intimate connection with humanity, in the power to express and to call up, by natural not by forced analogy, human moods in their infinite variety. It is the "human" quality of nineteenth-century landscape, no less than the undoubted progress in the many subtleties of technique, permitting of a more approximate rendering of the most various atmospheric phenomena, that has made it, both at home and abroad, in many and essential respects, the greatest, the most moving, that the world has yet seen.

Not, indeed, that fools have been wanting who have light-heartedly stepped in where the great ones of the earth have feared to tread. The result of the unequal contest with the giant Nature—as little to be moved in such a struggle as was the angel by the merely human writhings of Jacob—has ever been that the rash adventurer has been left prone on the bare earth, merely ridiculous in the defeat of his wild frenzy of ambition. It is not only that certain aspects of Nature are unpresentable by the brush, by reason of their vastness and their significance too great for pictorial expression—even that which pierces below the surface into her very heart of things—and by reason, too, of their rainbow-hued, their ever-shifting beauty, of which even the most magically endowed brush can present but one fragmentary aspect at a time. It is that when Nature towers thus vast above man she crushes him, shakes him off,

puts off that communion with him out of which the beauty of landscape transcribed by art chiefly arises. It is thus that the representations of mountain scenery, in those awful spaces above the smiling slopes in which man still reigns, are generally not only insufficient, but odiously commonplace and vulgar. They lack the sublimity inherent in the subject itself; they lack the intimate pathos which may give life, and the higher beauty even, to the simplest landscape motive.

It is among English painters of this and the preceding century that the nearest approach to success in the unequal struggle has been made.

No one has more nobly rendered the solemn beauty of Italian mountain scenery, of Roman mountain scenery in particular, than John Cozens. But then he never soars above those regions where even solitude speaks of the passage of man, and Nature has not wholly cast him out, to remain austere and unapproachable in her frozen solitude. One man, and one only, has occasionally issued victorious from the tremendous ordeal. What need to say that that man is Turner? He, too, has often failed, beating the air, and battling in vain with appearances of Nature less realisable in their wondrous vastness and beauty than dreams. But he has, too, in his happiest moments, been a conqueror where no mortal has succeeded before him: perhaps because, in representing the clash of the elements in awful strife, in piling one great alp on the other, in striving to perpetuate on his canvas the earth in its fairest as well as in its most sombre vesture of cloud and mist, he has stamped upon his subject not only its own inherent sublimity, but the sublimity of his own endeavour, the greatness of his own artistic individuality.

Another English painter, one whom the hypercritical might declare to be not a landscape painter at all, has evoked, less to the eye, indeed, than through it to the mind, the noblest visions—and that in connection with aspects of Nature, which if they had been approached from the purely pictorial standpoint might well have appeared untranslatable. This painter is Mr. Watts. Of such a contention let his 'Return of the Dove to the Ark,' his 'Carrara Mountains,' above all his 'Mount Ararat,' be the proof. In this last-named beautiful piece the brightness of starlit night reveals in naked majesty sharp, unapproachable peaks, aspiring to the very skies. But, above and around all, the whole canopy of heaven shines in softened splendour, indefinitely suggesting the eternal watch of the Divine Omniscience—taking from the awful scene something of its solitary character, and bringing it nearer to our comprehension, to our sympathies.

This landscape of the East, in which Victor Hugo sets his Ruth watching at the feet of the sleeping Boaz—in "Boaz endormi"—is nearer to earth, and yet how much of its rare beauty must evaporate if even the greatest master of Oriental landscape should seek to perpetuate it on his canvas!

"Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth,
Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre,
Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs de l'ombre
Brillait à l'occident; et Ruth se demandait,
Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à moitié sous ses voiles,
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été,
Avait en s'en allant, négligemment jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles."

Many a French painter among those Orientalists who, with a lyric passion so truly vibrating, have evoked the East, and expressed its mysterious attraction, might have painted the landscape—the rich cornfields, paling from gold to silver under the rays of the moon, the fathomless blue, jewelled with stars and lighted by the bright sickle in the skies, the motionless pair enframed in all this beauty. But how to express with the brush the silence of the night, the pause in Nature, or to show the woman as she interrogates the stars, at the turning-point of her destiny, face to face with eternity unfolded like a chart, yet undecipherable?

But when they come to the dear earth, and take it in a close, loving embrace, the poet and the poet-painter are on more equal terms, though even now the victory can hardly be said to be with the limner over the poet.

Where has Constable, or Corot, or Millet, or Daubigny, painted more exquisitely, with a more subtle perception of Nature's outward beauties, and what is beneath them, than Tennyson here, in the "Gardener's Daughter"?

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster towers."



The Hay-Wain. By Constable.
From the picture in the National Gallery.

By these lines we are not so much reminded of a consciously idealised presentment, such as the great 'Walton Bridge' of Turner, or of some splendidly robust piece of painted prose by Constable, as of a far-stretching river scene by De Wint, with many windings of a gentle stream through grass, and cornfields, and rich leafage of sombre woods. And yet, when we consider, the true beauty of the word-picture lies in its tender

expression of man's union with Nature in these her familiar aspects, which are in a measure his own creation. Here, although we are a little away from the hum of the busy city, there is everywhere a sense of man and man's works—in every whisper of the leaves, as in every murmur of the slow-winding stream, his obedient servant. And the tender, moving beauty, with a haunting sense of misgiving and apprehension beneath it, such as is at the heart of the modern man, no English painter has expressed as some Frenchmen—a Rousseau, a Millet, a Corot, or a Daubigny, for instance—have expressed it. We think in reading Tennyson here, of those quiet river-scenes of Daubigny's, with grassy banks upon which nestles some village, with its crown of church-towers, and its trees winding along in unison with the course of the stream. And such are surely the scenes that the men who are born and bred in these lands, where the sun's brightness is tempered and veiled, must mainly love, although they may in wondering delight contemplate others more varied and more splendid in beauty. It is these banks that have echoed to their laughter, with these waters that their tears have been mingled; it is these trees that have joined their soothing whispers to their sighs, and in this quiet earth that their bones will one day lie at rest.



The Flute-Player.
By Corot.

Keats, too, in the familiar lines of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"—

> "The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing"—

sums up a whole world of outward desolation and inward misery, as hardly any poet-painter of them all has done—not Millais in his 'Chill October,' not even Théodore Rousseau or Diaz, painting the festering herbage on some dank pool of the forest, walled in by trees from which the last sere leaves drop in the silence, one by one.

The word-painting of the poet gives as definite a vision as that which arises from the brush-work of the painters, since inevitably, and without effort on the part of the reader, it evokes the rest, giving the solitary autumn landscape in its essence, without disturbing incident or detail. And the wail of misery envelops it all like a sad winter wind. The wail of the painters, too, over the death of the year, makes itself felt in their landscapes, enfolding them in an atmosphere of mournful tenderness and resignation. But the ear must be more finely attuned that hears the note; or, if you will, the eye that divines the man and his mood beneath his work must be one that pierces more deeply below the surface into the heart of things.

Some of the most exquisite enjoyments that poetry and the plastic arts afford to those who are open to their influence are contained in the happy moments in which they join hands, and, joining, are married to music, as the chief factor and exponent, to produce a whole, the beauty, the power to impress of which is not to be accounted for even by the beauty, the imaginative power of the component parts taken singly. It is in the great music-dramas of Wagner that these combinations of the creative arts are best to be studied, since his whole system depends upon their indissoluble conjunction, and his "new art," more or less perfectly realised in his own works, is entirely based upon this conjunction. It is not drama expressed and reinforced by music, as in Gluck; it is not merely dramatic music suggested by the stimulus of poetic drama; it is music and dramatic poetry created, step by step, in conjunction with each other—the one not imaginable without the other, and the two welded together into a whole that is greater in its power of expression than either singly, or even than the sum of both merely added together. It is, moreover, this new form of dramatic expression, still further enhanced by and enframed in the plastic art of the stage, which, in this its highest and most significant phase, not only affords an appropriate setting to the music-drama—a world within which it moves—but much more than this, since it serves to still further and more subtly to express and emphasize its most intimate beauties.

Numberless instances might be given, but one or two shall suffice. In the first act of "Die Walküre," Fate has



Paysage—Soleil Couchant.
By Rousseau.

drawn together Siegmund, the hapless Wälsung, and Sieglinde, his sister, the children of Wotan by a daughter of Earth. Full of foreboding, having no delight in the passion which gradually invades them, they stand, sombre and downcast in soul, beneath the roof-tree of the rough-hewn barbaric dwelling which is the abode of suspicion and hate. Of a sudden, the great prison-like doors are flung open by an unseen hand, and the all-invading beauty of the spring, revealed in the glory of the moonlit night, is upon the lovers, sweeping them away, powerless any longer to resist, compelled by Nature to an utter surrender to the joy and tenderness of the moment, so soon to be paid for with overwhelming disaster and death.

This situation, which spoken passion could but imperfectly reveal, without the magic current of the music following the very life-current of the blood, laying bare every fitful change of the soul, is one, moreover, which no brush, however great, could by itself realise. But art, the plastic art of the stage—in which, unfortunately, sensational splendour rather than true significance and expressiveness is at present valued—can, nevertheless, if it be in close agreement with its sister powers, still further develop the dramatic beauty and force of a situation which without it would lose half its intensity.

Another, and an even more striking instance, is to be found in the climax to the second act of Wagner's "Siegfried." The boy hero, led by the noisome dwarf Mime, winds his way through the dense tangle of the forest and reaches, at its very limit, the cave of the treasure-guarding dragon, Fafner, the spot beyond which the horror and the darkness end, and the bright world of light and love begins. In this new atmosphere of flickering brightness and tender shadow he dreams, sadly, yet with less of bitterness than in the foul cave of Mime, of his mother, Sieglinde, dying as she gave birth to him, and vaguely, too—with a new-kindled love of mankind and Nature—of the fair world. Victorious over the dragon, and made wise by the taste of his blood, Siegfried, now hearing and comprehending the note of warning in the sweet song of the bird, with one great gesture of disdain and loathing slays the vile Nibelung and greets the world, radiant and pure at last, since it is no longer tainted by the poison of his presence. Now, lying trustfully in the loving embrace of Nature, he lets the murmurs of the forest mingle with his very being. But the bird sings of Brünnhilde, the peerless, laid to sleep on the inaccessible rock, girt round with flame; and a new fire is at the hero's heart.

Following the flight of the bird he must onwards, over the rocks and through the forest, beneath changeful sunshine and shadow, out into the world; and ever onwards, until the flame-crowned rock is reached, and in the presence of the goddess, delivered and subdued to a lovelier womanhood, he, the dauntless, at length knows the fear that no danger can inspire. Here the words are few and of no high import. The music is the very voice of Nature in its deepest as in its sweetest notes; it is also the innermost soul of man awakening as she reveals herself to him. But here again, without the framework of beauty that the finer and more delicate art of the stage can and should provide, the deepest significance of the situation must remain obscured.

We *must* have, to express the radiant beauty of the young hero's unspotted soul, to suggest the purity of the fire which suddenly flames up within him, the glow of the sunlight, its sheaf of golden arrows darting through the overarching canopy of leaves; we *must* have the wholesome, vivifying atmosphere of the world of men, as it opens out to the godlike youth, who goes on his way to conquer and then to die—but to die the only blameless victim of the Nibelung's Curse on the Ring.

One more instance may be cited, and that is one in which the fairy drama is Shakespeare's, the music Mendelssohn's, and the true artistic framing—so far as England is concerned—is yet to come, but when it does come will show the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," a jewel far the richer and the brighter for its setting. We are at the close of the third act, in the haunted wood near Athens. The hapless lovers, plagued first by their own fancies, then by the sharp-pointed malice of Puck, have, in sheer exhaustion, ceased their fretful bickerings, their railings, their upbraidings, and, all unconscious the one of the other's presence, have lain them down to rest on the bare earth. Lysander and Demetrius, Helena and Hermia, are at last at peace. A little more, and their fancied yet very real woes would too painfully move us, and the charm, the airy lightness of the dream would vanish. But the magic of the poet prevails: we cannot overmuch pity, since he makes us feel that when the awakening comes all will be well; that the dream-comedy will henceforth move forward in an atmosphere of appeasement, of love no longer twisted awry but turned back to the straight path. It is here—as in the wonderful dying away of the play at the close—that the musician has crept into the very heart of the poet and divinely interpreted his innermost thoughts. It is here—as in many another passage, too, in the dramatic poem—that the arts may fitly join to express what no one of them can to the full express unaided. Upon the repose of the lovers there shines out—or should shine out—by degrees, from the fairy-haunted wood, the

mild effulgence of the moon, lighting into a luminous half-dark its sheltering thickets, and making clear to the spectator what the sleepers as yet know not, yet unconsciously feel—the healing proximity of the sorely-plagued lovers to each other. Then, telling still more surely of appeasement and joy to come, steals forth the first lovely horn phrase of Mendelssohn's Notturno, and, as the beautiful night-piece in soothing calm and sweetness unruffled proceeds, the curtain descends, and the act is at an end.

In life, these bright spots, in which the purely human beauty of life is concentrated in an ideal form, yet one built firmly on a basis of reality, are so many oases in the grey, dreary desert. If we weep for anything, let us weep for this: that, stretching out faltering hands to reach, not heights as distant and cold in their awful remoteness as they are overwhelming in their rainbow-hued glory, but these ideals of purely human beauty hard by and seemingly within the grasp of all, we find but darkness and emptiness. The light has suddenly vanished, and the darkness is upon us again.

Are we, the weak ones who dare not face the tremendous majesty of the "Makrocosmos," not worthy to look even upon the "Erdgeist," the "Spirit of Earth," in that most fair and consoling aspect which appears nearest to us and most naturally within our reach?

Yet we may have the consolation that these oases of pure human delight, which in life are bright, ephemeral lights set in dark, unending wastes, are in art islands of luminous beauty set in spaces only less luminous. And they are not lights which burn low, or, flashing out brightly, vanish like meteors into the night, but centres of vital warmth and enduring radiance, the true essence of what we yearn for yet cannot firmly hold in life. To such oases of purely human beauty, and light tempered so as to gladden yet not to sear mortal eyes, as they are to be found in the immortal inventions of art deeply rooted in Nature, and representing her finest essence, let us turn again and again, when the accidental and superficial realities of life leave us saddened and disconcerted. For are not these—these beyond all the dazzling dream-visions of the imagination—the true Isles of the Blessed, the true refuge of man?



Les Bords de l'Oise.
By Daubigny.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE MORTONS OF DARVEL.

PERHAPS nothing illustrates more clearly the distinction which has grown up between what are usually designated the fine and the applied arts than the interest taken in their origins. For a hundred who ask who is the author of a piece of sculpture or a picture, which has interested them, but two or three think of inquiring where a tapestry or a carpet has been woven, or even who designed it. The former seem to possess some personal quality which the latter have not. But this is a superficial view. To a certain extent, indeed, the public is right in its standpoint, for a fine work in plastic or pictorial art can express infinitely more than an equally fine piece of decoration; still, to say that all pictorial art stands on a higher plane than any decora-



Weaving Muslin or "Madras" Curtains.

tive art is undoubtedly a mistake. Too often, it is true, the design and execution of commercially-produced decoration are commonplace and even slipshod; but, on the other hand, the amount of taste and thought which go to the making and carrying out of a fine design in textiles, or pottery, or furniture, is greater and of a higher order than is required for the production of a second-rate work of fine art.

For many years after the introduction of the power loom the attention of manufacturers was directed almost solely to cheapening production and making good material. These were excellent in themselves, and associated with them was a power of producing uniformity of quality and finish of pattern, which, at first sight, seemed a great advance. It was not realised that the slight irregularities of texture and design, always present in handwork, were a source of charm, and great skill and care were given to getting rid of them. Thus English textiles became more remarkable for durability of material than for excellence of design, and people who wished something more beautiful had often to turn to the products of the Continent, and particularly to those of France. But of recent years, and largely through the efforts and example of William Morris, a finer sense of design and of the properties of different materials has grown up, and now the finest products of English industrial art, in certain departments, may be said to lead the world. But for long Morris's work, designed by him, and executed in his workshops at Merton Abbey, was an almost isolated phenomenon. It possessed interest and vitality, for the decorative motives used were founded upon reality, and not on formula, as were the imitations of Renaissance, French, and Eastern styles, which formed the staple of industrial design in the seventies and early eighties; it had that touch of personality, in pattern, in colour, and in execution, which gives character and life. But the cost of Morris's goods placed them beyond the reach of all but the few. More recently, however, an attempt has been made by certain manufacturers to combine beauty of design and fabric with quality of material and a reasonable price, and thus the machinery, which at one time seemed as if it would deprive industry of art, is coming in its turn to make beautiful things obtainable by a greater number.

In this successful application of art to industry Messrs. Alexander Morton and Co. have taken a foremost place. Even to many of those who have admired the products of the Darvel looms, the name of the little Scottish town where they are woven will be unknown. But the fact that laces and tapestries and carpets, which are prized for their beauty all over the world, are made in a village which, until three or four years ago, was some miles from the terminus of a branch railway in Ayrshire, is only another proof that in all things individual energy and initiative are the chief elements of success. For generations the valley of the Irvine, specially in the neighbourhood of "Loudon's bonnie woods and braes," had been a centre of handloom weaving, but the industry was slowly but surely dying, when, some thirty years ago, Mr. Alexander Morton, a young Darvel weaver, took it up and organised it. At first his efforts were directed to combining the individual workers

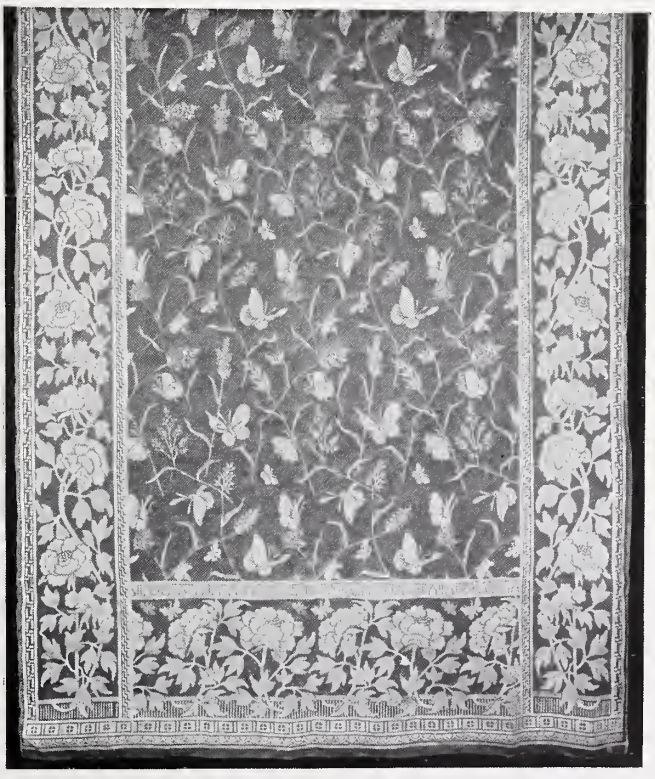


The Street, Darvel.

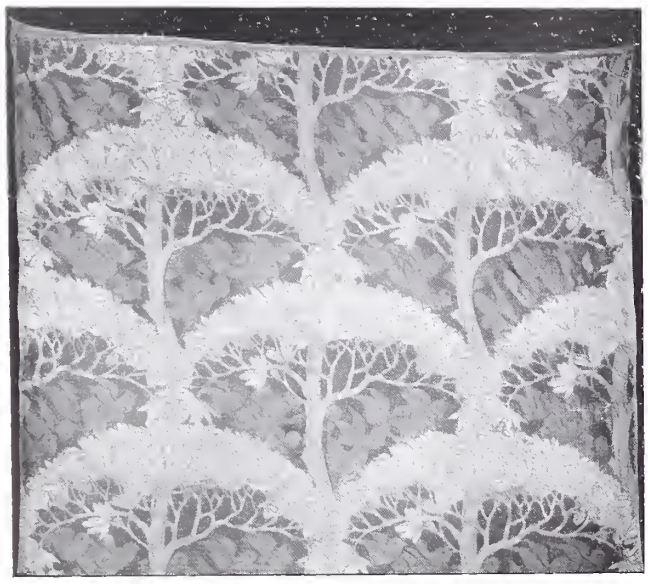
Figures of Weavers, and also of the "Auld Licht" Minister, recently transferred from "Thrums" (Kirriemuir).

and finding a market for the goods, principally "leno" curtains, woven in the cottages. The early struggles and the difficulties overcome in founding the business, if properly told, would make a chapter as interesting as any in Dr. Samuel Smiles's books, but they hardly come within the scope of this article. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that, feeling the hand-loom doomed, and the leno curtain produced in the district bound to go before the machine-made lace of Nottingham, Mr. Morton set himself to learn that jealously-guarded method of manufacture, and in 1874 introduced the first lace loom into Scotland. It proved an unqualified success, and the germ from which the lace trade in the west of Scotland has grown, until to-day it almost rivals that of Nottingham. But this was only a beginning: the manufactures of chenille, of tapestry and carpets, have one after another been added, and now the mills at Darvel produce many of the most beautiful fabrics used in decoration and upholstery.

A visit to a great factory is always a pleasure, but it would take the genius of Mr. Kipling to describe it so that it would live again in the telling. The manifold employments of the workers, the throb of the machinery, the atmosphere of ordered and energetic, yet unhurried, activity; these are to be felt but scarcely described. Every process has an interest of its own, and to pass from one department to another, from the designing studios until, in the showroom, you are shown the finished products, is to see a succession of wonders. Messrs. Morton have their spinning and dyeing done elsewhere, so these processes are not to be studied in the Darvel mills, which are devoted entirely to weaving. One of the most ancient of the arts, weaving, is still a never-ceasing marvel to the outsider. You stand beside an ordinary power-loom, watching the cards in the jacquard unfolding and refolding like an elongated concertina, the hundred strings connected with it moving with apparent sameness, the shuttles flying constantly across the loom; and lo! when you look at the warp, which in itself is nothing but a mass of parallel threads, it is being transformed into a close-knit and perhaps many-coloured cloth. And even though you happen to understand the mechanism, and could explain why the elevation or depression of the strands of the warp, and



Muslin Curtain, "Old Leno Weave"—"Corn and Butterflies." Designed by Lewis F. Day.



Muslin Curtain—"The Flight."
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.

the passing above or below of the weft, produce the pattern, the wonder of the result is scarcely lessened.

For several years after the Darvel mills were started, muslin and lace curtains were the staple products, but, as already indicated, other branches were soon added, and in all the products of any given period the same characteristics of design may be said to appear. Of course, a really good design in any style remains more or less in demand, but, broadly speaking, certain dominant qualities can be traced as belonging to particular times. Although a large number of designers are permanently employed on the spot, Messrs. Morton have always been alive to the necessity of securing new and fresh designs from independent artists. In the early days many of these were drawn by Mr. Hay, whose work was marked by Italian Renaissance and Adams characteristics, and by Mr. B. J. Talbert, who leaned more to Tudor or Early English styles. A little later, fashion was more eclectic, with French, Moorish, and Eastern elements, and then, with men like Mr. Lewis F. Day and Dr. Dresser, there came a more realistic treatment, into which flower and fruit motives, managed with a certain freedom and decorative grace, now and then suggestive of Japanese influence, entered. For several years back, however, many of the leading designs have been by Mr. Charles Voysey, and it is with these, and others produced in a somewhat similar spirit in the firm's designing-rooms, that the textiles made at Darvel have taken a distinctive place. Mr. Voysey's designs usually possess a sense of construction, which may be traced to his practice as an architect, and his drawing, with its beautiful line and clear, sweeping curves, is often accented by white or coloured outlines. Many of them show a clearly-marked and disciplined conception of style, often so elegant and simple as to give the result a classic air. They are so closely knit that you cannot move a twig or a leaf without destroying the balance and unity of the effect; and in this they differ essentially from the more redundant and involved patterning of others. And yet, like the finest Gothic designs, they abound in charming natural motives, birds and flowers and leaves, sometimes trees and even landscapes. These, however, are usually reduced to a pure and severe conventionalism, in which the natural suggestion remains as a delicate aroma. And this is one of their greatest charms; they are far more suggestive than designs in which the motives are purely conventional, and infinitely more decorative than those in which natural objects are realistically rendered.

One is apt to suppose that when a good design has been secured the fabric made from it is bound to be fine, but even a little knowledge of what remains to be done shows that much of the beauty depends on the execution. It is here that the taste and skill of the manufacturer assert themselves. Often the design received from the artist consists merely of the outline forms and a suggestion of colour. This is then taken up by some one else, who decides on the weave, elaborates the colour effect, and, using the same arabesque for new combinations of colour, produces what are almost new designs. Thus to attain really fine results, and use a pattern so as to bring out its beauty, require not only care and technical knowledge, but the finest taste; and it is to the ability displayed in this way, no less than to the merits of the original designs, that the textiles made in the Darvel mills owe their high place as art products.



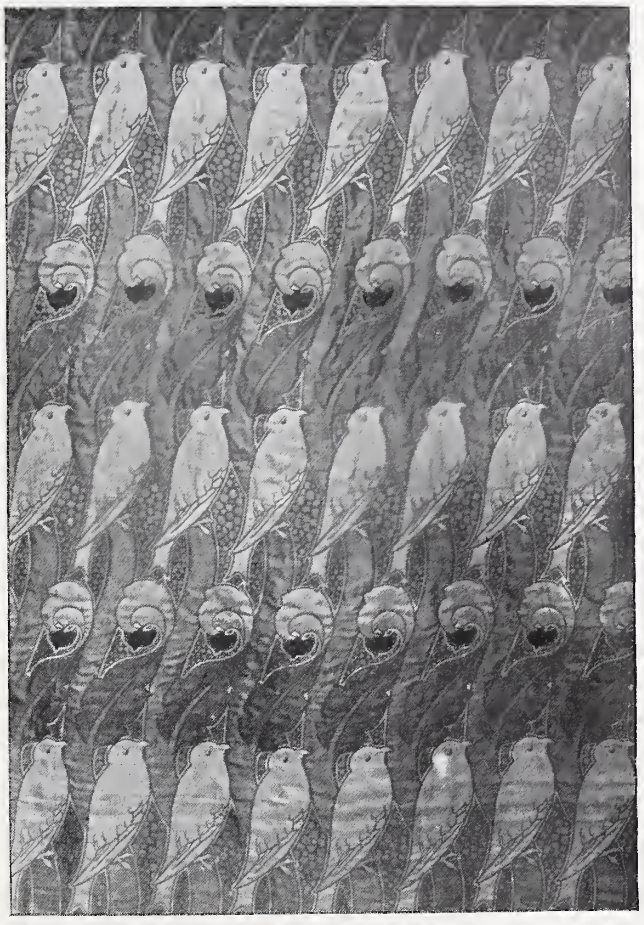
Lace Curtain in American and Egyptian Cotton—"Daffodil."
Designed by Shand Kydd.

While the process of weaving leno, or, as they are now called, Madras curtains by power is somewhat similar to that which is obtained with the hand loom, the latest curtains present a marked difference in effect to their prototypes. Perhaps the chief is the introduction of colour; many of the fabrics so treated add a peculiar exquisiteness of hue to the simplicity and charm of the linear design. There was one, in particular, which, when

thrown over a stand in the showroom, made a soft mist of most delicate greens and blues, yellows and reds, and golds, full of the most wonderful sheen and subtle variations. On looking closer, the interest of the pattern, while subordinate to the effect of the curtain as drapery, was great, for birds fluttered among blossoms and leaves, and patches of sky showed, here and there, between. It deserved its name, "Cloudland;" but scarcely less charming were such designs as "The Flight," birds winging their way through tree-tops, or a splendid pattern of peacocks which was specially charming in a harmony of purples and blue-greens.

In one or two with landscape motives, however, the subjects did not seem quite suited to the purpose to which they were put, the repeat being too obvious, and the appearance of one landscape above another proving rather disconcerting; but in the latest of this class, "Over the Hills," both decorative and colour effects are charming. One, carried out in golden yellows and reds, suggests evening, and one, in faint yellows and greens, the calm of a summer day. The older type of leno in self-colour still retains its hold, but in this new variety it has taken, if not a new, then another lease of life.

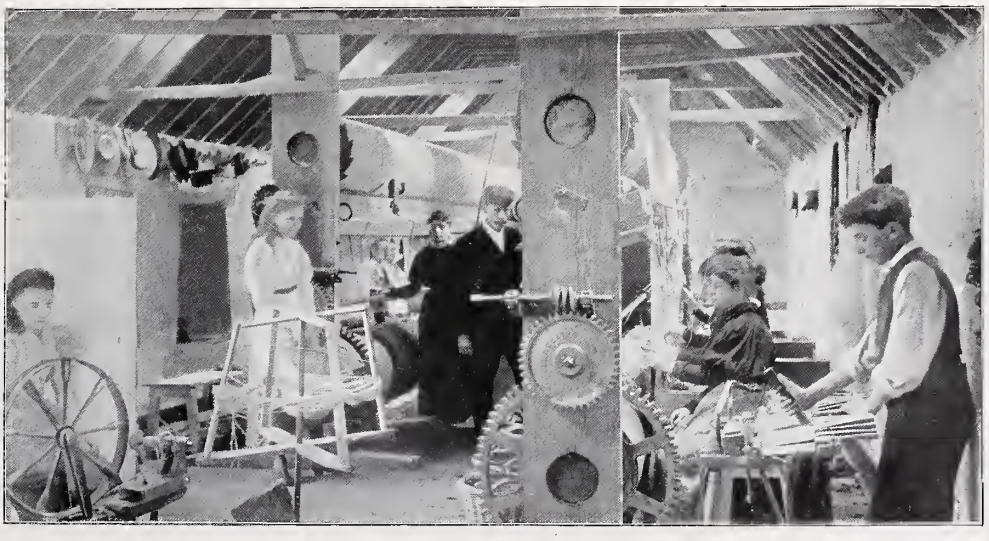
Meanwhile, the lace curtain had also been developing from the simpler weaves to something much more complex, and, in a sense, more lace-like. Any attempt to rival the finest and most beautiful designs of hand-made lace is, of course, not only impossible, but undesirable. Not only is it impossible to rival the delicate and fairy beauty of the finest point or pillow lace on steam-propelled machines, but, even if it could be done, the delicacy would be out of place in a piece the size of a curtain, and it would be foolish to expose it to the rough usage of a hanging. Yet within limits advance can be made legitimately in that direction, and the most recent lace looms produce certain qualities of texture which are improvements on what were possible previously. And here also design has advanced, so that such curtains as the "Pomegranate," and the "Daffodil," in their involved simplicity, at once delicate in pattern and fitted to the method of manufacture, possess a distinction to which earlier curtains could make little claim. In lace, no colour is used as in "leno," but variety is gained by using the pale brown of Egyptian cotton in combination with the white of American. But in the factory, at least, the wonder of the machines used in lace-making holds you more than the charm or the novelty of the material made, for you see seven curtains, of elaborate pattern and fully fifty inches wide, growing before your eyes at the rate of seven hundred yards a day.



Silk Tapestry—"Birds and Berries."
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.

JAMES L. CAW.

(To be concluded.)



Carpet-making in Donegal.



Aberfeldy from the North.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

ABERFELDY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.

THE road over Taybridge leads to the beautifully-situated village of Weem, lying directly under the shadow of its lofty, precipitous crag wooded to the top, and sheltered from all the severe winds in its nest of foliage. It is sometimes called Balclachan, or the town of the stones, which seems to indicate that a Druidic circle must once have stood on the spot, and that the place had a *religio loci*, a sacred reputation from a very early period. Its common name of Weem was derived from a cave in the rock above the village, which has always been associated by tradition with St. Cuthbert, to whom the old church of Weem was dedicated. When a monk at Melrose about the middle of the seventh century, this saint was frequently absent for months together engaged in missionary work; and in his wanderings northward to Pictland, he came to a place which has been identified with a curious recess about half-way up Weem Rock, formed by an overhanging ledge, in which may still be seen a rough slab of mica schist with a rude cross carved in bold relief upon it, now broken into two pieces, a holy well which has long been visited as a wishing-well in which votive offerings are deposited, and unmistakable evidence of the existence of a cell or oratory.

These are supposed to be the relics of St. Cuthbert's sojourn in the locality. The overhanging rock is called Craig-an-Chaipel, or the Chapel-Rock; and the wishing-well is known as St. David's Well, from Sir David Menzies, who was one of the hostages for James I., in 1423, and was made commissioner of Orkney and Shetland by Erik, the Scandinavian king, but retired from the world and lived as a hermit for some years in this spot, ending his days as a monk in Melrose Abbey, with which St. Cuthbert, whose example he evidently imitated, had been connected. In front of the recess there is a considerable space of level ground, which was formerly used as a burial-place, but is now overgrown with nettles. Underneath this terrace there is a narrow fissure in the rock, which widens considerably inwards, and forms a cave filled with debris and difficult of exploration. With this cave a strange, weird legend is connected, embodied in a very old Gaelic song, which has been popular among the people of the district for many generations.

The Rev. John McLean, Minister of Grandtully, has preserved a version of the song, which was translated with considerable vigour in the ballad style by the late Principal Shairp. The legend tells how, one Sabbath day long ago, two young girls, the daughter and step-daughter of the Lady of Weem, went into the wood in search of a calf that had strayed. They heard it lowing, and followed the sound till it brought them to this cave in the face of the rock. One sister had a Bible, which acted as a charm, and hindered her from going into the cave; but the other, who had no such supernatural protection, went boldly in and disappeared for ever, her mangled remains having been found sometime afterwards, floating near the shore on Loch Ghlassie, a lonely moorland loch in the neighbourhood, and emitting a strange phosphorescent light.

The song is antiphonal, consisting of alternate question and answer between the sister outside and the sister in the depths of the cavern. The one asks when her little sister will come home, and the other replies that there are seven iron gates, guarded by a man dressed in a scarlet cloak, between her and the open air, and that she cannot come home till the day of judgment. Her grief-stricken sister outside is not satisfied, but still persists in asking vehemently when her little sister will come home; and the far-away voice within at last

* The series of articles is continued from "The Art Journal," 1899, p. 366.



Weem Rock, and a bit of the Tay at Aberfeldy.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

replies with an oracular promise, that she will return when the time of seed-sowing and lint-pulling shall coincide, which, of course, would be nevermore. The Rev. R. G. Dunbar, M.A., Minister of Weem, has given a full and graphic account of this legend in his charming little brochure entitled, "A Few Notes on the Parish of Weem." It is a most remarkable legend, but upon what incident in real life it was founded is involved in hopeless mystery. It sounds like a myth of purgatory, reminding one of the fabled entrance into the nether world at Lough Dearg in Ireland, where St. Patrick stands as the guardian of the dead. But the people in the district have always imagined that it had something to do with a supposititious intrigue between St. Cuthbert, during his sojourn in this spot, and the daughter of a local chief, in connection with which the saint, it is said, prayed that the earth might open and swallow her up.

The old Kirk of Weem, surrounded by the parish churchyard, is in a secluded spot behind the village, and presents a most venerable appearance, half-sunken among the numerous graves around it. The present building dates from the year 1600, judging from a Latin inscription over a low doorway; but the ecclesiastical site must have been considerably older, for mention is made of it in a charter drawn up about 1296, connected with the patronage of it in the hands of the Earl of Athole at the time; and there is another charter in existence, signed by James II. in 1440, presenting to Sir David de Menzies the rectory of the kirk of Weem. It had been used as a place of worship within the recollection of some old persons still living; but it has been shut up for upwards of sixty years as the mausoleum of the Menzies' family. It contains, built up against the north wall of the choir in the interior, a richly sculptured mural monument, which is one of the most remarkable sepulchal relics in Scotland. It was constructed by Sir Alexander Menzies soon after he had renovated the church, in commemoration of his ancestry in the female line, which happened to be particularly distinguished, whose heraldic bearings are carved on the monument; and it has consequently a large amount of interest to the genealogist who wishes to trace the history of one of the oldest families in the land. The rusty iron collar of the old jougs, used in the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders, is still preserved, hanging upon the wall.

At the west end of the village of Weem, beside the Hotel, is the entrance to the grounds of Castle Menzies, the residence of Sir Robert Menzies, Bart. The grounds are adorned with some of the largest and oldest trees in the kingdom. The Castle is hidden by the dense foliage of huge sycamores, so that it cannot be seen at a distance; but near at hand its grey old baronial style of architecture is well defined against the precipitous, richly-wooded rock behind. It was built in 1571, and considerably renovated, with a new wing added, in 1840. The original founder, Sir Robert Menzies, obtained, in 1510, a charter from James IV., consolidating his scattered estates in the surrounding district into a free Barony. In the muniment room are preserved many documents of historical interest, some of which have been published. The Castle also contains some valuable relics of Mary Queen of Scots, which are described in the "Red Book of Menzies."

The Castle has seen many vicissitudes. Montrose pillaged it; Cromwell placed a garrison in it; and owing to the loyalty to the Government of the Menzies clan, the Castle and lands of the chief suffered much from the vengeance of the followers of Prince Charlie in the district. Though a plain, massive building, with high roof, small windows, and projecting turrets at the corners, the Castle has an imposing appearance. Standing in front of this venerable feudal stronghold, you are drawn silently from the present back to the past. You give yourself up to the soothing atmosphere of the place, to the ancestral quietude and dignity, and to the illusion of remoteness which it creates. White clouds hang poised low in the blue sky, as if resting over the billowy green masses of the foliage in the park, looking like the outstretched wings of the spirit of peace brooding over the scene. A winding path leads along the terraces of the wooded rock behind the Castle, and from the open ground at the top a most magnificent view may be obtained westward of Drummond Hill, the Ben Lawers range, and the whole extent of Loch Tay to Ben More, in the far blue distance.

The fields on the high plateau above Weem Rock were cultivated from time immemorial, when the low grounds were covered with swamps and impenetrable thickets and forests. A number of primitive farm-towns have occupied their sites for many generations; and numerous traces of the old worship of pagan times, as well as of early Christian days, may be found in their neighbourhood. One of the farms was tenanted by Macdonalds, who fled from the Massacre of Glencoe, and whose descendants still reside in the district.

The neighbourhood of Aberfeldy is peculiarly rich in memories of early Celtic saints. The poetic glamour of the childhood of our religion lingers around its pastoral scenes. Two miles west of Weem is the hamlet of Dull, perhaps the oldest of all the ecclesiastical sites, which takes us back to the time of St. Adamnan, or Eunan, as the name was fondly softened into, the ninth abbot of Iona, and the biographer of St. Columba, to whom the parish church was dedicated. It is said by local tradition—which differs, however, widely from the usually accepted narrative of his life—that when driven out of Iona on account of his adherence to the unpopular Romish creed, he came to Glenlyon, where he spent several years in evangelising the people, and died in the odour of sanctity. He gave orders on his death-bed that he should be carried eastwards to Strathtay, and buried on the spot where the birchen withes by which the handspokes were attached to his coffin, should happen to break. They held out till the mourners arrived at the foot of a high precipitous rock on the north side of the plain of the Tay; and, in accordance with the saint's instructions, they buried him there and called the place Dull from the breaking of the dullan, or withes.

There are many traces of St. Adamnan around Dull. A well called after him still flows near the parish church; and an old market, called Feil Eunan, used to be held in the village on the saint's day, 6th October, old style. He founded a monastery in the place, which possessed the right of sanctuary within a certain radius around, marked out by crosses. One of these rude crosses, much mutilated, is still standing in the centre of the village, and determines the northern limit of the ancient churchgirth. In the time of St. Cuthbert, who passed through it, it seems to have been a place of considerable importance, with an educational establishment and civic jurisdiction.

Crinan, the warrior bishop of Dunkeld—who married the daughter of Malcolm II. of Scotland, and was the father of King Duncan, slain by Macbeth, of Shakespearean renown—was also Abbot of Dull, and owned extensive church lands in the vicinity, a part of which still retains the name of Appin of Dull, from the ancient Abthania. But the monastery was dissolved long before the Reformation, and the collegiate institution was transferred to St. Andrews, and formed the nucleus there of the oldest of the Scottish Universities, which still maintains its ancient dependence upon Dull. The old buildings, which were probably made of perishable materials, such as wood or wattles, disappeared utterly, and not a single ruin now remains to remind us of the former greatness of the spot. Its splendour has been wiped away by the hand of time as completely as a disused sum is sponged off the face of a slate. The village has, however, an air of antique dignity and peace about it, as it reposes under the shadow of its lofty, fir-crowned rock. On the wide plain below, close to the river, there are three curious round knolls, covered with tall old beech-trees, which are said to have been in ancient times places for the judgment, execution, and burial of criminals; each of these operations having been performed on a separate mound, the last mound being the most luxuriant owing to its being constantly nourished by the ashes of the dead. Superstition associated these mounds with haunts of the fairies, whose wailing music might be heard on stormy evenings in mid-winter; the branches of the beech-trees doubtless playing the part of harp-strings in the fierce breezes that swept down the glens.

The district westward of this, on the same side of the river, is called the *Tegarmuchd*, which means "Begging Friar," a name which recalls the old ecclesiastical sanctity of the Appin of Dull. Still farther west, you turn up the side valley of the Lyon at the back of Drummond Hill, by a romantic pass, where a roaring mountain burn tumbles wildly about among its rocks far below. This is the Keltney Burn, whose Gaelic name, meaning St. Aidan's stream, brings to our recollection the great Bishop of Northumbria, the founder of the church of Kenmore, which was dedicated to him, and who was so popular in this district when he came to it from Iona. Through this glen of the Keltney Burn the main road passes up to Rannoch and Schiehallion, and is one of the most delightful and varied walks in the whole neighbourhood. On a precipitous rocky promontory, almost surounded by the channel of the stream, which flows deep down concealed by a perfect maze of thickets and woods, is situated the famous old Castle of Garth. The position of this ruined fortress is inaccessible on every side except one, which is defended by a deep moat and drawbridge; and in former times it must have been almost impregnable. The view from the doorway, looking down, is singularly grand and wild; several large cascades tumbling into black pools in the depths of the gorges on either side, overhung with umbrageous foliage which trembles to the swirling mists and the roaring waters. This grim fortress, which has been recently repaired, was built by the Wolf of Badenoch, early in the fourteenth century. His descendants, the Stewarts of Fortingall, held possession of the Castle and lands until recent times.

The most distinguished of the Lairds of Garth was General Stewart, the author of the well-known and popular book, "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and State of the Highlands of Scotland." From him we derive our best knowledge of the history of the famous Highland Regiments. He became Governor of St. Lucia in the



In the Valley of the Tay, looking towards Benlawers.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

West Indies, where he died in 1829. The modern mansion of Garth occupies a most charming position farther westward in the valley of the Lyon. The beautiful estate of Garth belonged at one time to Sir Archibald Campbell, the hero of the first Burmese War. It has since then passed into the able hands of Sir Donald Currie, M.P., who has greatly improved it. Coshieville Inn, where the roads to Rannoch and Fortingall branch off, used to have a great reputation when the district was more populous and the traffic greater. Close by is the Ford of Comrie, across the Lyon, now disused on account of the new bridge recently erected at the place; and on the other side of the river are the ruins of Comrie Castle, a gaunt old stronghold of the Menzies before they removed to Castle Menzies.

At this ford an engagement took place between the Earl of Argyle and the Earl of Athole in 1640, when the former was victorious. Pursuing his advantage, Argyle encountered the opposing forces of the Royalists of the district farther up the Rannoch Road at Whitebridge, and routed them finally—and was thus free to march on to Forfarshire, where he burnt, according to the famous song, "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." The graves of those who fell in this battle are still pointed out by the roadside on the moor of Tomphubil, the "mound of the people." Ian Lom, the Gaelic bard who espoused the Royalist cause, wrote an indignant satire on the event, in which he ascribed Argyle's victory more to treachery than to military skill and bravery.

From the Crieff Road, above Aberfeldy, a glorious view is obtained of the surrounding district. Farragon rises up immediately in front, across the Strath, to a height of 2,560 feet, imposing upon the eye with more than its true bulk and stature. To the north-east the pointed summit of Ben Vrackie dominates the valley of the Tummel, and the huge round shoulders of Ben-y-ghloe, softened with the purple hues of distance, lead the imagination onward to the heights of Lochnagar and the great Cairngorm range. But the principal object in the wide horizon is Schiehallion, forming a sharp cone, with a long slope to the east, and an abrupt breasting fronting the west like a miniature Matterhorn, catching the latest rays of the setting sun. It is a well-preserved glacial monument, which speaks impressively of the great icy tool that sculptured its sphinx-like form. For the post-glacial forces of storm and frost and heat that have been at work for untold centuries, engraving their own characters, have not altered the emphatic enduring impression of the ancient glacier in any perceptible degree. It is a residual, adamantine knob of pure quartz, like the Paps of Jura, brought into solitary relief by the removal of the less resisting rock about it, "an illustration in stone of the survival of the strongest and most favourably situated."

On the smooth, glaciated surfaces of exposed quartz rock, which shine in the sun like mirrors of burnished silver, great patches of bright, primrose-coloured lichen (Lecidea geographica) make beautiful mosaics where the rock becomes most crystalline in its texture. A large erratic boulder of granite near the top tells how it came from the high granitic mountains to the north-east, floated like a chip on the frozen sea that submerged and shaped all the surrounding country and left it stranded there, when the vast glacier melted away and the summit of Schiehallion emerged to the light of day. The sharp, isolated cone, lifted high above the rest of the landscape, afforded a suitable coign of vantage on which to measure the gravitation of the earth. On its pivot, which had fewer disturbing influences to bear upon it than anywhere else in Scotland, was laid the beam, as it were, of the nicely-adjusted balances of science. Dr. Maskelyne's experiments, in 1774, proved of the greatest value as data for further observations. Professor Playfair afterwards made a more accurate estimate of the mass of Schiehallion, obtaining 4·7, instead of 4·5 as formerly, for the earth's mean density, as compared with pure water. Schiehallion is a most striking feature in the horizon in every view that can be obtained from the elevated ground above Aberfeldy. It gains in height and grandeur the higher up one goes. It is the spire of the whole vast landscape, lifting it up to heaven, and giving it something of the feeling of poetic or religious awe which, from the earliest time, the human mind has felt in the neighbourhood of great mountains.

(To be continued.)



Castle Menzies.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



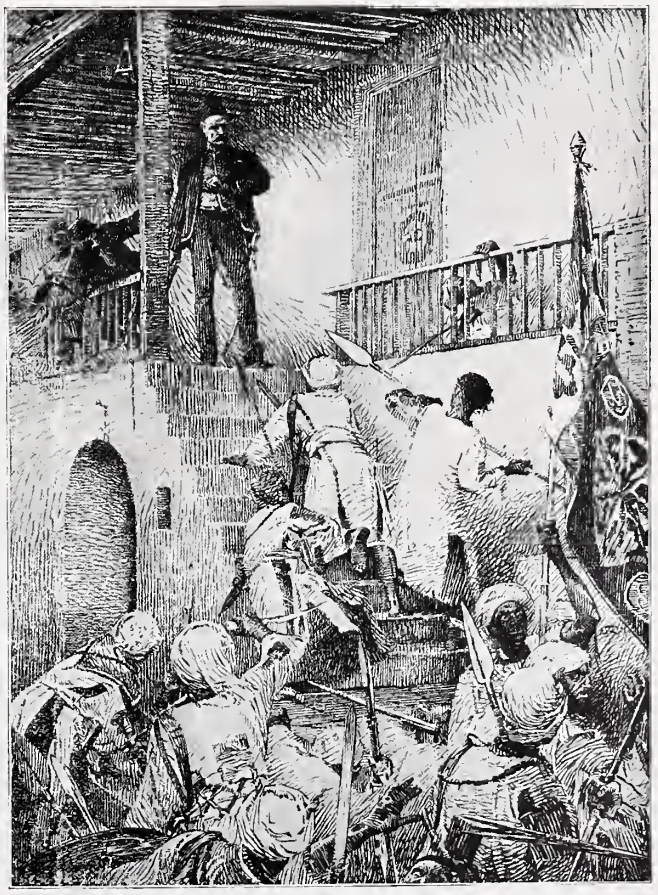
The Little Drummer Boy.
By G. W. Joy.
"The King's drum shall never be beaten for rebels."
From the picture in the possession of Patrick Ness, Esq.

G. W. JOY.

MR. GEORGE JOY is Irish by birth, and springs of an old Irish family. The bias of his country's talent has not, indeed, been towards art. Ireland has given us Maclise, Elmore, Danby, Mulready, and Burton; but, amongst painters, these are the greater number of the prominent names. Mr. Joy's is a welcome addition to a list not over long. An ancestor of his founded *The Belfast News Letter*, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. His grand-uncle, Chief Baron Joy, was famous both as a lawyer and as a judge in the palmy days of the Irish bar and bench. His father took medicine as a profession and made a name in its pursuit.

The artist himself was educated at Harrow, and spent his five years of pupilage (1858 to '63) while Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Butler governed the fortunes of the school. Artists have a way of showing their predilections early in life. Young Joy mitigated the severity of his Harrow studies by dangerous excursions into the field of caricature. His leaning to art was thus pronounced, and at the age of nineteen his desires were satisfied when he found himself an art-student at South Kensington. There he took every prize he competed for, and had Mr. Herkomer as one of his fellow-students. A short period was passed at the Royal Academy schools, where, fortunately for the rising race of painters, draughtsmanship was beginning to be more competently taught, and here his talent received its hall-mark, when it was announced that he was the only student who passed the test for the life school from the antique.

From the Academy, following the useful fashion of his day, he went to Paris, and there developed and perfected the instruction he had got at home. This was in the year 1868, and Jalabert was his master. The veteran artist still lives, and still takes interest in his old pupil. The pupilage lasted but two years. Young Joy worked in a corner of the famous portrait-painter's *atelier*. He had it to himself, and there set up his easel under the painter's eye. Jalabert, whom in this country we know chiefly for the 'Christ walking on the Sea,' now in the



General Gordon's Last Stand.
From the pen-and-ink sketch by G. W. Joy.
By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed.

Luxembourg, was a pupil of Delaroche, and continued that master's traditions—great delicacy of treatment, accomplished draughtsmanship, reticence of colour, inclined in its scheme at times to be a little cold. He painted portraits of half the ladies of the *Grand Monde* in those early sixties. When the two years' apprenticeship were ended, Jalabert begged his pupil to remain longer. *Votre petit coin soupire après vous*, he wrote, with that affectionate interest which a foreign master takes in a favourite pupil; but the period of study was over, and the young artist returned to England.

His earliest work was unimportant:—a girl's head, 'Domenica,' and a group, 'Chess-players'; but he saw his name after both in the Academy catalogues, and experienced that first keen pleasure of publicity which all artists remember and which so soon passes away. It was in 1878 that his first serious picture was sent to Burlington House. Laodameia bends over the tomb of her lord; her hand rests on the marble slab; the votive flowers are on the ground beside her; a wreath of them hangs upon her arm. The sorrow in the face is supported by the abandonment in the pose. In the background there is a stretch of steely sea, and over it low sunset clouds. Tom Taylor singled the work out for unusual praise, seeing in it a seriousness of aim, a sincerity, and a conscientiousness in the artist's work which was beginning to become rare on the walls of the Academy.

Three years later came his 'Joan of Arc,' sold on the day the Exhibition opened. Here his colour broke away from the austerity of the 'Laodameia,' and assorted in its richness with the pomp of the warlike scene he painted. He had learnt to rely much on contrast for his effect; and so he painted Joan, no Amazon tall of stature, sexless and armour-clad, but a girlish figure, feminine even in her warlike accoutrements, as we see her standing at the opening of the tent, while the soldiers, raised by sudden alarm, throng forward in full armour. The subject gave him his opportunity for colour: the faded blue silk of the tent, the gold embroidered flag of France, which she carries, the pale grey of her steel corselet on which the level morning light falls and gleams, and the young page who kneels at her feet as he fastens on her greaves. The colour with all its richness is very pure, the whole effect very harmonious. This was in the Exhibition of 1881. It was followed by 'The Young Nelson,' 1883, and 'The Young Wellington,' 1885, so well known by their reproductions in colour.



Joan of Arc. By G. W. Joy.
From the picture in the possession of James Kenyon, Esq.

While Mr. Joy was painting these patriotic subjects, he was himself under the influence of a kindred sentiment. It is twenty-one years since he joined the "Artists' Corps" of the Volunteers. He has now a long-service medal, and in younger days was one of their crack shots. At Wimbledon and Bisley he represented his own country some half-dozen times. One is not surprised to find that he treats with feeling and refinement subjects that might easily have passed into the vulgarity of cheap sentiment. In his work, from the very beginning, he seems to have escaped the pitfall of the model. The old lady who lays her hands on the shoulders of the sturdy little middy and looks appealingly and with a fond pride into his face, has just the distinction one might expect from the grandmother of young Nelson. There is dignity and true affection in the face, which the ordinary model could not have supplied. The grace and feeling of the figure easily explain the popularity of the picture. Again, in 'The Young Wellington,' the idea, the anecdote side of the picture, was so well



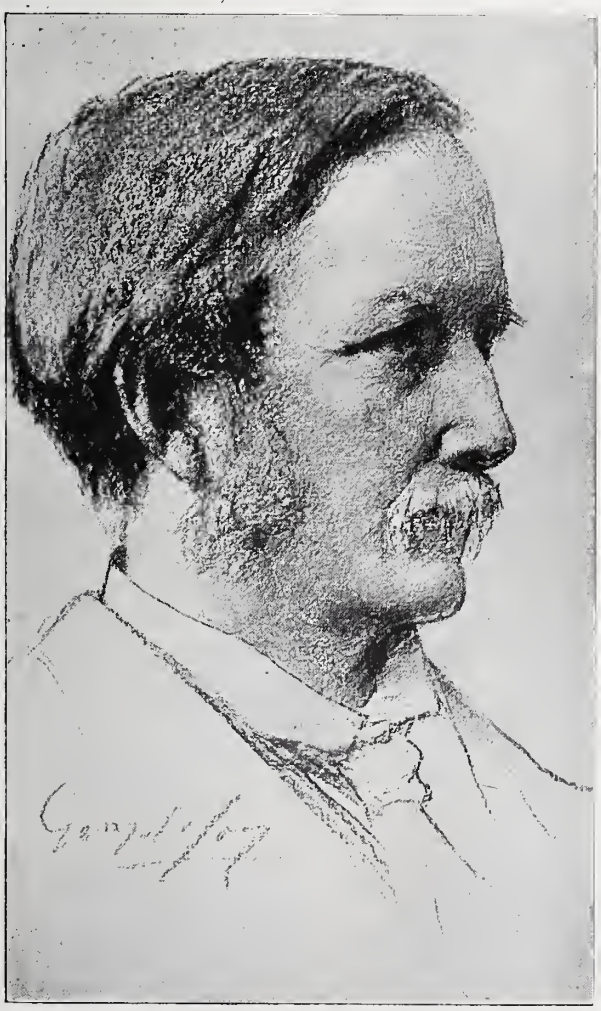
Laodameia.
By G. W. Joy.

conceived. The young English boy—the Wellesley type easily distinguishable—is being received and questioned by the master of the Military School at Angers, himself in the white uniform of the French service. There were two great military schools in France at that time—Angers and St. Cyr. Young Bonaparte was at St. Cyr, and might have been at Angers, a class-fellow of Wellington, a pupil of old Pignerol, whom we see here surrounded by his scholars. The English were not popular with the French even in the school-days of those generals, and we can see the jeers and derision with which his school-fellows watch the reception of the new boy. This was Wellesley's first experience of French polish. One remembers his grim comment to Louis XVIII., when, after Waterloo, the generals insulted him at a reception in the Tuileries: "This is not the first time, sire, that I have seen the backs of the Marshals of France." This picture, less challenging in subject than the 'Joan of Arc,' showed the painter's advance in his art. The treatment of the background was peculiarly happy. The academy where Wellesley studied has long since lost its identity. "The school has been turned into a barrack," so the Mayor of Angers wrote to the artist, anxious for accuracy in every detail. The background had to be an imagined one, and is, in fact, taken from the fourth-form room at Harrow.

Other subjects, harping on patriotic themes, followed. 'The Warden of the Cinque Ports,' 'Prince Charlie's Farewell,' and 'The First Union Jack.' Here again Mr.



A Study for 'The First Union Jack.' By G. W. Joy.
By permission of The Fine Art Society, the owners of the copyright.



Portrait of the Artist.
From the drawing by G. W. Joy.

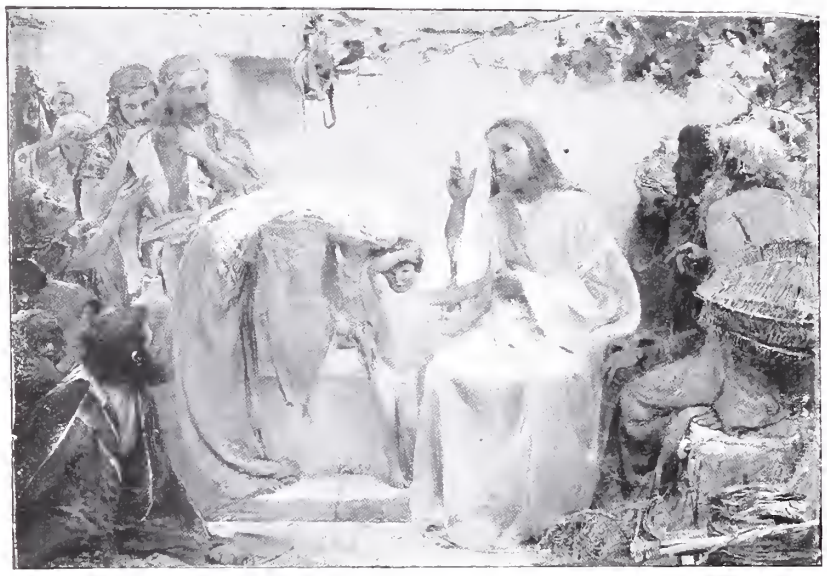
Joy showed that same fancy in the construction of his plot which we shall find to be one of his characteristics as a painter. With the new century came the introduction of the new flag, and this pretty girl whom we see piecing its puzzling lines and segments has worked it for the pinnace of the young lieutenant whose own union it is likely also to record. The love-story is most delicately staged.

Last of the patriotic series came 'The Little Drummer Boy,' and with it begins a decided change in the painter's art. He was gradually emancipating himself from the tightness of the school in which he had studied. He had got to recognise the subtle beauty of light and the delicacy of its various gradations, and he had commenced to seek open-air effects. Sticky mediums were now cast aside and richer colour gained. 'The Drummer Boy' was painted out in the Suffolk marshes, in a log hut nine feet square, with a window in the roof and an open door behind. The general effect of the picture is a rather sober grey, enriched by the brilliancy of the uniforms, whose constantly-recurring brightness warms up the whole composition. The stump of an old willow crossing the right side of the picture gives opportunity for a fine passage of colour, with warm brown shadows in its hollowed trunk. The painter had always a leaning to the most difficult of colours to deal with—red. Here he treats it under varied atmospheric effects, brilliant or softened, but always reconciled by the delicate grey greens of the foliage of the willows, and toned by the grey evening light that brings all together.

This effect of open air, with its subtler truths, he had tried for before in 'The Danaid,' painted in 1889. This picture hung in Room V. of the Academy, and was one of the earliest wholly undraped figures allowed on the line. The purity and refinement of the treatment, and the delicacy of the colour, easily account for

the position assigned to it. And yet the success of the picture was not immediate. The painter, almost disheartened—it was a venture in a new direction for him — consulted M. Chapu, the sculptor, as to whether he should send it to the Salon. It had indeed been seen in progress by Mr. Watts, whose counsel to continue the original half-length into a full-length the artist had taken.

M. Chapu's advice was clear enough. Certainly it should be sent. The advice was justified by the event; the picture was awarded a medal. From France it went to Munich, where it received the same distinction; was exhibited at Chicago and St. Petersburg, and is now in a private gallery at Hamburg. The hardness of outline, visible in some of the painter's early work, had by this time quite disappeared: the colour is blended, the whole effect large and air-enveloped, and in the conception and treatment of the figure there is a refinement and a remoteness from realism that suits the classic theme. "One might almost say a *cinque-cento fresco*," said one French critic; "*Il a su mettre une grâce de mystère dans sa nudité Florentine*," wrote another. That he was in sympathy with a branch of art so nearly allied to the sculptor's we can readily believe when we see how he has painted his other nude, embroidering a delicate fancy on the outworn legend of Truth in the Well. We see the graceful figure, the face so pure, so beautiful, so true, and the raised arm, and the mirror. It is so that Truth is always propertied. She stands on a little ledge at the bottom of the well, and holds her mirror high up over her head. But higher still, from the parapet of the well, the face of a little child is seen peeping over, half amazed, half delighted, and so by a touch of romance, the chill of the mere classic legend passes away. For the goddess with one hand draws up from the depth below the toy bucket of the child now filled with sweet water, while with the other hand she comforts her by showing her her own reflection in the mirror. The picture has the beauty of graceful line and pearly colour, while the quaintness of the conceit gives it a special charm.



By permission of Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl.

Christ and a little Child. By G. W. Joy.



From the picture in the possession of the French Government. In the Museum of Rouen.

Joan of Arc. By G. W. Joy.

The subject of Joan of Arc was constantly in his mind.



From the picture in the possession of the Leeds Corporation.

Lear and Cordelia.
By G. W. Joy.

He returned to it in 1895, this time dealing not with the pomp of war and the heroism of La Puçelle, but with an imagined moment in her life full of pathos and womanly beauty. She lies on the ground of her tent, a rude bed of straw spread for her, clad in full armour. Corselet and chain-armour and greaves cover the body completely. The sword lies ready to be drawn, but the hands are clasped, and crossed upon the breastplate, and the helmet is removed. The face is turned to you; the heavy lids press upon the tired eyes, the lips are half parted. She sleeps in peace and in purity. "Ce trahison de sommeil," says Daudet, speaking of the sleeping Sappho as her lover looked at her. But sleep has here nothing to reveal except purity and womanly grace. Something monumental there is in the pose, so that the little winged angel who keeps vigil by the flickering lamp seems the quaint fancy of some mediæval sculptor. A faint halo plays over the bended head, and tenderly with one delicate hand she holds the steel-clamped feet, and presses them to her breast. There is a poetry about this whole conception which gives the picture a charm which grows as you look at it. It made its mark at once, hanging on the line at the Royal Academy, and was even more admired at the Salon the following year. One morning the postman brought the painter two letters, both of them with an offer for the picture. One was from the Corporation of Leeds, giving the painter his own terms; the other from the French Government, offering two-thirds less. That is how they order these things in France; the great honour supplementing the little price. Mr. Joy, thinking more of the honour than the price, parted with his picture to France, and, in the Museum at Rouen, the city where the English burnt the maiden warrior, hangs this tardy tribute to her memory.



The Baby Bedouin.
By G. W. Joy.
From the picture in the possession of Mrs. Prothero.

But Leeds has a work of Mr. Joy's of earlier date and very different subject. An artist does not in these days paint 'Lear and Cordelia' as inevitably as in old

days every actor of repute played Hamlet. He must feel the subject and be inspired by it. Lear chained in the dungeon, a very foolish fond old man, beard and unkempt hair matted, is seated on the prison bench on which a wolf-skin is flung, and Cordelia kneels at his feet resting her head upon his lap. The trouble of madness is in the old man's face, but his hand has sought the head of the daughter he loved best, as her gentle touch seems to call him back to sorrow and reason. It is the contrast in the faces, it is the sincerity of feeling in the pose, it is the loneliness of these two figures in the dungeon with its crumbling walls—that give the picture its arresting quality. And then the colour is so considered: the brown amber wrap of the old king and the delicate effect of the pale blue, crusted with pale silver, of Cordelia's gown—so appropriate and so harmonious. In considering Mr. Joy's work, what is very striking is the variety of subject.

Joan of Arc—light in key and fanciful in idea—is not more removed in the nature of its appeal from the almost academic 'Lear and Cordelia,' than the 'Bayswater Omnibus' is from both. The subject was tempting and full of difficulties: difficulties of effect, of composition, of types. It might so easily have become banal, or ugly, or exaggerated or untrue. The straight lines of the window and of the range of advertisements above had to be broken; incident had to be introduced, and contrast: the city man keen on his morning's paper, the fragile anæmic beauty of the little London milliner entering the 'bus, the strong intelligent face of the nursing sister, and the pretty young aristocratic woman — all are there. "*M. Joy est le Pickwick de la palette*," said a French critic, with a confusion of a character with its creator that would have delighted Dickens himself.



Nelson's First Farewell. By G. W. Joy.
From the picture in the possession of Mrs. Cassell.

'Pamela's Birthday,' sent to the Institute in 1897, showed the painter's art to peculiar advantage. It has his delicate colour, silvery in key, his grace, and a certain old-world quality which belongs to both. And, again, he has been most happy in his models. It is early morning, and, down an old-fashioned oaken staircase, with carved balustrade, a young girl is stepping slowly, in the quaint full-sleeved dress which suggests her very name. She has reached the last stair, when an elder sister, herself young, presses forward to greet her and kiss her. The faces are full of well-considered character: the one winsome and shy, the other affectionate and welcoming, and the soft touch of the embracing hands repeats the expression of the face. As may be observed in our Etching of the picture, a chubby little brother peeps round the corner of the baluster, bringing his birthday offering of tall-growing tiger-lilies, the blooms of which frame his curly head, as he looks out furtively and full of admiration for his young playmate.



The Danaid. By G. W. Joy.
From the picture in the possession of L. J. Lippert, Esq., of Hamburg.

Refinement and sincerity of sentiment are what make the charm of a picture which gains on you as you return to it. This sincerity, this absence of challenge, is very noticeable in his last year's Academy picture. The subject was a Scriptural one: the reasoning amongst the disciples as to which should be the greatest, and the taking

London, H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Painted by G.H. Fox.

Etched by C.O. Murray.

Pamela's Birthday.

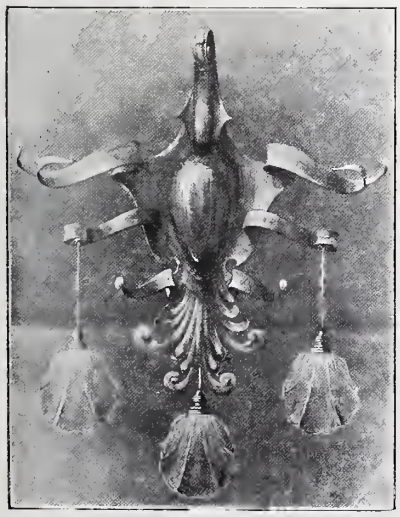
of a little child and setting him there to confute them all. The conception of Christ is at once very simple and very noble, with something of the dignity of Lionardo in its saddened expression. The scene is some Eastern courtyard, beside a well-head, and here have come to Him the sick and the destitute, and with them the Pharisees and the disciples. The crowd is typical of the East: fishermen, scribes, peasants, a sick man clamouring for help, a mother with a wan child—poor folks most of them, amongst whom the strong Semitic face of St. Peter, shrewd and handsome, stands out distinguishably. But it is in the central group that the painter has put forth both his art and his feeling. The pose of the little child, as it stands by Our Lord, half abashed, half confiding, while its mother, bending down, offers it to the Saviour, whispering some comforting words into its ear, is true to nature and very expressive. This is the most ambitious of the painter's subject-pictures.

As a worker he has been industrious, but not prolific. His is not the kind of art to be produced hurriedly. His pictures have been thought out and felt. He spared no trouble on his work. While painting his 'Death of Gordon' he was up before sunrise, and had his big canvas out of doors on the easel, and his model sitting at five, four, or even three in the summer mornings. When the picture was well under way, considering that his points of the compass might be wrong, he reversed the whole effect of the light, greatly adding to his difficulties. And this sincerity we find and feel in many of the pictures. His art is always individual. He is no follower of a school, or adapter or assimilator of a passing fashion. And therefore the attraction of his works will continue: he will not grow obsolete. And therefore, too, their appreciation has covered a wide range. 'The Danaid' is at Hamburg, 'Joan of Arc' at Rouen, 'Truth' in the National Gallery at Berlin, 'Reverie' (a child touching the strings of a violin) was bought by Leighton for New Zealand, 'King Lear' was presented to the Leeds Municipal Gallery. The head of a Bulgarian Girl was bought by a Russian. These are the more important, but we might add to the list. Refinement, a feeling for beauty, a gift of fancy in the construction of his subjects, so that the story, kept well in abeyance, yet helps the composition and adds to its pictorial interest—these are the qualities which have secured him admirers all over Europe; and they are qualities which, in the present trend of art towards the achievement and undue appreciation of merely technical excellence, have grown rare, and may grow rarer yet.

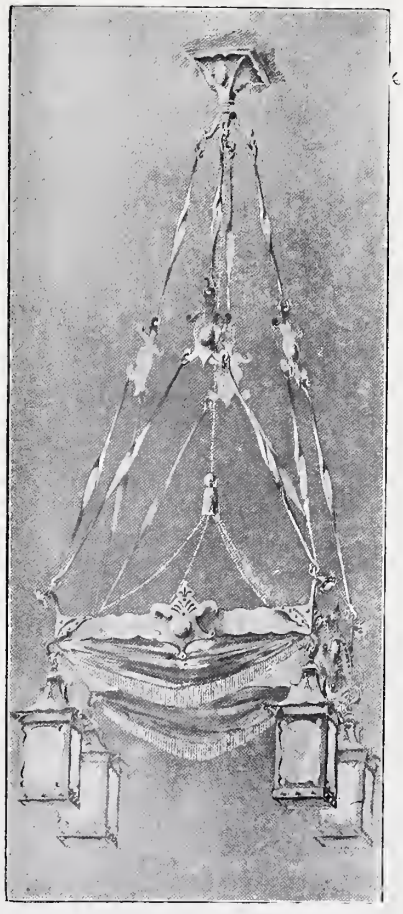
W. L. WOODROFFE.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

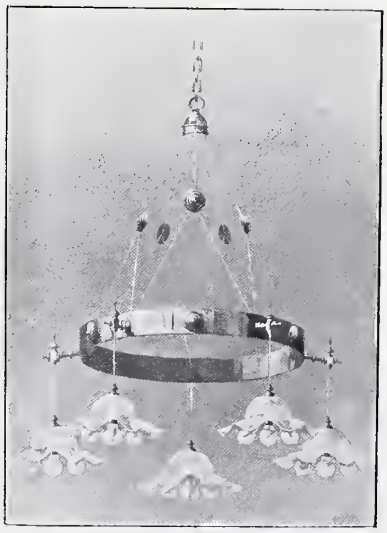
IT is a far cry from the rush-light in its holder to the brilliant electric light in its artistic bracket, and an interesting parallel might be made of the march of civilization and the march of electric lighting, though time and space is wanting on the present occasion for the production of such an article. What further developments in this direction we are destined to experience it would be unwise to prophesy, but the point we have arrived at is sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to consider the different methods in use, and their application to the various styles of buildings, public and private, where it is now so extensively adopted. That the last word has not been said on the capabilities of electricity in this direction is evident from the fact that inventors are still constantly at work upon that particular branch, and bring the result of their labours to Faraday House to be tried and tested. If the experiments prove satisfactory, these devices are afterwards manufactured by one or other of the large electrical firms. The great point is how to obtain a good light, which shall not in any way be injurious to the eye-



Hammered and Polished Copper Bracket, designed specially for Theatrical Work.



Hammered Iron Armour Night Dining-Room Fitting, 13th century.



Flemish Electrolier in Polished Brass. Designed for Church Work.

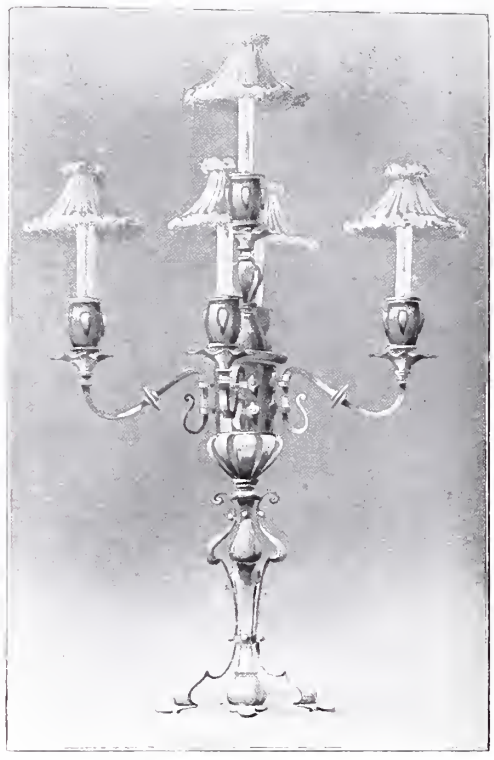
sight. In both the arc and incandescent lamps, the area of the surface emitting light is exceedingly small, so that if seen directly, the eye is dazzled, while if too sharp an image is formed on the retina, there may be actual injury. Another evil arising from the smallness of the lighting surface is that very black shadows are cast, and the oldest way of getting over these difficulties is by the use of ground glass, or something similar, which, so long as clean, absorbs far less light than is generally supposed. Another way which has been tried and proved effectual, is to reflect the light from an arc or incandescent lamp, so that while the lamp itself is entirely hidden from the eye, the room is lighted by reflection from the ceiling and the upper part of the walls; the light is thus so well diffused, that it casts no more shadow than daylight when the sun is not visible. This has already been successfully carried out in some banks and reading rooms, and will probably in time supersede other methods, though now the general way is that of having separate globes.

The General Electric Company possess some of the largest show-rooms in London, where all kinds of fittings are on view for hotels, halls, shops, and public buildings, as well as for houses of every description. Amongst their many exhibits are some good billiard-table lights, with two four-light fittings, instead of the usual six lights; these are carried out in iron slightly polished, or "armour finished," as it is technically called, it being made to represent the colour of armour. Sometimes dull, hammered copper is introduced with this.



Bronze Brass Newel Standard, with Leaded Lights.

These armour-finished fittings are in great demand, as they have a pretty, old-fashioned look, and are not so heavy and dull as the plain black ones, and therefore likely to suit all kinds of rooms. In the present style of furnishing, where each room in a house represents a different period, the electric light fittings must necessarily correspond; one finds in general the drawing-room is French, and consequently brackets, with ornamentation of the Louis XV. and XVI. periods, are in great demand. There was also on exhibition a copy of one of the brackets made for Her Majesty's railway saloon carriage, which, when they were not in use in the daytime, can be removed altogether.



Hammered Antique Copper Standard, Natural Bronze.

A pleasant light is obtained by a large glass shell, which conceals three lights, the light being obtained through the thick glass, and also by the reflection against a clear painted wall. A soft light is also produced by the use of "unique" glass made to represent old horn. The question of new table decorations is one which often exercises the mind of the enterprising hostess, and a pretty effect is obtained by having a table centre in dull silver, bearing glasses full of flowers, in amongst which the lights are charmingly disposed; they are so arranged that they can be placed either in the middle or on the outside of the flowers: besides this arrangement, connections could be made with other smaller vases placed at the corners or ends of the table. In addition to elaborate designs, the General Electric Company draw special attention to fittings that are simple and inexpensive, and yet give excellent light, for churches and other public buildings.

The Prism Globe Company are well known by their admirable lighting of ships, streets, large halls and hospitals, and until now they have exclusively kept to that large scale of work, as their prism globe is made to disperse the light inside, and is specially applicable to extensive spaces; but the company are now bringing out smaller globes suitable for rooms, which are of a more decorated character. These are hand-painted and jewelled, and light up remarkably well; the painting is executed by girls from Scotland, who are very dexterous in this work.



Portrait of Van Dyck.
Carbon print by Braun Clement & Cie., Dornach (Alsace), Paris and New York.

THE VAN DYCKS AT ANTWERP.

By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland.

THE Exhibition which was recently held at Antwerp contrasted curiously with that to which the art world was flocking the year before at Amsterdam. The display of Rembrandts had been brought together by a few experts, whose opinions had been sifted and resifted during years of study, and so, from the *expertise* point of view, it left but few openings to the sceptic. It was otherwise with its successor. Van Dyck has not been submitted to the minute examination lavished on his Dutch contemporary by MM. Bode, Bredius, Michel, Hofstede de Groot, and others. His life has been written often and well, but his *œuvre* has yet to be finally disentangled from the accidental accretions time and tradition have brought to it. At the present moment a large proportion of the work of certain other painters is buried in the mass of pictures ascribed to Van Dyck—a condition of things which makes it not surprising that among the hundred canvases brought together at Antwerp quite a considerable minority ought to have borne other names than his. These I shall presently endeavour to point out; most of them, however, being fairly obvious.

As for the general appearance of the Exhibition, it was affected unfavourably by the bad condition of nearly all the large pictures lent by Flemish churches and galleries. They had been cleaned and recleaned until they were cold and raw, and looked even paler shadows of Rubens than they were by nature. The English loans, most of them happily from places outside London, were, as a rule, in a far better state, especially those from Windsor. However, the object of these few remarks is not to discuss the art of Van Dyck, nor even to deal with the Antwerp show as a whole, but simply to indicate some of those pictures which seem to me to have been mistakenly decorated with Van Dyck's name.

The chief victim, perhaps, to the fame of Van Dyck is the Dutch painter, Adriaen Hanneman, who spent sixteen years in England between 1620 and 1640. His exact relations with the Flemish master are obscure, but a study of his work leaves no doubt as to their closeness. Hanneman, like Van Dyck himself, was readily affected by external influences, and his work in England is easily distinguished from what he did before he came here and after he returned to his native coun-



The Syndic By Van Dyck.
From the collection of Madame André, Paris.

try. His hand is to be recognised in many pictures which are usually looked upon as fine examples of his master.

Four portraits at Antwerp must, I think, be so classed, namely, the Countess of Southampton, from Althorp; the "supposed portrait of Mary Ruthven"; 'Lady Van Dyck,' lent by Mr. J. C. Harford; and the two fine half-lengths from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, Lord Falkland and Colonel Charles Cavendish. In all of these the harder outlines, the more fused handling, and the greyer tones proclaim the immediate authorship of Hanneman and not of Van Dyck. The 'Lady Southampton,' no doubt, repeats a Van Dyck design, but the execution is not his, while the aggressive blue drapery is a comparatively recent importation. It has been clumsily glazed over a silvery grey foundation. Besides these, which to me appear to be almost entirely by Hanneman, that painter's hand can be discerned in a certain number of pictures in which the important parts are by Van Dyck himself.

If I am right in this, Hanneman must have been at one time Van Dyck's assistant. The question deserves more investigation than it has yet received.

As for other pictures which seem to be falsely ascribed, the study for the portrait of 'The Countess of Pembroke' (No. 66), is obviously by Gonzales Coques; No. 68, 'Portrait of a Boy,' is French work of the last century, possibly by Greuze, but more probably an early sketch after Van Dyck by Chardin; No. 67, a portrait of Martin Pepyn, with an elaborately forged inscription, is clearly the work of Moreelse; the hand has been sophisticated to make it resemble Van Dyck; while the Van Dyck with a sunflower (No. 53), is pretty certainly the work of Dobson, whose hand is to be traced in the subordinate parts of many another picture on these walls. The pictures numbered 86, 87, 88, 89, are all doubtful; while of the two Duchesses de Croye, Lord Lothian's, from Newbattle, is by far the finer, although it is difficult to find its exact place in the master's development. Three portraits, Madame André's 'Syndic,' and the two full-lengths of M. and Mme. Vinck, are of extraordinary interest. The first-named was bought at the Rothan sale in Paris, some three years ago; the other two have long been in their present owner's possession. All three are supposed to be examples of Van Dyck's *première jeunesse*, although the 'Syndic' long passed as a Jordaens. They show differences from other undoubted and indubitable works of the master, which it would be interesting to investigate.

One of the finest things in the whole collection was the full-length portrait of 'Lord Grandison,' lent by Mr. Herzog, of Vienna, which was brought to light from an English country house a few years ago. It shows Van Dyck at his very best as a fashionable portrait painter. He has here given an air of extraordinary distinction to a not very remarkable young man, and has managed a scheme of colour embracing crimson, scarlet, yellow, and silver, with a felicity scarcely excelled by the greatest colourists.

The collection of drawings was of very unequal merit. One or two manifest forgeries—No. 105, for instance—and several things in which no justification for their attribution could be discovered, hung among studies and sketches of great interest, mainly contributed by M. Bonnat and Mr. J. P. Heseltine.

W. A.

PASSING EVENTS.

WHEN it is borne in mind that there is more hanging space in the extended Tate Gallery than in the National Gallery, some idea will be conveyed of the possibilities of this British Luxembourg. For its generous founder it will indeed be *monumentum ære perennius*. The quiet opening ceremony was in keeping with Sir Henry Tate's character, and it was much regretted that severe illness prevented his attendance. The extensions comprise eight additional Galleries and two fine Sculpture Rooms, in one of which is placed another Tate benefaction, 'Eve,' by Mr. Thomas Brock, who is, it will be remembered, engaged on the Millais statue, to be placed in front of the new Gallery.

THERE is now room enough and to spare for many years to come, but it is to be hoped that there will be a steady flow of gifts of the best, and that the Trustees will not show any unseemly desire to accept everything that is offered in the guise of British Art. To the philosophic observer there is much cause for reflection in the ample accommodation in the basement. Pictures fade and reputations die. In fifty years time it is safe to prophesy that not all the works now above ground at Millbank will so remain. Some will be gently led to the basement. This has happened at the National Gallery, and will happen again.

THE death of Sir Henry Tate at the age of eighty was not unexpected. In our next publication we shall give a notice of his career.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., who had a somewhat alarming illness in Scotland in October, has now completely recovered, and is busily engaged at his Guildford studio.

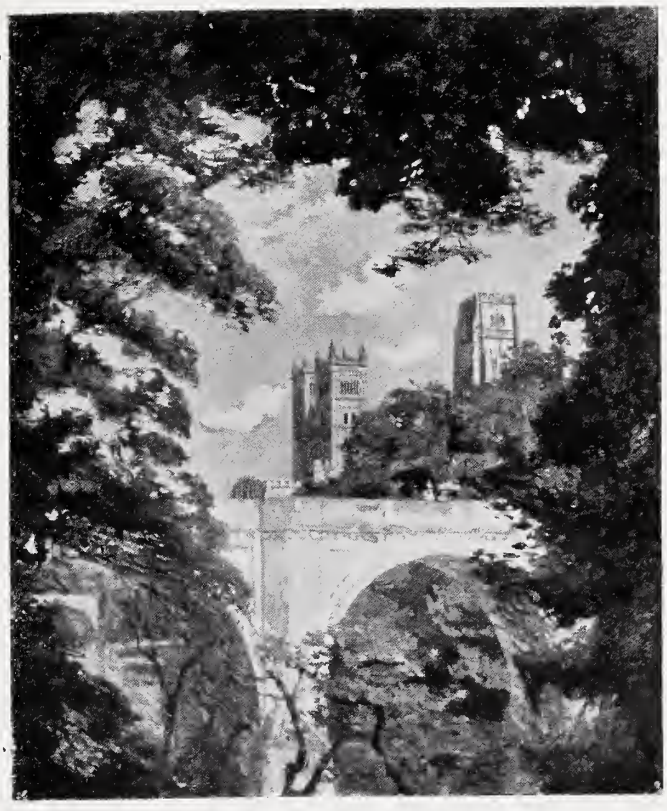
IF the projected Rubens Exhibition is held next year at Brussels, it is highly probable that the present Van Dyck gathering at Burlington House will be followed by a Rubens display. It is difficult to arouse everybody to a pitch of enthusiasm about Velasquez, but it may again be remarked that the year just gone marked his tercentenary. After all, the Prado at Madrid is his eternal monument. With reference to Rubens, not everybody knows that the ceiling of the United Service Museum at Whitehall (the Old Palace) is decorated with some of his paintings on canvas.

THE daily Press has already given full obituary notice of the late Sir Arthur Blomfield and Henry Vaughan, who gave the famous Constable 'The Hay Wain,' to the National Gallery fourteen years ago. A career of bright promise was broken short by the untimely death of Mr. J. T. Wright Manuel, President of the Artists' Society. Mr. Manuel, who was a native of Sheffield, was for a long time identified with a band of daring black-and-white illustrators. In his painting he showed a similar force of individuality, although his apparent dislike for convention frequently carried him too far.

ENGLISH PICTURES—NEW AND OLD.

THE Twenty-third Exhibition of the New English Art Club, and "Twenty Masterpieces of the English School," at Messrs. Agnew's, Old Bond Street Galleries—these are the chief collections open at the end of the autumn in London. They are dissimilar in character, widely different in the nature of their appeal. At the Dudley Gallery, works are to be found by the most unconventional of our native artists of to-day. A considerable proportion of the 141 exhibits possesses qualities that bid one pause, if only to ask how far pictorial beauty and unity have been achieved. In Old Bond Street it is otherwise. Here several of the twenty works would amply repay the study of weeks, to say nothing of moments. Reynolds and Gainsborough, Hogarth and Turner—these men had their several conventions, it is true, but in many of the examples now brought together we see them as mature craftsmen, working with rare effect within given limits. In a word, we have in Bond Street a small and altogether delightful exhibition of great pictures; in Piccadilly, a series of more or less attractive notes of interrogation, so to say, with a few suggested answers.

At the New English Art Club, the design for a spandrel in the Liverpool Town Hall, by Mr. C. W. Furse, is particularly welcome. The theme is well chosen for the great shipping centre whose public building it is to decorate, the modelling of the half-stripped, muscular men carrying heavy bales is strenuous, true, and pictorial, and the somewhat difficult space has been filled with great success. When carried out on a larger scale, the slight confusion in the foreground may disappear. With his accustomed reserve Mr. C. H. Shannon has painted the portrait of his distinguished fellow-craftsman, Professor Legros. The scant amount of light is centred on the head, and save that the left hand, with its white cuff and glove, stands out, the remainder of the figure, painted throughout in low tones, is shadowy. Yet the fine reticence, the quiet dignity, impose respect. In portraiture, again, Mr. Francis Dodd's 'Alan Monkhouse,' and 'Old Woman in a Red Shawl,' are direct, expressive. The work of Mr. George Thomson is never touched with triviality; he is ever serious, strenuous, unmistakably honest. Yet it is not always that to surety and strength he adds charm and a full measure of beauty, as is the case in 'The Cathedral and Prebend's Bridge, Durham,' here reproduced.



The Cathedral and Prebend's Bridge, Durham.
By George Thomson.

The water-colour section contains several attractive drawings on a small scale; notably, one or two delicately observed and wrought Thames studies at Tilbury and Gravesend, by Mr. Francis E. James; two miniature views respectively of the Rialto and St. Mark's at Venice, by the young artist, Mr. C. P. Stabb; the 'Clematis,' so lightly and heedfully rendered by Mr. Hugh Carter; and examples in pastel of Mr. Brabazon's charmingly elusive colour effects. In 'Under the Trees,' Mr. P. Wilson Steer's sunlight scene is so dazzling as to cause one, after a second, to close one's eyes. Clever the picture undeniably is, a daring essay, and perhaps a little more. The same artist sends a canvas with children playing on a knoll in the foreground, the expansive landscape behind here being broadly and effectively handled. In the same kind, Mr. W. W. Russell's bold view of 'Sussex Downs' is as free as it is convincing.

It is almost superfluous again to pass in review such outstanding and very well-known examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds as the familiar group of the Ladies Waldegrave, as winsome little Miss Penelope Boothby, and others, brought together by Messrs. Agnew for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The two Gainsboroughs are superb; the 'Coast Scene,' rich in tone, satisfyingly harmonious, wonderfully knit; the presentment of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, that of a lovely woman, exquisitely and distinctively portrayed. Raeburn's portrait of Colonel Francis James Scott will long be recalled as an example of strong, faithful art, the head so forcefully modelled, the bearing so soldierly. Then there is Hogarth's characteristic 'Lady's Last Stake,' for which Mrs. Thrale is said to have sat; a good Bonington, two dissimilar Morlands, and one of the best preserved and most highly valued of all Turner's Venetian pieces, a 'View of the Dogana and the white-domed Salute observed from the opposite side of the Grand Canal.' Painted in 1844, it is a good example of the controlled imagination of the artist.

FRANK RINDER.



No. 1.—Three Etruscan Vases in "Sgraffito," from the Fremington Pottery.

FREMINGTON POTTERY.

THE little village of Fremington, near Barnstaple, in North Devon, owes what fame it may now or in the future possess to the fact that a layer of clay, twenty-five feet deep, and extending for five miles, is found surrounding it.

For over five hundred years the town of Barnstaple has been the centre of a large pottery trade, and for the last five-and-twenty years the Royal Barum ware has been more or less known as an ornamental pottery, Barum being the old name of Barnstaple.

Fremington clay is sent into Cornwall for use in the potteries there. The inhabitants of Barnstaple and its neighbourhood benefit indirectly from this by getting their coal cheaper, for the barges which bring coal to the little quay at Fremington, instead of returning empty, take back a cargo of clay with them, either from Fremington or Torrington, where there is another layer. Some of this clay is sent to the potteries in the Midlands.

There is a small pottery at Fremington belonging to Mr. Fishley, whose father and grandfather before him followed the trade of a potter, making, principally, large earthenware pans for use in the Devonshire dairies. The present Mr. Fishley, the inventor of Fremington ware, is a self-taught artist, who never had a lesson in drawing in his life, and who, from love of art, designs and makes the ornamental pottery which he now finds has attracted the attention of a few connoisseurs; and he can sell it as fast as he makes it, though he still considers the chief business of his life to be the making of pots and pans, while designing and executing his designs in his native clay is his great delight: this he does from pure love of his work.



No. 2.—A group of Fremington Pottery.

The clay in its pristine state is madder-brown in colour; but although the Fremington ware can be had in all colours, the most popular shade is a rich green, darker and more vivid than the soft grey greens of Vallouri ware. Mr. Fishley does not, however, make his pottery of one uniform suit, each vase or jug is more or less shaded, sometimes two or more colours are used on the same object; but the special feature of this pottery is the iridescent glaze with which the surface is covered, which the Fremington potter prides himself "none can beat," and he is careful not to reveal the secret by which it is produced.

Some of the vases and other pieces of which we give illustrations, are rather

graceful in shape, as the fruit-dish in No. 2, and the vase with the twisted handles in No. 3; but the quaint and curious possess an especial attraction for Mr. Fishley, who takes delight in making puzzle jugs and hot-water jugs, locally called "devils," but better known by the name of "Cadogans," whose peculiarity is that the water is poured into a hole at the bottom, the orifice of a tube which runs up the centre of the jug (see No. 2).

The puzzle jugs in No. 2 are made in two colours, buff and green generally, and adorned with quaint legends collected by their maker from various sources.

One ran as follows :—

> "Within this jug there is good liquor,
> Fit for parson or for vicar;
> But how to drink and not to spill,
> Will try the utmost of your skill."

As a matter-of-fact how to drink at all, unless the secret is known, is impossible from these vessels, so trying to the patience of a thirsty man.

Another motto was :—

> "From mother earth I took my birth,
> Then formed a jug by man;
> I now stand here, full of good cheer—
> Drink of me if you can."

In more ambitious moments Mr. Fishley has turned his attention to the antique, and made some large Etruscan vases with classical designs in "sgraffito" (No. 1). He won the silver medal at a pottery exhibition at Newton Abbot, for the best original design in "sgraffito," and a bronze medal at another exhibition at Plymouth for this pottery.

A thin layer of white clay, technically known as a "slip," is put over the original clay of which the object is made, and the pattern is then scratched through the white clay with a sharp steel tool. After the pottery is burnt, the design then appears in brown on a white ground; this is known in the trade by the name of "scratch-work," a familiar translation of "sgraffito."

Mr. Fishley has also been successful in copying hunting-scenes from old hunting-horns on beakers in "sgraffito."



No. 3.—A Group of Fremington Pottery.

On No. 2, a long hunting-scene winds round the beaker; hounds, huntsmen, and horsemen and fox, are all skilfully drawn. It is, however, the small pieces of pottery in coloured ware for which he has the largest sale; these he sends to various parts of the kingdom, London, Cornwall, Durham, Sunderland, and other places.

On Fridays he takes a cartful of his pottery with him to Barnstaple market, which is one of the finest in England, and there in the summer months he sells a good deal in this way to visitors.

The tailpiece to this article shows the front of the cottage in which the art potter of Fremington lives; the back of it is, however, the more picturesque, for it opens into an old garden, and is covered with a vine which grows through the roof of the little dairy and keeps it cool. Here, too, is an archway covered with climbing-roses, which flower till December in the warm, genial Devonshire climate. The left-hand corner is a piece of the shed in which he works at his potter's wheel, from which he throws off vases, jugs, and beakers of any shape or form; but his glaze remains his secret.

FRANCESCA M. STEELE.





Pastoral. By Thos. Hunt.

THE GLASGOW ART CLUB EXHIBITION.

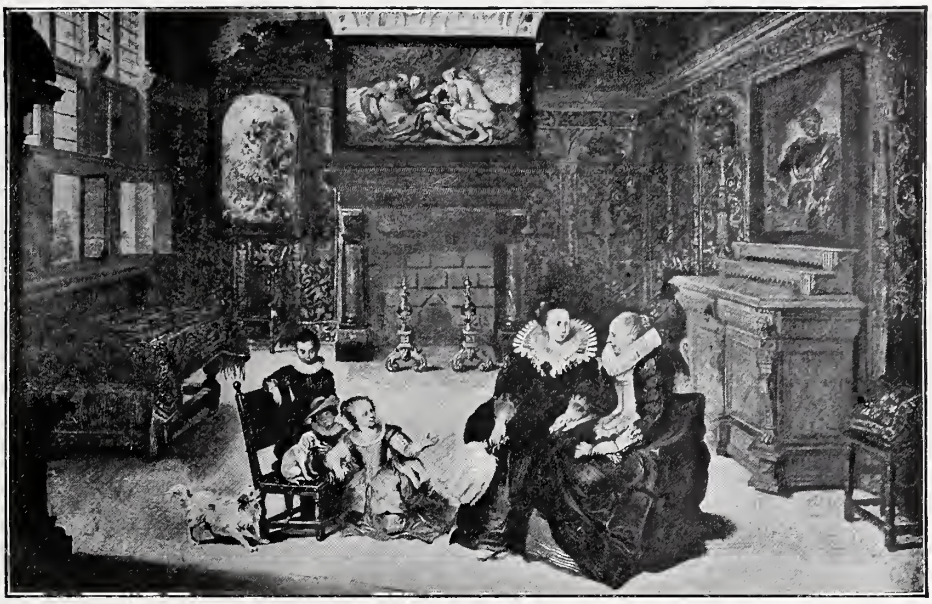
THE Glasgow Art Club, which was founded so long ago as 1867, has, in the course of its existence, had a progressively successful career, and has exercised a wholesome artistic influence on the Corporation and the community of the West of Scotland, amid which its lot has been cast. Many of the members of the Club, it is known, have struck out what, in some phases of its development, may be called a new line in art for themselves, so that the "Glasgow School" is known in art centres abroad as well as at home, and especially so in Munich, from which, lately, several German students have come to Glasgow to study Scottish art.

This year's Exhibition of the Club, open in November and December, was one of much excellence. 249 pictures were contributed by 89 exhibiting members. Many of the works shown were of quite a beautiful character, while all around were signs of healthy life and of the artistic spirit. The President of the year, Mr. Macaulay Stevenson, was represented by four pictures, in which his poetic vein of art, which expresses itself for the most part in moonlight and twilight scenes, was shown to much advantage. Mr. James Guthrie, though a good deal resident in London now, loyally sent one of his best works to grace the walls. This was his fine portrait of Mrs. Edward Martin, which, as an embodiment of feminine grace and craftsmanlike qualities, is of high merit. Among the attractions of the show were three pictures by Mr. E. A. Hornel, decorative in design, large in style, and of commanding excellence in colour. They are named 'Echo,' 'Water Lilies,' and 'The Old Shawl.' Mr. William Kennedy has interested his friends greatly by striking out with much success into a path he has not formerly trod. Mr. Brownlie Docharty shows increasing power of hand to express his poetic impressions in landscape art, and there is much to admire also in Mr. R. M. G. Coventry's pictures, chiefly Dutch figures in combination with landscape. Mr. Tom Hunt's 'Pastoral—Sound of Mull,' is a broadly-handled work, in which a homely farm-yard scene is effectively set against a background of blue water and sky. The exhibition was further greatly strengthened by pictures from Messrs. George Pirie, George Henry, David Gauld, H. Morley, David Fulton, James Laing, James Kay, Joseph Henderson, J. E. Christie, H. Spence, and others.



Mrs. Edward Martin.
By James Guthrie.

W. M. G.



Rubens' Drawing Room. From a Picture in the Stockholm Museum.
From Michel's "Rubens—his Life, his Work, and his Time."

NEW ARTISTIC BOOKS.

WITHOUT pretensions to literary style, * "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS," P.R.A. (Methuen), by his son, John Guille Millais, is one of the most entertaining of artistic biographies. With ample material, the difficulty of the author has been to keep his story within moderate bounds, and the two thick volumes, with over 300 illustrations, are necessary to render a full account of the late President's active career. The author is to be warmly congratulated on the scheme of the work, and generally with the good taste with which he has met questions about people who are still living. His account of the inception of the pre-Raphaelite movement differs greatly from the Rossetti version, but the two stories are not unreconcilable. The early pictures of Millais, with their serious aim and sterling quality of work, are likely to take a higher place than the later subjects, which he too quickly produced. Yet everything Millais painted had an interest of its own, and this publication contains all that is worth telling about his career.

The studies of M. Emil Michel, which have occupied him more or less for twenty years, have culminated in the two large volumes, with 350 illustrations, entitled * "RUBENS, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, AND HIS TIME" (Heinemann). M. Michel has travelled



Penseroso. By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.
By permission of Mrs. Cameron. From the Life of Millais.



Mary Millais. By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. From the "Life of Millais."

everywhere to see the pictures of Rubens, and he has presented the results of his researches with acumen and force. It may be that he is too ready to accept the evidence of others as to the authenticity of every detail in the pictures catalogued under Rubens' name, but the Flemish master had so many pupils, while working hard himself, that questions of this kind are indeed difficult to decide. This publication will certainly become the standard work on Rubens; for although much has been written on him, there is no quite important history hitherto published.

The handsome volume entitled * "SPAIN, A STORY OF A JOURNEY" (Nimmo), is of much artistic interest, not only as the work of the veteran artist M. Josef Israëls, but as embellished with a portrait after a painting by Jan Veth, and thirty-nine drawings illustrative of persons and scenes visited. The narrative is lively in character, and in presence of such noble works as Burgos Cathedral and the Alhambra (with which M. Israëls seems to have been disappointed), the style rises to the occasion. The drawings are not all equal in merit, but they are valuable as the memoranda of the great Dutch painter.

In Miss Hutton's "GREEK TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES" (Seeley), we have exquisite reproductions, seventeen in colour and thirty-six in monochrome, of figures, mostly in the British Museum. Dr. A. S. Murray furnishes an introduction appreciatory of the learning and accurate observation of the authoress. The anonymous author of "CHISEL, PEN, AND POIGNARD" (Longmans), deals with the apparently inexhaustible subject of Cellini and his times. A number of portraits are given, and several photograph reproductions from works executed by or attributed to Cellini.

Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's "VELASQUEZ" (Bell) reprints, in handy form, the text of a remarkable but expensive book previously published. Mr. Baldry's "SIR J. E. MILLAIS" (Bell) is an excellent *résumé* of the great English painter's work. It is written by one knowing his subject thoroughly, and able to express himself in easy and graceful language. Messrs. Bell continue their "CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE," illustrated by Byam Shaw with 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Tempest.' Professor Arthur Thomson's "ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS" (Frowde) has reached a second edition.

Of books connected with industrial Art, an important place must be given to the "ARTS AND CRAFTS ESSAYS" (Longmans), written by members of the Arts and Crafts Society, originally published in 1893. Mr. Glazier's "MANUAL OF HISTORIC ORNAMENT" (Batsford) comprehends in small bulk the essentials of Ornamental Decoration, and with 470 illustrations covers much ground. "POINT AND PILLOW LACE" (Murray), is written by "A. M. S.," a lady well qualified to instruct on the various qualities of what is aptly described as "the most perishable of the decorative arts." "EMBROIDERY" (Truelove), by W. P. Townsend, is not quite successful, as the letterpress is fragmentary, but the practical illustrations are useful.

Mr. John Jellicoe illustrates the "COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORN" (Nimmo), and the drawing of the hero taking a leap after his young mistress, has a great deal of spirit. "TWO YEARS IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA," by Margaret Thomas (Nimmo), is illustrated with reproductions in colour, somewhat too hotly printed, from pictures by the author. In "THE HALLS" (Fisher Unwin), we have character drawings in colour of the best-known performers in those places. With President Lincoln we may say "to those who like this sort of thing, this is just the thing they will like." Phil May is a master of line whose smallest work is worthy of study, and in "FIFTY PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES" (The Leadenhall Press), we have a selection of his strong London character studies.

Amongst juvenile books we often find works that are also fitted to interest children of a larger growth, and in this category we must place Mr. W. Nicholson's *"SQUARE BOOK OF ANIMALS" (Heinemann). The animals are full of character, shown forth in Mr. Nicholson's well-known manner. Nothing could be finer than the Swan, and the Goat is also prominent.—The "BOOK OF BIRDS" (Blackie), by Carton Moorepark, possesses a strong realistic style with artistic feeling, the drawings being bold examples of black and white. The grey parrot is a great success in tone and colour, and the owl, who closes the procession, is a very wise fellow.—The "ALPHABET OF MUSICAL BOGEYS," by Arthur Layard (Lawrence and Bullen), is funny—unintelligibly funny—and it plays on a string which has rather run thin.—We commend "THE LITTLE BROWNS" (Blackie), who are described by M. E. Wotton, and depicted by H. M. Brock as having a real good time.

Mr. Tuer, in his *"STORIES FROM OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOKS" (The Leadenhall Press), has made a curious mélange of quaint woodcuts and half-forgotten rhymes. It will be interesting to watch how the children of to-day enjoy the tales and pictures which amused our great-grandfathers. The same may be said of his reprints of "THE DAISY," "THE COWSLIP," and "THE NEW RIDDLE BOOK."—From Blackie and Son we receive "THE SEVEN GREEN GOSLINGS," a somewhat exaggerated, but brightly illustrated, conception; "INDOORS AND OUT," a combination of old and new styles in illustration; "THE CAT AND THE MOUSE," a story on the lines of the House that Jack Built, artistically illustrated by Miss Alice B. Woodward; and "LITTLE VILLAGE FOLK," a collection of stories by A. B. Romney, illustrated by Robert Hope.

* *The Editor specially recommends these Books for purchase.*



The Spires of Oxford.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

PICTURESQUE CHRONICLE: HERBERT FINN.

WITHIN the last three or four years Mr. Herbert Finn has come to the front a good deal. He is still a young man, but he is not so young and not so inexperienced as to have failed as yet to attain excellence in at least the thing which is his speciality. Picturesque architecture—the rendering of it through the art of water-colour—is the speciality of Mr. Herbert Finn.

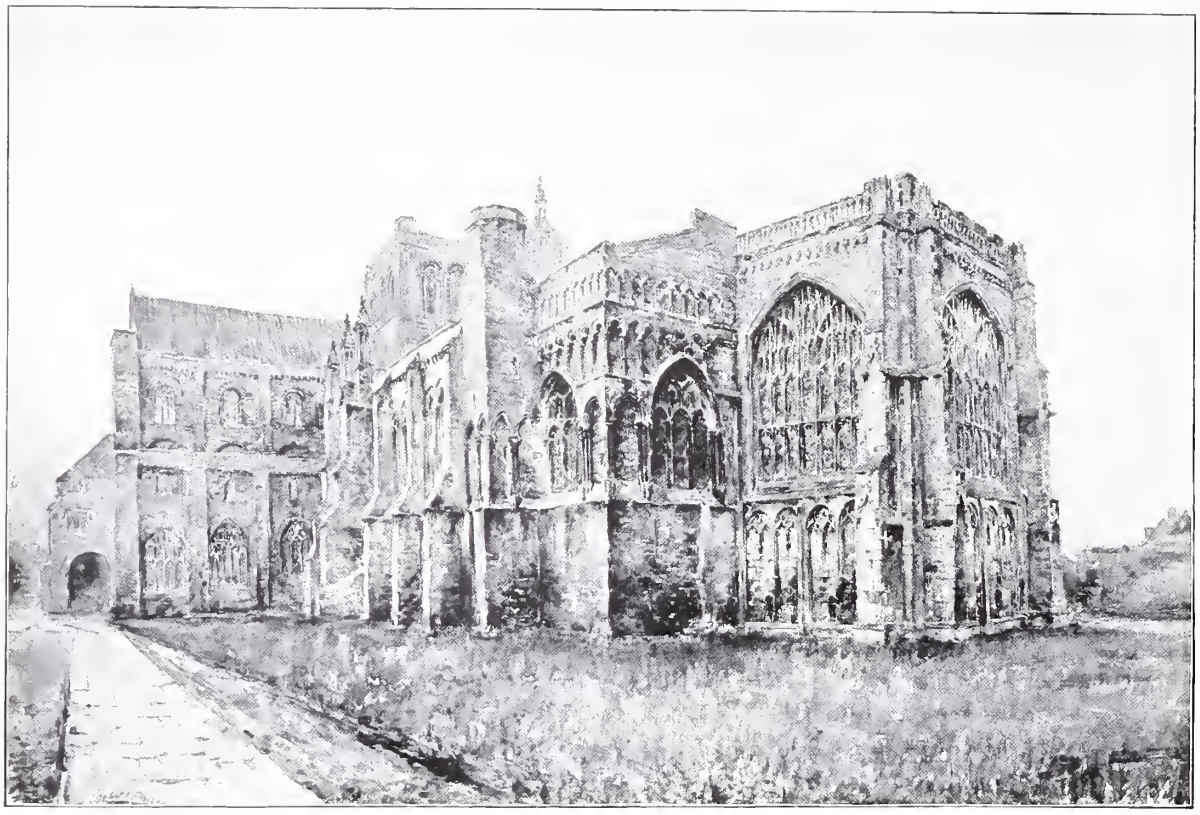
Mr. Finn has worked not a little at landscape, and with not a little success. Faithful enough has been his vision of the flats round Sandwich; loving enough his record of the more obviously engaging, but not at bottom really more fascinating parts of the privileged county of which Shakespeare wrote, with strict precision,

"Kent is the civilest place in all this isle."

And outside Kent—away from Deal and Walmer, away from Canterbury, with its fields and cherry gardens and its silver towers—Mr. Finn has found an interest in natural effects; and to name but one instance, which I confess I consider to be more than commonly fortunate, he has found in the hills and weather of Harlech—in the mountain lines and in the hurrying cloud—material for a small drawing of power and unity. Some record, too, has he made, in the place of his abode particularly—by Deal beach, within sight of the dangers of the Goodwins—of English sailor folk, placid, honest, good-natured, ready. But these things are by the way; and a survey of what he has accomplished during a round dozen of years, of which the latest only, I suppose,



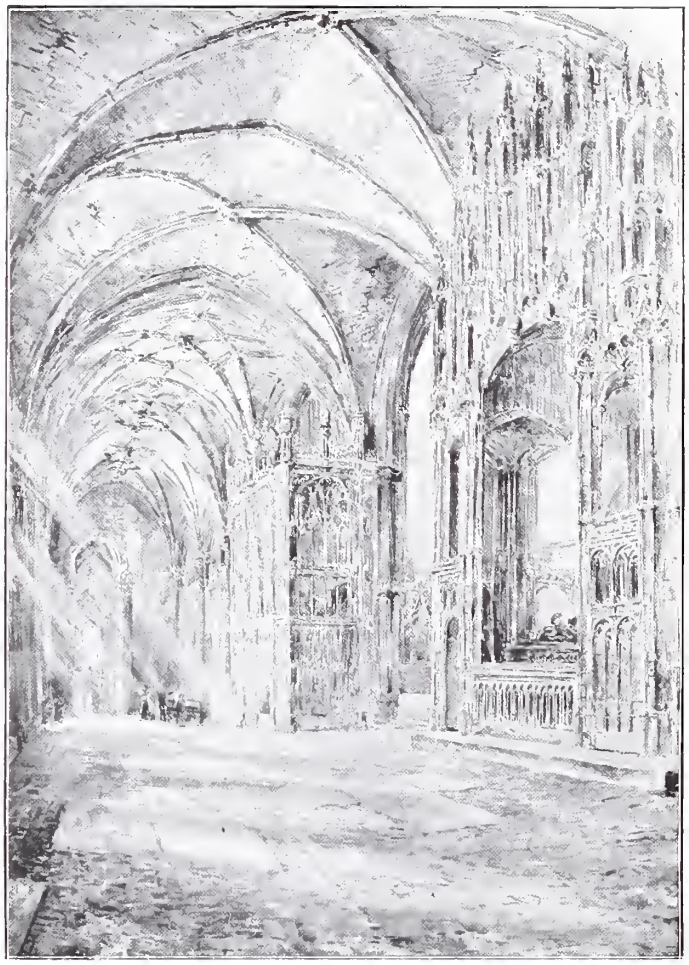
Harlech Sands.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.



East End, Winchester Cathedral.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

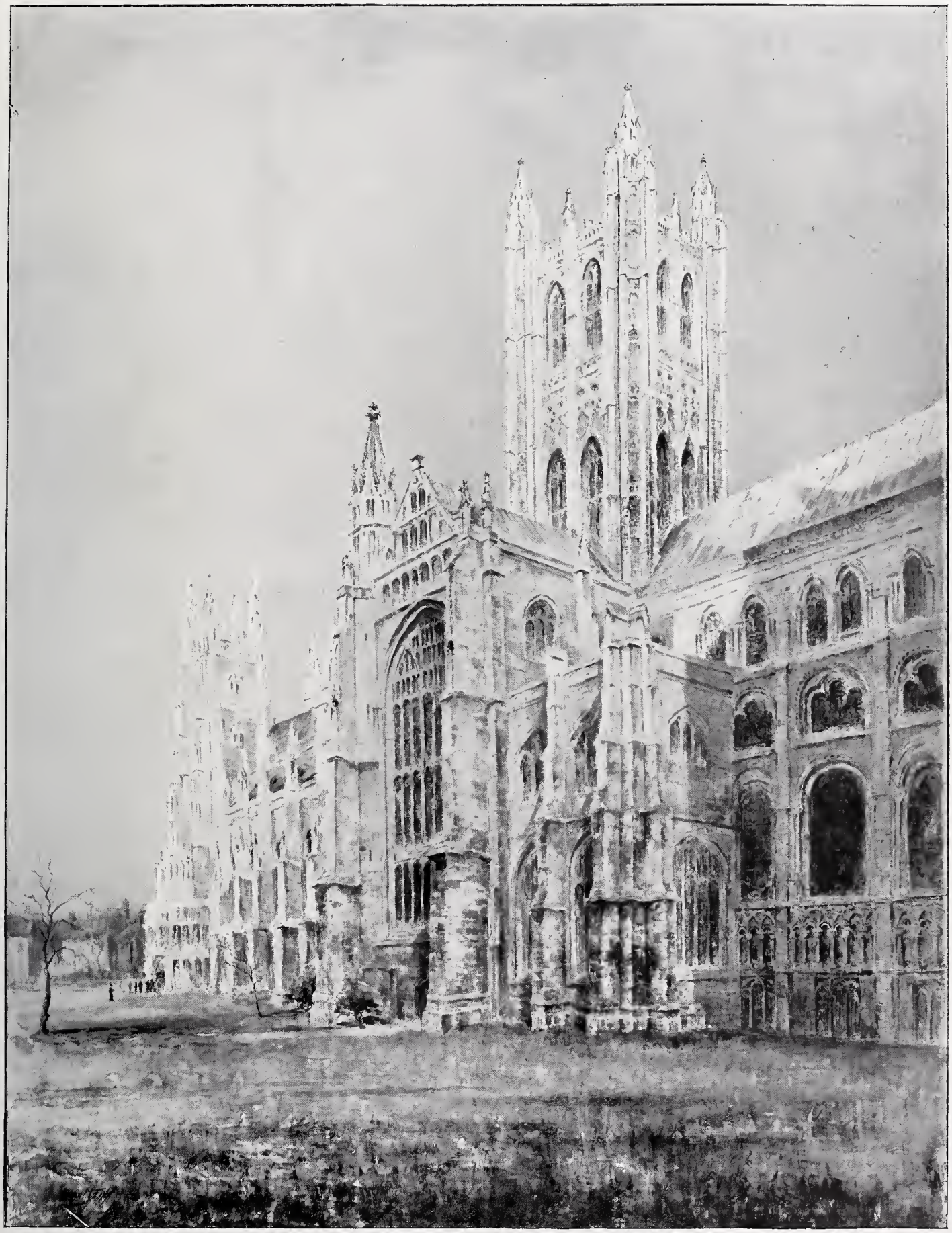
have been years of attainment — and all is not grasped even yet— a survey, I say, of what he has accomplished reveals the circumstance that in the picturesque record of Architecture is his chief delight and his most essential gift.

And to three places, thus far, has Mr. Finn been chiefly wedded in those studies of Architecture, which involve colour as well as line, and atmospheric effect as well as permanent, deliberate form; and they are those three places which, in the South of England and the Southern Midlands —London apart—most deserve picturesque and poetic chronicle. They are Winchester, Canterbury, Oxford. To put it in another way, Mr. Finn is the chronicler of the old-world, English, Gothic town. Yet, in architectural draughtsmanship, his sympathy, though readiest possibly to be evoked by the claims of the Gothic, cannot fairly be said to be given at all exclusively to that —a drawing of the Radcliffe proves my point; so, too, does a drawing, singularly forcible and vigorous, of the Entrance to the Old Ashmolean — but, indeed, who could appreciate Gothic Architecture fittingly who is insensible altogether to the calmer charm of Classic style? Comprehensiveness in artist, in amateur, in spectator, is surely an essential part of intelligence. And so I moralise, and dogmatise, and am didactic, while Mr. Finn waits!



Interior of Winchester Cathedral.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

He shall wait, however, for another moment—and not without purpose. For we shall understand better the particular pleasantness of his own dealings with Architecture if we approach his work having at all events briefly reminded ourselves of



Canterbury Cathedral
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.



Entrance to Dining Hall, Christ Church, Oxford.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

other men's methods, of other men's dealings with the fashioned stones and the historic and personal associations they bring with them of a generation that has passed. And it happens—nay, it is simply inevitable, when one comes to think of it—that Oxford—the place which Mr. Finn has worked at most, or in any case latest—has engaged the attention of a whole chain of architectural draughtsmen. Doughty rivals—more than that, incomparable masters, one at least—this new chronicler of the grace and charm of Oxford has had before him.

A hundred years ago there was Turner. Nothing in the earlier work of that supreme draughtsman and colourist, to whom all themes were open, is more interesting, nothing more characteristic, than the records of Oxford, the Quad of Brasenose, Christ Church from the Meadows (I do but name two of them), which even nowadays the diligent, economical collector has some chance of knowing through the acquisition of the manly prints from them which James Basire engraved for the "Oxford Almanacks" of the earliest years of our departing century. It must be rather disheartening for Mr. Finn, or anybody else of serious gifts and serious application—I am not talking of a ninny who does not know the difference between the incapable and the perfect—it must be rather disheartening to any intelligent artist to look at Turner's early work and to feel, "Here was a decisiveness never at fault, a calm performance never ruffled or disturbed in its measured progress. Here was an audacity never unjustified—an effect that was never *manqué!*"

I do not know—at all events, I don't remember—whether Prout was at Oxford. If he was—well, we are getting down at least to the mortals! Prout, with his capacity, his cleverness, his real knowledge undoubtedly, yet his mannerism, his picturesque trick—that is a talent that is *abordable:* no longer a genius supreme and disconcerting.

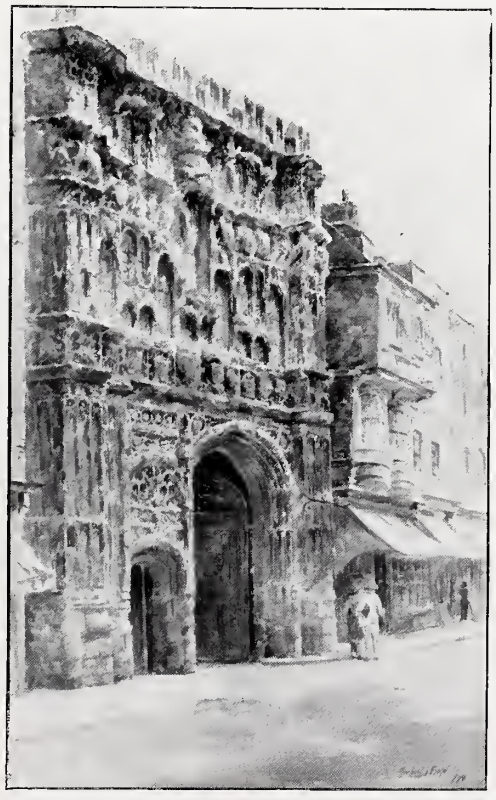
In later days, in our own day, Oxford Architecture has been treated with conspicuous success, in different methods, by Fulleylove and Albert Goodwin. Goodwin's method, of the utmost refinement and poetry, with enough in it that is original to command our allegiance, has yet its origin in the refinement and poetry of Turner—in its exaltation of Turner's moods. It is not so easy to trace the origin of Fulleylove's method. We do not discover it in this man or in that, in Piranesi or another. We find it rather, perhaps, in the traditions and spirit of the whole Classic School—in its traditions of Style. Fulleylove was brought up as an architect. It was a very useful training for him; but it is much to his credit, all the same, that it has only helped and directed, and not in any way overwhelmed him. One could mention other draughtsmen—and one or two of fair popularity, it may be—for whom their education, like potent liquor for the adolescent, was decidedly too strong. It is possible to have been instructed too much—to have learnt too rigidly and exactly.



Front of the Old Ashmolean.
From the water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

And now I am brought back to Mr. Herbert Finn, by just that thought. He, as I conceive it—but I have not been cross-examining him—has never given himself the opportunity of just this mistake. He has got his learning, but he wears it lightly; and I think that it was gradually and even incidentally acquired. In any case, his representation has always been picturesque rather than austere. It has been picturesque even in the earlier periods of his practice, when he may have been more inclined to be topographic—when the faithful portrait of the object before him involved, indeed, texture, and involved or permitted some pleasant play of light, but yet was far from sending him on any imaginative quest—on an errand from which he should return with much that was his own, or at the least of his individual perceiving—should return with much that the ordinary and the prosaic eye perceives never: probably, in its wisdom, in its still content with its own narrow vision, does not even believe in. "You say you do not see those towers, that they are not there," said the great genius of Modern Etching. "You do not see them, but *I* see them," continued Mézyon, who had put them where they *ought* to have been. Audacities like that are beyond Mr. Finn, I have no doubt, at the moment. But the Future is long. Mr. Finn is young. And he is going on the imaginative—at least on the poetic—way.

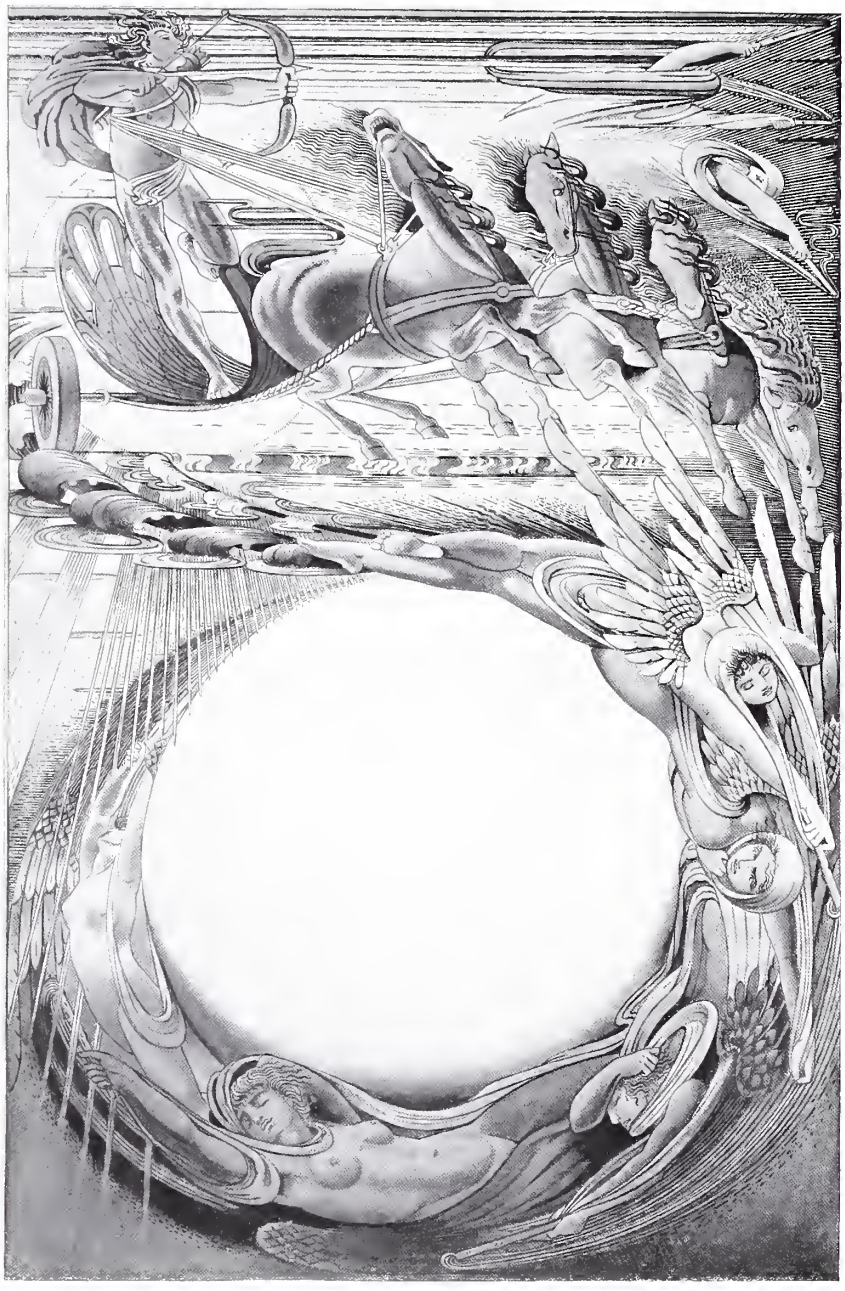
A good deal might be written, not in Mr. Finn's dispraise, about his treatment of the cathedral city of his own country-side—about his record of Canterbury. A very excellent example of that phase or portion of his work — an example so happy in its composition of line that, as I look upon its foreground, I think of the devices of the foreground in Turner's 'Ingleborough, seen from Hornby Castle'—a very excellent example is afforded by a view of Canterbury from the West (the view is taken from the roof of the Museum), and the Cathedral with all its towers is seen across the roofs of the town. Then there is Winchester. To good purpose has Mr. Finn lingered in its Close — a very home of peace, which possibly, in all of England, only the Close of Salisbury equals — we reproduce, or mean to reproduce, a fine and massive drawing of its majestic East End. For an interior, too, at Winchester, there is the long vista 'Looking West,' which shows Beaufort's Tomb and Fox's Chantry, and the long paved way to the furthest light. Another interior, with a staircase, slender column, a roof with fan-shaped tracery, takes us to Oxford: it is the 'Entrance to the Dining Hall at Christ Church.' And it was to Oxford that we wanted to be taken at last. There Mr. Finn has worked most recently: there, perhaps, on the whole, most poetically. At Oxford, perhaps, notwithstanding, or it may be even because of, the redoubtable rivalry of the gifted, he has been most himself, most certain of the effects he desired to compass, most assured in the means by which he has in some measure compassed them.



Christ Church Gateway, Canterbury.
From a water-colour drawing by Herbert Finn.

The 'Front of the Old Ashmolean,' which I have alluded to before, is a good example of the forcible architectural portrait. Forcible, and picturesque too—not at all merely accurate; yet, after all, accurate and emphatic, vigorous and enriched, from the first intention to the last stroke of the work. Its own faults it may have. It has not very much composition. It is a noble piece of design in building — successfully conveyed, not added to; bringing, therefore, not much of Mr. Finn's own, except craftsmanship. The exception is a great one. But while the Oxford drawings are noticeable for various good qualities—and, as a series, lack only any instance of the stately charm of those Oxford Gardens in which, last October, with the grey walls about me, and the sunshine and the golden leaf, I obstinately yet justifiably lingered, while the treasures of the Taylorian lay unexplored — they do not, speaking generally, attain to that which is, to me at least, the particular delight of one of them, called 'Spires of Oxford.' In other words, their aims are various aims,— here portraiture; here fact modified by morning light; here again fact actually glorified by the rose of evening. In 'Spires of Oxford' Mr. Finn, it seems to me, has, with particular good fortune, arrested not the place alone, but also its enchantment. It is the record, not alone of the face of a town, but of its fascination, under an effect that heightens and refines it. It has the air of a poetic dream. In it there seems to me to be concentrated, as in a great hope or an exquisite memory, the beauty one would have — the beauty of Oxford, lying out fair in pure illumination — her immense desirableness, her beauty serene and magical.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.



THE SUN GOD.

I SAW the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An Archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load;
Spurned by his steeds the Eastern mountain glowed;
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent; and while both hands that arch embowed
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
No wings profaned that god-like form: around
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome
Thrilled as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

AUBREY DE VERE.



"Mr. Pipp at table."
From a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON AND HIS WORK.



Drawn by Dana Gibson.

THERE can be little doubt that Mr. Charles Dana Gibson stands at the very front rank of the black-and-white artists of to-day. As a humorist, satirist, and illustrator in black-and-white, he has few equals.

Although Mr. Dana Gibson is still quite a young man—he was born in the year 1867, and is thus thirty-two years of age—he has for some years held an enviable position in the world of art, and his brilliant work must be familiar to many thousands of the English-speaking people, both in Great Britain and in his own country across the sea.

His audience is a very large one, and it is a mere platitude to say that the influence which he is able to exert is very considerable. After all, the artist who can genuinely amuse is a public benefactor. The world is full enough of tragedy, and it is well not to lose sight of the humorous side of life altogether. Pessimism, depression, and kindred ills, are not unknown ailments in this age, and we need correcting forces. The humorist in black-and-white is certainly one of those forces. The black-and-white artist who can cleverly depict the humorous side of life has a distinct mission. The subject of this article has for many years admirably fulfilled this mission, but he has not scored his pictorial triumphs at the expense of somebody's feelings, and Mr. Gibson's humour is rarely forced. Certainly he has not hesitated to hit off the foibles of his age, but his satire does not libel, and it is invariably of the humorous order.

Before proceeding to give in some detail an account of Mr. Dana Gibson's work, a few words concerning the personality of the artist will not be out of place.

Born at Roxburg, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, on September 14th, 1867, he lived some years in Boston, where all his people came from. When he was eight years of age, he went to live at Flushing, a few miles out of New York. It was at Flushing where Mr. Gibson received his early training for the career which he was to follow with so much success. When he was seventeen he commenced to attend the Art Students' League in that town. Here he studied two years, in 1884 and 1885. The latent faculty was cultivated with so good effect that a year later the young artist, that is, when he was but a youth of nineteen, made his début in the pages of the New York *Life* (sometimes described as the *Punch* of America), to which paper he has contributed regularly ever since, much of his best humorous drawings appearing in its pages. In the succeeding years, Mr. Dana Gibson has gone right ahead. From the very first, his success was assured, and now he is certainly one of, if not *the* most prominent black-and-white artists of to-day.

From an early date in his career his work found its way into the best American illustrated magazines, including *Scribner's*, *The Century*, and *Harper's*. By arrangement, a good deal of his later work has appeared in some of the leading English magazines, including the *Pall Mall* and the *Graphic*. And Mr. James Henderson, proprietor of several well-known humorous papers published in this country, has done much to familiarise



"Mr. Pipp is much gratified at the attention shown him while in London."
From a drawing by Dana Gibson.

Mr. Dana Gibson's work to English readers, he having for the past nine years copyrighted the whole of the contents of New York *Life*, the pictures and letterpress being published simultaneously in London and New York. It is to Mr. Henderson we are indebted for permission to reproduce the illustrations in this article.

During the last six years, Mr. Gibson has travelled extensively. In 1893 he spent to excellent purpose a year in the Mecca of many Americans, Paris. Two years later he was attracted to the "hub of the universe," known as London, remaining there about a year (1895-6), and his notable series, "London as Seen by C. D. Gibson," which appeared originally in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine* in 1897, was the result. Besides the large number of characteristic drawings constituting this series, the artist was also responsible for the brightly-written letterpress. Mr. Gibson also spent some time in Munich in 1897-8, giving him further opportunities of studying types.

In these several countries Mr. Gibson found excellent material for his artistic genius. Travel obviously enlarges one's outlook, and to the artist a change of scene and environment is very necessary. His stock-in-trade is thus increased, and stereotyped characters are avoided.

Most of Mr. Dana Gibson's work is readily accessible, most of his contributions to New York *Life*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, etc., having been republished in large attractive volumes. These consist of "Drawings: Humorous American Pictures," 1895; "London as Seen by C. D. Gibson" (descriptive text by the author), 1898; "People of Dickens" (six plates), 1897; "Pictures of People," 1896; "Sketches and Cartoons," 1898. The "Sketches and Cartoons," "Drawings," and "Pictures of People," each contain eighty-four drawings. His "Egyptian Sketches," done for the S. S. McClure Co., which also appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in the issues of March, April, and May, 1899, were also republished.

The same remark applies to one of Mr. Gibson's latest contributions to the gaiety of the nations, viz., "The Education of Mr. Pipp (of New York)," which originally appeared in the New York *Life*. On this side of the water this famous series appeared in Mr. Henderson's publications, notably in *Pictorial Comedy*. For pure unadulterated humour these drawings have probably never been excelled or equalled, and it would not be out of place to give a brief description of the material out of which the artist has given us some of his very best humorous work.



Drawn by Dana Gibson.

A trip abroad is suggested by Mrs. Pipp and her two



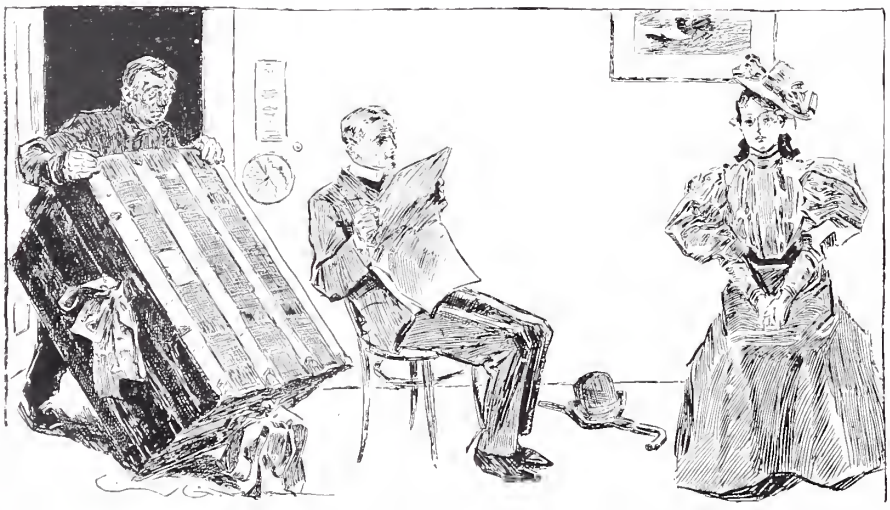
" Mr. Pipp, for the first time in his life, attends the races. He has the good fortune to pick a few winners."
From a drawing by Dana Gibson.

daughters, and the first drawing depicts the family in serious counsel. The trip is agreed upon, and the second picture depicts the sea voyage. Mr. Pipp, who has evidently been suffering from *mal-de-mer*, is promenading the deck, sustained by his vigorous daughters, one on each side, Mrs. Pipp following up in the rear. "Every moment of the voyage should be enjoyed" is the title of the drawing; but Mr. Pipp does not appear to be enjoying himself very much. Mr. Pipp arrives in London and "is much gratified at the attention shown him." Although occupied in welcoming Mr. Pipp, the young men look as if they would prefer to make the acquaintance of his daughters, who are standing some distance away. Paris is next visited, where our hero "has the opportunity of enlarging his horizon and of developing an interest in the real purpose of the trip," Mrs. Pipp and daughters having decided that their dresses are not quite up-to-date. The fifth drawing depicts Mr. Pipp and family at their ambassador's, where they are to dine; and "the order of precedence heretofore observed by the Pipps holds good while the family is abroad." Mr. Pipp's charming daughters lead the way, and the demure little gentleman follows up behind in company with the dog; precisely in the manner another humorist, Max O'Rell, has described. Shortly afterwards Mr. Pipp spends a miserable evening listening to the works of the great composers. Mr. Pipp evidently has no taste for music! We next see the little gentleman from New York at a supper party, where he "follows instructions and appears interested." Mr. Pipp's pleasure on this occasion seems to consist in seeing other people interested. But Mr. Pipp, whilst in Paris, enlarges his acquaintance, who, on some occasions, are so flattering in their manner that his French is quite unequal to the occasion. He pays the bills however. The gay Parisian life proves too much for Mr. Pipp, and he temporarily breaks down; and the tenth picture of the series depicts poor Mr. Pipp in bed with a bandage



"Is a caddy always necessary?"
From a drawing by Dana Gibson.

round his head, his family by his side, his daughters fanning him, and three puzzled doctors (one of whom, however, is winking his eye) in consultation. A change of climate is decided upon, and a reduced nobleman condescends to act as a courier, to the delight of Mrs. Pipp. The courier is, subsequently, the cause of discord in the Pipp family, owing to the attentions he bestows on Mrs. Pipp. A little later, whilst on his peregrinations, Mr. Pipp meets an English lady and her son. The English lady, who proves to be Lady Fitzmaurice of Carony Castle, Herts, is struck by Mr. Pipp's resemblance to her late husband, and insists on photographing him; and Mr. Pipp being snapshotted is irresistibly comic. The Fitzmaurices and the Pipps start for Italy by the train. Mr. Pipp is left to sit by himself. The next picture tells how Mr. Pipp finds in Lady Fitzmaurice a sympathetic listener. She is much affected by the story of his early life. Young Fitzmaurice seeks the company of the Misses Pipp, while the Count is enjoying himself with Mrs. Pipp. Our hero is next introduced to two of the courier's intimate friends, a Prince and a Duke; Mr. Pipp is delighted. We next see that Mr. Pipp, having lost his way, has some difficulty in finding his hotel. He is surrounded by a motley crowd of would-be informers. Although, owing to the overcrowded condition of the hotel, Mr. Pipp has to sleep with the courier, his association with him does not apparently increase his love for him, for a little later the courier is unceremoniously discharged. The courier has evidently exasperated Mr. Pipp, who ordinarily is a very mild-mannered man. He is knocked down; Mrs. Pipp promptly faints; while the girls admire their father's pluck. The scene changes to Monte Carlo, where Mr. Pipp has the good fortune to break the bank. Mrs. Pipp, hereabouts, becomes homesick, and leaves for America in company with some friends the Pipps have fallen in with. Mr. John Willing, the young manager of the Pipp Iron Works, who has come over on business, appears on the scene. Mr. Pipp, falling a victim to the persuasive powers



"They had been in their room but a moment when they were startled by a knock."
From a drawing by Dana Gibson.



The christening of Mr. Pipp's two grandchildren.
From a drawing by Dana Gibson.

of his daughters, agrees to revisit Paris, where he has more adventures. Near Paris, by the way, the girls meet the courier again, who supposes them to be alone. One of the most humoursome of these delightfully humorous drawings depicts Mr. Pipp, assisted by his daughters, entering into the spirit of the Paris Carnival. At the Drawing Room, to his great delight, Mr. Pipp meets Lady Fitzmaurice again. As a consequence, Mr. Pipp and his daughters visit Lady Fitzmaurice at Carony Castle, where "Mr. Pipp makes a few remarks to the tenants." One of the series depicts "a match game at Carony Castle." The party had been playing croquet, but more important matters engage the attention of the daughters. Mr. Pipp has long since left this interesting period, and he consequently pursues and enjoys his game of croquet. Mr. Pipp playing croquet is more than comic. A little later we see Mr. Pipp, for the first time in his life, at the races, screaming with delight from the top of a coach, because he has the good fortune to pick a few winners. He revisits Carony Castle and learns to play chess; while the girls are also agreeably occupied in quite another way. Whilst at the Castle, Mr. Pipp learns to play golf, and in the process he manages to smash a few golf-sticks. Another drawing depicts a ball at Carony Castle, given in honour of Mr. Pipp's birthday. Before leaving England, Mr. Pipp is consulted regarding the happiness of his daughters. Shortly afterwards a double wedding occurs, at which Mr. Pipp makes his greatest sacrifice, and, in the words of the artist, "a few years later a christening occurs. And here we leave him with the Honourable Viola Fitzmaurice on one knee and Mr. Hiram Pipp Willing on the other. Although the Education of Mr. Pipp may be incomplete in some particulars, he has learned that he has not lived in vain."

If I have given a somewhat lengthy description of "The Education of Mr. Pipp," I must apologise for so doing. But there is little doubt that this series of drawings will become a humorous classic. The artist has allowed his sense of humour full scope, and all who enjoy pictorial comedy should certainly make the acquaintance of "The Education of Mr. Pipp," as portrayed by Charles Dana Gibson, for the drawings are altogether delightfully humorous, the subject and execution being both excellent.

London has already been dealt with by scores of capable artists and authors. The material, however, is practically inexhaustible. Mr. Gibson's series, "London as Seen by C. D. Gibson," is a notable one, which the historian of the nineteenth century will not overlook. He has gone into the fashionable thoroughfares and the by-ways; he has visited the clubs and the theatres, the music-halls and the Law Courts, and described in vivid pictures and prose what he has seen there. He has walked the parks, and given us types and scenes met with in London's lungs. He has witnessed a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace, and given us pictures of the ceremonies of presentation to the Queen.



Charles Dana Gibson.

No admirer of this brilliant artist's work, or, it might equally be said, none of the many admirers of Dickens, can ignore Mr. Gibson's "People of Dickens." They consist of six studies, and are as follows: 'Scrooge' (from "A Christmas Carol"); 'Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness' (from "The Old Curiosity Shop"); 'Mr. Pickwick delivering his famous oration' (from "Pickwick Papers"); 'Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, David Copperfield, and Traddles' (from "David Copperfield"); 'Caleb Plummer and his Daughter' (from "The Cricket on the Hearth"); 'Tom Pinch and his Sister' (from "Martin Chuzzlewit"). These six carefully-drawn studies are not so widely circulated, perhaps, as much of Mr. Gibson's other work. But they are none the less excellent. Perhaps we will yet see an edition of Dickens's works illustrated by the subject of this article.

Mr. Gibson draws the American Society girl as no other artist can do, or at any rate does. Grace and charm characterise his pictures of American society life. We might go through the pages of the publications containing his drawings and refer to some of them. Amongst other things in *Scribner's*, Mr. Gibson illustrated two serials by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The King's Jackal." He also contributed a large number of excellent drawings to accompany a series of papers on "The Art of Living," by Robert Grant; also the illustrations to "Stories of College Life," by A. C. Goodloe, and to a series of papers on "New York Life," etc., some being wash drawings. Reference has already been made to the articles written and illustrated by Mr. Gibson, dealing with London, which appeared in this well-known monthly. The pages of *Harper's* are illuminated by a good deal of Mr. Gibson's work. Several articles and short stories by Richard Harding Davis were illustrated by him, including "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," "Americans in Paris," "At the Grand Hotel Du Paradis," "Princess Aline," "Streets of Paris," "The Show Places of Paris," etc. Mr. Gibson also depicted the Harvard and Yale Boat Race, and he supplied the illustrations to "By Hook or Crook," by Robert Grant. Amongst his work for the *Century* are included the illustrations to "The Merry Chanter," a serial by Frank R. Stockton; illustrations to various short stories and articles, including "People in New York," "The Colonel's Last Campaign," and some striking illustrations accompanying "Sweet Bells out of Tune," a serial by Mrs. Burton Harrison.

He also furnished the illustrations for two of Mr. Anthony Hope's notable novels, "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." It is interesting to mention, by the way, that in one of his drawings describing the Salons in his London series appears a portrait of Mr. Anthony Hope (or Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, to give his full name); the late Mr. Du Maurier and, I think, the late Mr. Morris, also appear in this drawing, which is entitled "Distinguished Guests." Mr. Dana Gibson has illustrated a novel, "The Violet," by J. Magruder.

Many of Mr. Gibson's drawings, treating of American Society life, deal with the eternal questions of love, courtship, and marriage. And in several of his pictures cupids, singly and in numbers, are depicted. In one of these a number of cupids are in charge of a coach, the team consisting of ill-mated young ladies and old men; the letterpress is, "His everlasting experiments with ill-mated pairs." In another, a number of cupids are seen in boats by the sea-shore, by the side of which an elegantly-dressed young lady is approaching. The wording is, "Danger: the shore is lined with wrecks." In another, a cupid lies dead. A quarrel is depicted and the title is, "Love will die." In another a number of cupids, on which the sun is shining, are lining the sea-shore; the title is, "That restless sea." Many more instances could be given, one of the best forming our illustration of a newly-wedded pair "in their room but a moment when they were startled by a knock."

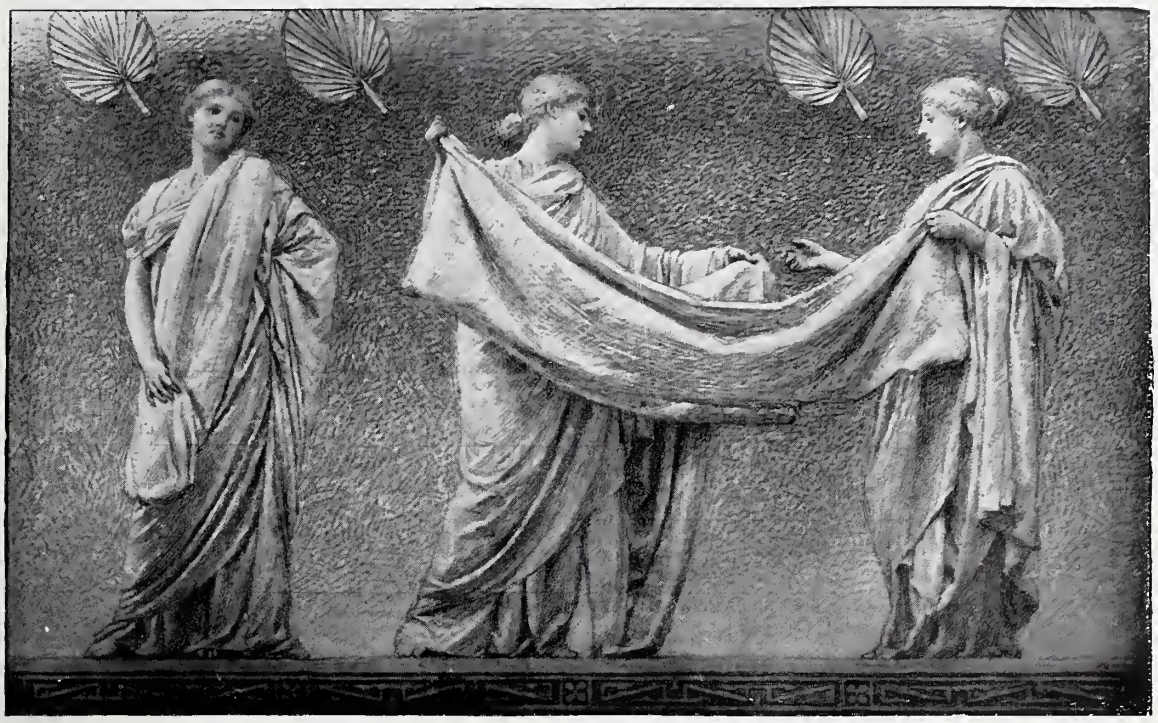
Mr. Gibson is very happy in his golf pictures. In one of them we have a young couple at a stile. A little cupid is *en évidence* with the golf implements; and the letterpress is, "Golf is not the only game on earth." Another of the best, "Is a Caddy always necessary?" forms one of our illustrations.

In an article such as this it is obviously impossible to touch upon all the subjects which Mr. Gibson has dealt with during the course of a busy career. The references that have been made will clearly indicate that the subject of his drawings contain much humour, and he rarely allows his drawings to fall from that high standard which he assumed at the commencement of his career.

What is probably, at the time of writing, his latest work, appears in the Christmas Number of *Scribner's Magazine*. In a series of seven delightful drawings he depicts the seven phases of an American girl's life, the titles being, The Nursery, Schooldays, The Débutante, The Mother, Indian Summer, Chaperone, The Evening.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to express his indebtedness for the courtesy and kindness received at the hands of Mr. Nelson F. Henderson, through whose agency the examples of Mr. Gibson's work accompanying this article are reproduced.

J. A. REID.



Design for a Pictorial Advertisement by Albert Moore.
Original the property of A. Lasenby Liberty, Esq.

From "Albert Moore," by A. L. Baldry (Geo. Bell & Sons).

THE GROWTH OF AN INFLUENCE.

THERE is always a certain amount of mystery attaching to the operation of fashion upon the human mind. Why large masses of people should agree to follow particular lines of conviction, and to vary their modes of thought and their habits of daily existence in obedience to indefinable and inexplicable influences, is something of a puzzle. Apparently, there is a kind of contagion which has power to swamp individual beliefs, destroying independence of idea, and bringing all shades of personal inclination into general agreement. This contagion seems to be irresistible. It is more marked in its effect, and more rapid in its development where people are most closely in contact and most definitely under the dominion of civilisation; but there is no part of the world in which it can be said to be inoperative, and no rank of society that can pretend to ignore its activity.

Although the domination of fashion is more often than not harmful in its effects, and apt to be exercised without either reason or restraint, it lends itself occasionally, when directed by men of judgment, to the furtherance of schemes that are undoubtedly of wide advantage. In artistic movements it has often been used to popularise schools and methods, the value of which might easily have been overlooked if people of slow discrimination had been left to discover for themselves what were the details most fit for admiration. Fashion, in such cases, becomes actually helpful, for it leads the mass in the direction that the experts desire, and acts the part of educator by teaching the ordinary man to accept as excellent what the specially-trained observer knows to be worthy of sincere appreciation. If its tendency to get beyond control is checked, and its possibilities of extravagance are guarded against, it will remain a most useful agent in the diffusion of sound



Unpacking Eastern Goods.

principles. Here the contagion is deliberately put in the way of the public, and the manner of its spreading is watched attentively, so that every sign of its power to establish itself as an active influence over the popular taste can be properly understood, and every step in its progress can be rightly estimated. So controlled, it has of late had much to do with that particular advance in æsthetic intelligence that makes the end of this century more interesting than its earlier years to the student of art history.



Silk-printing works at Merton Abbey.

Perhaps there is no direction in which this organising of fashion has produced such marked advantages as in what may be called commercial art. People who can remember the terrible atmosphere of common-place that less than fifty years ago surrounded domestic decoration, and stifled all variety in personal adornment, are conscious of the growth of new conditions under which the widest possibilities have been opened out. No one can complain to-day that he is limited in his choice of the accessories which make life pleasant, or that chances of satisfying his tastes are denied to him. Practically all the art products of the world are at his disposal, and he is at liberty to select what he likes best from what is offered by every school and country. For this he has to thank a few individuals who have striven, and with success, to make fashionable a new type of æstheticism and to accustom the public mind to estimate and appreciate artistic undertakings which not so long ago would have been beyond the understanding of the average man.

It would be difficult to find a more typical instance of the way in which personal observation and preference can, by the exercise of the right kind of judgment, be imposed upon the community than is afforded by the history of the firm created and presided over by Mr. A. Lasenby Liberty. In less than five-and-twenty years he has built up an influence that has laid hold of almost every section of society, and has been responsible for a radical change in the general opinion on æsthetic questions. He has made a style different in many ways from anything previously existing, and has cultivated it until it has gained an authority that is universally admitted. All this has come about by perfectly legitimate means, by a shrewd combination of qualities that are rare enough to be remarkable, and by a consistent carrying out of an excellent intention.

Any account of the rise of the Liberty firm must necessarily be chiefly a biography of Mr. Liberty himself. He has been the moving spirit of the whole concern; he has set its policy from the first, and has controlled its working throughout. To his insight into the needs of the moment, and his judgment of opportunity, has been due the steady development of an undertaking which began in an idea of supplying something which the public were only just ready to accept, and has had to expand year by year in obedience to a demand of its own creating. His business training started in 1859, when, as a boy of sixteen, he was apprenticed to a draper in Baker Street, but it was not until 1862, that he was brought for the first time in contact with the particular branch of trading with which his name has since been inseparably associated. In that year, he became one of the staff of Messrs. Farmer and Rogers, and was employed in their "Oriental Warehouse," of which, after a while, he was appointed manager. Here he laid the foundation of that expert knowledge of Eastern art which has since stood him in good stead, and here, also, he found many opportunities,



Messrs. Liberty's Dressmaker's Workroom.

of which he was not slow to avail himself, of profiting by his frequent intercourse with the many prominent artists and students of the East, who were attracted to the shop by the treasures gathered there. From this period date many of the friendships which had eventually a definite bearing on his work, and then began a course of education in artistic taste which was indirectly shaped by such noted masters as Leighton, Burne-Jones, Albert Moore, E. W. Godwin, Burges, Nesfield, Rossetti, and an array of others of equal repute, who well understood the value of his efforts to establish a new fashion in decorative art.

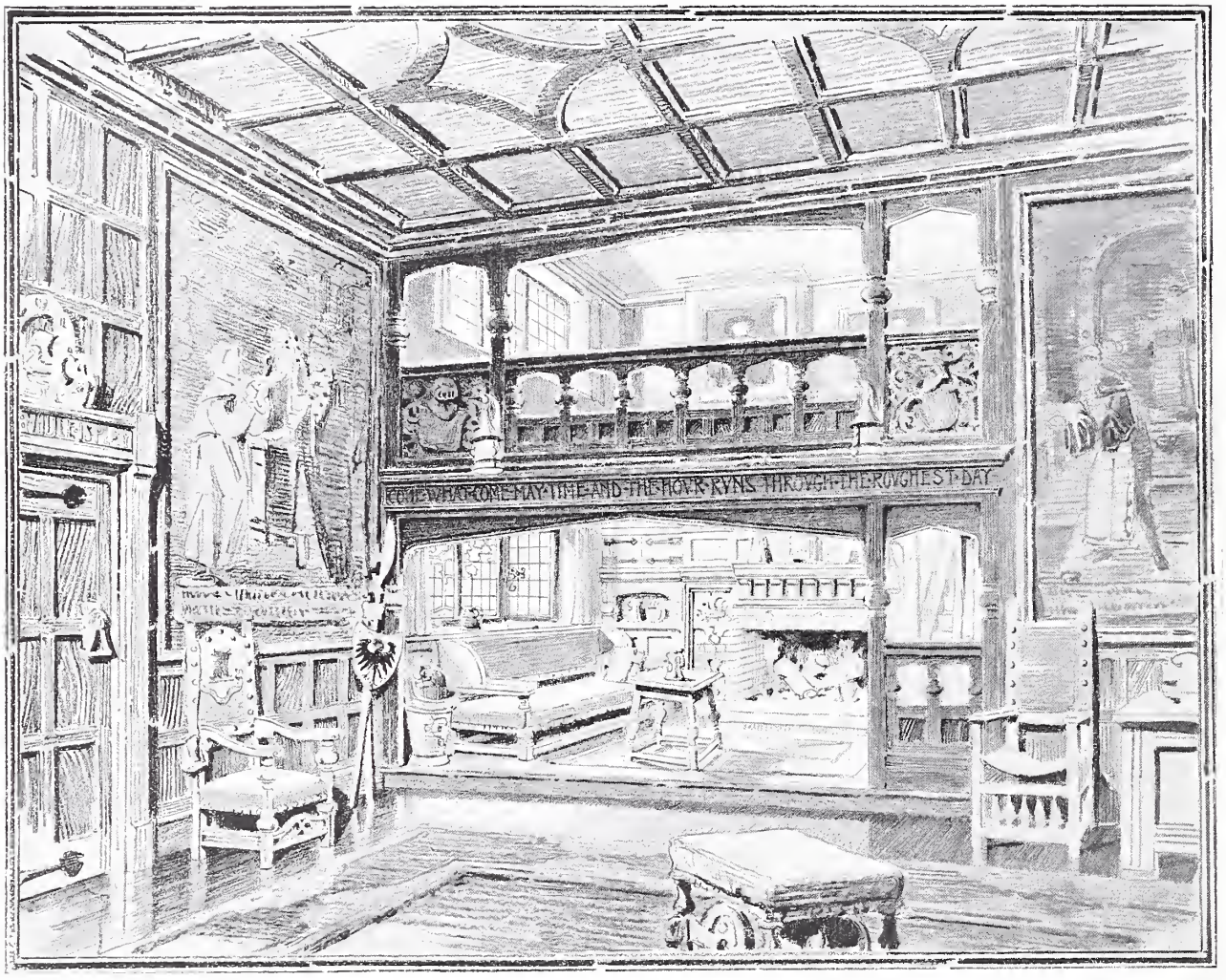
In the spring of 1875, he made his first venture on his own account. By that time the popularity of Eastern art had begun to extend beyond the limited circle of a few experts, and there were signs that a wider public was prepared to welcome an attempt to provide, at a moderate price, characteristic specimens of the production of a school the beauties of which were at last coming to be understood. In this growth of appreciation, Mr. Liberty saw a chance of applying Eastern methods of manufacture to Western work, and of combining with the importation of the actual efforts of Asiatic nations the encouragement of the workers in this country in an attempt to rival the best productions of the East. His primary idea was to educate British manufacturers of textiles into using their processes and machinery to put



Messrs. Liberty's Studio.

before the public, not slavish copies of the fabrics of India and Japan, but articles that would equal in beauty those that collectors had been eagerly competing for in

that range of delicate tints, which were known almost at once as the "Liberty Colours." His experiment, in fact, ceased to be experimental the moment it began, and its



Design for Ingle in Billiard Room at Wadhurst Hall, Sussex (J. C. Drew, Esq.), by Messrs. Liberty & Co.

those countries. That there would be a market for such work he was convinced, and he believed that the demand would keep pace with the most ample supply.

That he was right in his belief was very quickly proved. Although he set about his experiment in a very modest way, and was satisfied to commence operations in only a half house in Regent Street, his business grew so rapidly, that in the following year his half house had to become a whole one, and three years later he had to more than double his space by taking additional premises in Regent Street and the streets round about, so as to allow adequate room for the expansion of his work, and to provide accommodation for his constantly increasing staff of employés. Meanwhile, his efforts to educate the manufacturers, and to induce them to give him the right kind of materials, were going on steadily. The finest textiles of the East were one by one paralleled by similar stuffs produced under his inspiration. The soft woollen fabrics of Cashmere, the filmy silk gauzes of India, the heavier brocades of Japan, and the light cotton materials that have been made in the tropics for centuries past, were equalled by the output of the factories here, in which his suggestions were carried out. Even the dyes which were supposed to be a secret of the East were adapted successfully, and from the adaptation came results were accepted immediately with real enthusiasm. The influence of the Liberty firm became supreme. It started the æsthetic movement that a few years ago marked the protest of artistic circles against the commonplaces of existence; it gave a surprising stimulus to manufactures in this country, and practically resuscitated the moribund British trade of silk-weaving; and it opened up an immense series of possibilities for all lovers of decorative opportunities.

Success, however, has made no change in either its principles or its practice. Although it has grown far beyond its original idea of following Eastern models in the making of textile fabrics, and has become a huge art centre where the furnishing and fitting-up of houses on sound, artistic methods is undertaken, where decorative accessories of all kinds may be procured, and where even such details as the making of dresses and other aids to the satisfaction of personal vanity are considered, it has not lost the element of individual direction which gave to it the peculiar vitality that has always distinguished it. Nothing is offered to the public which has not been duly inspected and passed by Mr. Liberty and his co-Directors. The group illustrated, a committee of taste, including Mr. Liberty and his associates in the management, Mr. Howe, Mr. Street, and Mr. Llewellyn,

is of interest because it shows with what care everything is debated before it is accepted as consistent with the traditions of the firm. There is a standard, a high one indeed, and nothing that fallsshort of it is admitted. This principle of eclecticism runs through every section of the business. The designing studio exists, because in it each piece of internal decoration that is being planned can be worked out logically and completely; the dressmaking workrooms have been added, because the ordinary maker of feminine garments did not succeed in using the Liberty fabrics in the way best calculated to turn to account their particular characteristics; and the silk printing works at Merton Abbey have been provided, because better results could be obtained in them than the outside manufacturers could show. In a word, the fashion that Mr. Liberty has established, is being carefully guarded from degeneration, and the influence he has secured is not being frittered away by want of observation or lack of judgment. He has become a power in the world of applied art, but he has not forgotten the secret of his strength, and he is striving as hard as ever to keep it unimpaired.

A. L. BALDRY.



Design for House Decoration, by Messrs. Liberty & Co.



Mr. Liberty and his Co-Directors judging New Designs.



Valley of the Tay from the old Church at Grandtully.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

STRATHTAY.*

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

FROM Aberfeldy the Tay flows eastward in a graceful curve through one of the finest valleys in Scotland, whose sloping sides, richly cultivated and wooded, extending up to the brown moorlands, form a variegated picture, set in a grand mountain framework, which the eye takes in at a single glance, and is never weary of admiring. On the north side the ground rises somewhat more steeply, and is broken up by the picturesque pine-clad Rock of Cluny, which repeats the appearance of Weem Rock on a smaller scale. This side of the Tay is called, by way of distinction, Strathtay. On the south side of the river, which has received the specific name of Grandtully, the ground slopes up more gradually to the sky line, and consists of undulating tracts, bosky dells, and wide stretches of open country. The contrast between the two banks of the Tay is very striking, but it helps to enhance the beauty of the whole landscape.

Grandtully has been so named from the abundance of mounds or hillocks which characterise this district. These are either moraines, relics of glacial action, or sandy and gravelly deposits of the river, left behind in the course of the formation of its channel, and indicate the direction in which it flowed at different levels and different periods of its history. As it ploughed deeper down into the valley it passed more and more to the opposite side, and so accentuated the abruptness of the Strathtay banks, while it left the Grandtully side a wider and more undulating region. This physical conformation of the district has affected its human history, and given origin to the names of many of the small hamlets and farm towns, which have the prefix of *tom* or *dun* connected with them, pointing out the mounds or dunes on which they are situated. This side of the valley was the earliest inhabited; and its mounds were taken advantage of, on account of their elevation and dryness, as sites of primitive dwellings and burial-places. A far larger number of pre-historic relics are found on this side than on the other. On almost every ancient hillock there are cup-marked stones, ranging from the rudest to the most elaborate designs, and indicating different periods of advancement in the art and religion of sun-worship, which once prevailed in the locality.

At Cluny, two or three miles below Aberfeldy, the broad plain of Appin, which begins at the foot of Drummond Hill at the confluence of the Tay and the Lyon, contracts, and a barricade of rocks and high moraines crosses the valley and hems it in, forming a most picturesque picture in the landscape. Through this formidable barrier the Tay has gradually cut its way in the course of ages, draining the ancient lake, or continuation of Loch Tay, which lay to the westward of it, and whose site, now consisting of wide meadowland, is still flooded every year by the spates of the Tay and Lyon, as if to preserve the memory of the old overflowing waters. The banks at this point are very steep, and the river flows far below in a series of foaming rapids, over a rocky bed, contrary to its normal method of deep pools and smooth, even currents. Beyond this barrier the valley

* Continued from page 16.



Grandtully Castle.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Old Church at Grandtully.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

again expands, and its sides recede into long, gradual slopes up to the heath-clad moors, but the river never regains its old tranquillity, for its channel far down the Strath continues very rough with rocks and boulders, over which it chafes and foams, filling all the air with its loud murmurs.

Westward of the old glacial barricade, to the neighbourhood of Aberfeldy, the Strath, with its numerous farms and small crofts, is a patch-work, a "quilted landscape," with corn and potato fields and meadows stitched in squares; or rather, to use an image more appropriate to the locality, a continuous web of large-checked tartan laid along the bottom and slopes of the valley. Eastward, beyond Cluny, the Strath is a vast green cup filled to the brim with beauty. There the warm sun, in sheltered nooks, woos the primroses and violets out of the soil earlier than anywhere else. The hill-sides are musical with freckled burns, alive with trout; and the copses that line their course are filled with hazel-nuts and wild rasps and brambles, which would make a feast for Pan himself; while patriarchal trees linger on many an ancestral farm, and link the generations together, each of them a towering mass of verdant leafage, under whose cool shadow you can sit in the fervid noon with a sigh of relief, and gaze upwards as into the heights of an emerald heaven. On the wide uplands hangs nature's own tapestry of bell-heather and broom, the purple of the one and the glowing gold of the other mingled in harmonious splendour; and here and there a little tarn —the largest Loch Derculich, a lonely heron-haunted loch, held close to the heart of the moorland—lifts its blue eye to catch the smile of heaven.

On the Grandtully side of the Strath, the land belongs to only one proprietor. There are no separate country-seats, therefore, but only farms more or less extensive. Passing down that side from Aberfeldy, the most interesting object which the visitor first observes is the hoary church of Grandtully, dedicated to St. Eunan or Adamnan. It is a very ancient Christian site, being probably coeval with Dull, and was, in all likelihood, a centre of Druid worship long before the missionaries of the Cross found their way here from Iona. It was manifestly chosen for its magnificent situation, commanding one of the grandest views in the district. The picture is exquisitely balanced at this point, and the wide sweep of plain, river, and rocky and wooded hill-side culminates on the western horizon in the tumultuous mountain masses of Breadalbane and Glenlyon, with Ben Lawers as the highest point, lit up with the purple glory of the sky.

A small hamlet, called Pitcairn, nestles at the foot of the eminence, and gave its name to the old parish of Grandtully. The church was built, in 1533, by the Stewarts of Grandtully on the site of Adamnan's foundation, and was dedicated to St. Mary. When it was restored about the middle of the seventeenth century, the walls were adorned with the heraldic bearings of the Stewarts and of the families with whom they were allied; and on the barrel-shaped roof, lined with wood, were painted grotesque figures of saints and angels with trumpets, in the most brilliant colours.

These decorations have now become very dim through age and neglect, for the church has been deserted for more than fifty years. But I remember, when a boy, going to it with my father on Sundays; and often was the tedium of a long sermon relieved by the study of these curious paintings, which seemed to speak to me of the resurrection and the judgment-day. The inside of the church was long used as a burial-place, and the seats of the worshippers were over the graves of the dead; and the earthen floor being unpaved, often disclosed ghastly fragments of humanity beneath the feet, which suggested melancholy thoughts that required to be dispelled by looking up to the roof, and remembering that the unconscious dust below would yet be summoned to share in the destinies of immortality. In the adjacent churchyard the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, lulled to rest on the lap of a vast antiquity, and surrounded with a glorious scene which might well have its counterpart in heaven. In the centre of the grass-grown mounds, there is an old mossy boulder, hardly visible above the level of the ground, on which the coffin used to be laid while the grave was being dug to receive it; an archaic custom which has long been forgotten.

From that elevated spot I have often gazed on summer afternoons upon the glorious landscape, as the setting sun, with its slanting rays, reddened the stems of the trees, empurpled the distant mountains, brought out the hues of the many-toned rocks, lighted a lamp in the window-panes of the cottages which had a westward



Interior of old Church at Pitcairn, Grandtully.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

look, and poured upon the whole vast scene such a glamour of light and shadow, that it seemed the illusive vistas and perspectives of fairyland. There was something strange and spectacular in it all. As the sun sank, the violet haze of the mountains deepened into a darker purple, and a cloud of dusty gold rose upon the sky like the shore of a more ethereal world, and the pines on the heights caught the red glow, and burned for awhile without consuming. I waited till the mountains lost their radiance and became loftier and more lonely in the grey twilight; and in that mystic hour, beside that venerable church, the mists on the hills, and the clouds in the sky, shaped weird pictures of the past. The senses of the present were lulled to sleep, and to the second sight that seemed appropriate to the hour, the familiar Strath put on the unwonted appearance of ages long ago, and the ghostly forms of the primitive inhabitants who dropped their flint arrowheads on the gravels where we now find them, and buried their dead in narrow stone cists along the dry crests of the knolls, peopled the scene. All around me were the Druidical altars, rude boulders on which no tool of iron had been lifted, from whose flint-made cups used to ascend in invisible vapour, libations to the Sun-god. And with such a prospect before him, I did not wonder that pre-historic man worshipped, seeing that his eyes and spirit were not "ceiled to the ground" by wooden or plastered roofs as in our churches. A Mirza-like vision passed before my mind's eye; and I felt that we were indeed pilgrims and strangers on the earth, and that each race and creed that succeeded each other, had only a fleeting tenure of the scenes that at the time made their dearest home.



Ballechin House, Strathtay.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

> "We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
> Owners and occupants of earlier dates,
> From graves forgotten, stretch their dusty hands,
> And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

At the foot of the eminence on which the church is built, about a quarter of a mile to the east, you come to the old baronial Castle of Grandtully, long a ruin, but recently restored and considerably enlarged by Lady Stewart. It was built in 1560; the original manor-house having been built on the banks of the Tay, and abandoned on account of its exposed situation, one of the proprietors having, on one occasion, been shot while standing at his own door, by an arrow aimed from the opposite bank of the river by a foeman. In its original condition it was considered a fine specimen of the Scottish castellated style of architecture, and the renovation has preserved the features that were of special interest to the antiquary. While combining all modern comforts, it retains the narrow windows originally placed in the walls, the high window-sills, and the steep stone steps descending to the rooms, which were the mementoes of times of danger.

Many admirers of Sir Walter Scott professed to find the original of Tullyveolan, the abode of the Baron of Bradwardine, in the old Castle of Grandtully. But the great novelist's description might have applied, and in point of fact has been applied, to a dozen other Castles, so that we cannot identify the place; if indeed the Castle and its environs were not altogether a creation of fancy—equally with the romantic incidents that took place in it. It was Sir Walter's habit to take a hint from this and that scene and object of antiquity, and to combine them all in his mind like a composite photograph—so that a general resemblance is no proof of identity.

Grandtully Castle is a venerable and stately pile, surrounded by ancestral trees, chiefly elms and sycamores, which partially screen it from the view of the passer-by, but enclose it in a haunt of immemorial peace. The Stewarts of Grandtully, to whom it has always belonged, were simply lairds previous to the time of Queen Mary, but were made baronets soon after that. Sir John Stewart, who married the sister of the Marquis of Douglas, was a member of the family. His wife

gave birth, at an advanced age, to twins; the elder of whom, after a protracted trial in the House of Lords, which made a great sensation at the time, inherited the magnificent property and title of his uncle the Marquis. The male line of descent is now extinct.

On the opposite side of the valley there are about a dozen small estates contiguous to each other all down Strathtay from Aberfeldy; each of them with its own mansion-house, and its own woods and farms around it, breaking up the uniformity of the slopes into the most variegated patterns of landscape beauty. Derculich, Edradynate, Findynate, Cloichfoldich, Pitnacree, form most desirable residential properties, with many attractions, scenic and architectural. The first of the series is Killiechassie, which derives its name from an old chapel which stood on the knoll above the mansion-house seven hundred years ago, surrounded by its burying-ground. Only a solitary stone now marks the spot. A tradition still exists regarding the closing-up of the burying-ground, owing to a tragic event that happened at one of the funerals. The party taking the coffin across the Tay was opposed by the people on the opposite side, who maintained that the deceased had no right of interment in their churchyard; and in the conflict that ensued the boat was capsized, and all its occupants drowned in a deep pool of the river.

The original proprietors of Killiechassie were Robertsons, belonging to the famous house of Struan; but the estate passed into the hands of a family of the name of Flemyng, who held it, along with the estate of Moness at Aberfeldy, as already stated, for several hundred years. It was purchased by relatives of the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, who built for himself a charming rustic cottage called Cuilallein on the property, and spent his summer holidays for many years in this beautiful retreat, where he composed some of his finest poems and essays.

Many of the estates farther down the Strath were owned at one time by Stewarts, but they have often changed hands, and the old mansion-houses have been replaced by larger and more elegant structures. Of late, one of the oldest houses, Ballechin or Hector's Town, which still belongs to the descendants of Hector, son of James II. of Scotland, has acquired considerable notoriety by the spiritualistic phenomena which are said to have occurred in it. Unaccountable noises have been heard by the tenants night after night to such an extent as to give rise to the feeling that the place was haunted. Descriptions of these phenomena were given in some of the leading newspapers, from the *Times* downwards; and so deep and widespread was the interest excited that the Marquis of Bute empowered the secretary of one of the psychic societies to investigate the weird sounds. A book has accordingly been recently published by this lady, in which the mystery has been graphically described, but not satisfactorily cleared up. The natives of the locality attribute the peculiar phenomena to a very prosaic cause, viz., the introduction of water by gravitation to the house, and the passing of this element through leaden pipes of varied sizes and temperatures!

(To be concluded.)

SOME ILLUSTRATORS' ERRORS.

IT is a commonplace of our day to declare that we are better, are more advanced, than our fathers, and in respect to the illustration of books it would be a satisfaction to believe this to be true. The development of a special class of black-and-white artists, consequent on the enormous extension of illustrated fiction, should secure an improvement on what formerly existed, so that writer and illustrator might be found going hand in hand, or rather that the artist should be seen following carefully in the footsteps of the author. That this is so to a large extent may be thankfully acknowledged, one of the most delightful signs being the many recent reissues of classical fiction, and the attention paid to costume, in the dainty pictures with which these republications are adorned. So far as there is improvement, this is matter of thankfulness, for, writing now solely from the reader's point of view, it may be said there is nothing more irritating than to find a picture attached to a narrative which is glaringly inconsistent with the author's words. But that there is still to be found such inconsistencies will be shown in the course of what here follows. Dr. Johnson was too narrow when he said: "Painting, sir, can illustrate, but it cannot inform." What is really demanded is that a picture should not "inform" incorrectly.



"'Please, Aunt, I'm your nephew.' (No. 1.)
"And she sat flat down in the garden path."
Sketch by H. K. Browne (Phiz).

The principles that should guide the illustrator are set forth in Mr. Croal Thomson's well-known volume on the "Life and Labours of Hablot K. Browne (Phiz)." The writer says: "The illustrator's duty is primarily to advance the interest of a literary production, and if he fails in this he fails fatally, and even when he does add interest his difficulties are by no means over, as his artistic power must be brought into play to see that while he makes an enchancement to the letterpress, he does not offend against any of the canons of Art and good taste." And on another page it is said, "As a general rule the draughtsman must subordinate himself and remain



"Please, Aunt, I'm your nephew." (No. 2.)
Sketch by H. K. Browne (Phiz).
With caricature in corner.

subordinate to the author, for the all-sufficient reason that it is always more advisable for the illustrator to follow the ideas of the writer than for the author to have to 'write up' to the illustrations." Fully accepting the same writer's dictum that "when the author is precise the illustrator has to be particular, when the writer is vague the artist may be free," it may be added that while a picture need not give every detail of the written description, it is essential that no *direct* antagonism in the details should exist. It is perhaps in regard to the last requirement that illustrators most often transgress.

It is well known that Dickens dwelt largely on this point, and in Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" some instances are given of his wrath, even against so careful and capable a draughtsman as "Phiz." As for the artists, Mr. Forster says, "they certainly had not an easy time with him," and this is said in connection with the illustrations for "Dombey and Son," when Browne had the disadvantage of working in London while the writer was in Lausanne. In a letter Dickens wrote, "I am really *distressed* by the illustration of Mrs. Pipchin and Paul. It is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark. Good Heaven! in the commonest and most literal construction of the text it is all wrong . . . . I can't say what pain and vexation it is to be so utterly misrepresented." If Dickens wrote thus of the man who really helped to build up "Pickwick" and many of its followers, and who gave to the world the types of character in Pickwick, and Sam, and Pecksniff, and Captain Cuttle, and the rest, which every subsequent illustrator of Dickens is bound to adhere to, it may be believed that less brilliant artists must have often given pain to the authors whom they endeavour to realise in illustration.

In the case in point Dickens says, "I think he does better without the text," and this idea is completely realised in the comical story of the three drawings "Phiz" made for David Copperfield's first interview with Betsy Trotwood. It will be remembered that Dickens, in one of those needless strokes of exaggeration by which he irritates his admirers, gives this detail :—

"'If you please, Aunt, I'm your nephew.'

"'Oh Lord,' said my aunt, and she *sat flat down in the garden path.*"

When Hablot K. Browne drew this, with the elderly lady sitting flat down on the ground as described, even Dickens saw at a glance that the drawing would not do, and two drawings were prepared before the right idea was attained. Here was a case where "the canons of art and good taste" were outraged by a close adherence to the author's words. And this warning must, of course, be kept in view when we criticise the detail of an illustrator's work. One other instance of an error in illustrating Dickens may be given. Mr. Forster states that such was Dickens' regard for John Leech that no notice was taken of his error in the illustration made for the close of part second of the "Battle of Life." Nobody remarked on it and nothing was said publicly until the publication of the "Life," yet Dickens wrote of it at the time : "When I first saw it, it was with a horror and agony not to be expressed." It is urged by Mr. Kitton, in "John Leech, Artist and Humourist," that the author was so far to blame, as readers are led to suppose the event to be as Leech showed it, and only at the end of the book do the true facts appear. The argument would thus be that the artist must read the whole book—*respice finem*—before illustrating any of it!

It is remarkable to learn from the biography of Lord Tennyson, how keenly the Poet Laureate felt on the subject of illustration. Writing to Mr. F. T. Palgrave he says: "On the whole I am against illustrators, except one could do with them as old Mr. Rogers did, have them to breakfast twice a week and explain your own views to them over and over again." One example of Tennyson's reason for such strong views is given a few pages earlier in the biography, where, referring to "Enoch



"Please, Aunt, I'm your nephew." (No. 3.)
By H. K. Browne (Phiz).
Illustration as it finally appeared.
From Croal Thomson's "Life of Phiz" (Chapman & Hall).

Arden" and its illustration, the poet says: "Joseph Hooker told me my tropical island was all right, but X——, in his illustration, has made it all wrong, putting a herd of antelopes upon it, which never occur in Polynesia." That Tennyson was not too keen in his demands was shown in the same letter to Palgrave, where, referring to the work of Gustave Doré, he says: "I liked the first four I saw, *though they are not quite true to the text*, but the rest not so well." And he then criticises Doré's "Elaine" drawing, showing her with eyes open, "as if her father had forgotten to close them, or as if she had opened them again, for they are closed in the voyage down the river."

The subject of the book illustration of Shakespeare is too vast to be here undertaken, but reference may be made to an amusing instance of the illustrator in another branch being too precise in his interpretation. In *Romeo and Juliet*, in the scene of Mercutio's death ("A public place" in Verona), the following dialogue takes place:—

"*Romeo.*—Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

"*Mercutio.*—No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow and you shall find me a grave man," &c.



Bailie MacWheeble and Waverley.
(Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

The scenic artist in a recent great revival sought to provide the witty Mercutio with his last comparisons by placing in the centre of the stage a public well or fountain, and at the side a church-door! Was there not a spice-merchant's shop too, to suggest the further words, "I am peppered, I warrant, for this world"? Theatrical posters often err outrageously in depicting what is to be seen on the boards, but this licence of a showman is historic, and hardly comes under consideration here.

Scott has provided much work for the illustrator, and not always with satisfaction to the reader. To his writings might well be applied the words already quoted that "when the author is precise the illustrator has to be particular." The scene in "Waverley" where Bailie MacWheeble expresses so extravagantly his delight on the prospect of Rose Bradwardine becoming "Lady Wauverley," has been a favourite subject with artists. Here the author's description is most precise. Yet in the frontispiece to the tale in a recent issue by the copyright publishers, the artist forgets half-a-dozen of the author's details: no "pot-bellied Dutch bottle," no morning gown of tartan dyed black, no block with his best wig, no shelf of books where Dallas' "Styles" roosted with Stair's "Institutions" and Dirleton's "Doubts." It is a very good picture in itself, but it does not touch Scott's narrative. In Cruikshank's illustration of the same scene, apart from his customary exaggeration in the Bailie's figure, the artist gives each detail as above named with absolute correctness, and it is, on the whole, a most spirited and attractive etching. An examination of Cruikshank's work, despite a mannerism and grotesquerie everywhere shown, will lead many to agree with an opinion recently expressed by an able writer, that of all the illustrated books in his library, "Oliver Twist," with Cruikshank's pictures, is far and away the best, and to remark "how conscientiously, with how much honest regard for the text, the artist depicts the scenes narrated." Even more than "Phiz" did in promoting the success of Dickens' works generally, Cruikshank did in nearly every work he touched. The finer work by this artist gives the books of sixty years since a value in the market above and apart from the literature he adorns.

It is recorded of Dr. Johnson that when asked by a lady why in his Dictionary he had described the pastern as the knee of a horse, he replied, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." To the same charge must one of our modern artists plead guilty in his otherwise excellent endeavours to illustrate Marryat's "Peter Simple." Every boy knows the exciting story of the escape of O'Brien and Peter from the French prison. After getting under a gate which led to the lower rampart, the two found they had "a covered way to pass through," where they found an inopportune sentry, opportunely fast asleep. The words "to pass through" doubtless misled the artist, so without studying what in military parlance is called a "covered way," he has depicted the two

runaways as emerging from a tunnel—a sort of big sewer—at the end of which the soldier reclines, and the youths have no rope, crowbar, or other impedimenta of their escape! Anything more funny can hardly be imagined. Marryat is not always successful with his illustrators, for in a fine edition of "Midshipman Easy," printed lately in America, besides otherblunders, the scene where Jack Easy is eaught in the apple-tree is rendered absurd by inattention to the farmer's dress, which is so fully given in the text as to make the error inexcusable. "Where the author *is* precise, the artist has to be particular."



"Lady Waverley! Ten Thousand a Year!"
By George Cruikshank. From The Centenary Garland.

In a recent magazine, an author vividly described a boating accident, part of the story being that the two men in the boat had oars only, mast and sail having been, at the entreaty of their wives, left on shore. "The boat was capsized by a huge wave that turned it bottom upwards." This is precise enough; but the illustrator shows a boat with mast and sail and tangled cordage on its beam ends! It is an excellent picture, correct in drawing and in detail, but ridiculously untrue to the narrative. In another magazine a lady, who is fully described by the author as having "corkscrew curls and spectacles," is shown with braided hair and no spectacles. In still another, a precise statement as to there being "three men in a boat" is illustrated by a boat with two occupants. Again, a conversation described as occurring in a boat is illustrated by two gentlemen in evening dress seated on chairs, and this in a magazine of considerable artistic pretensions.

Doubtless the experience of our readers will supply many recollections of like disappointment with the work of artists. In most cases the trouble arises from mere carelessness, in some (as in Peter Simple's "covered way") from want of knowledge, and possibly cases mayarise where a writer alters his narrative after a first proof has reached the illustrator. Both in Dickens' "Life" and in the letter quoted from Tennyson, the necessity and advantage of constant personal interchange of view between author and artist is dwelt upon, and without a doubt this is one way of securing consistency between the two workers. As regards the re-issue of popular works, the realisation of the dead author's idea by the artist can only be secured by great attention to every expressed detail, and perhaps a more careful revision by the editor or the publisher's reader would go far to prevent such carelessness as has here been described. T. A. C.



Tailpiece. From a drawing by
Miss Constance Foxley.

A "NEW" BOTTICELLI IN FLORENCE.

FLORENCE is the proud possessor of a "new" Botticelli of unquestioned identity; the latest addition to the long list of old masters which in recent years Italy has been fortunate enough to unearth.

It is no longer the Pallas of the Medici who is entitled to the honour of being called the "new" Botticelli; the little room in the private apartments of the Pitti Palace, where for four years she has held her court, is no more hers alone; on the opposite wall hangs another picture, and it is before this that the hordes of tourists flock.

This, a circular painting on wood, similar in size and composition to Botticelli's well-known "rounds" of the Uffizi, might be termed the Madonna of the Roses; so quaint and charming are they, as, waving above the angels' heads, they twine themselves into a flat and decorative background. It is not the first time that attention has been called to the beauty of the Botticelli roses; in many other pictures has he placed them, rendering every line of their delicate petals with such an infinity of care, that Symonds has conceived the quaint fancy that such was the master's love for the flower that the composition of the Coronation of the Virgin was suggested by the corolla of the open blossom.

Critics have searched in vain for a description by contemporary writers of this Madonna adoring the Christ child. But though no individual notice has been found, it undoubtedly belongs to the artist's earliest period, when innumerable other Madonnas in this same round form were painted: the period immediately succeeding the death of his master, Fra Filippo, when he was but twenty-two, and still fresh from the impress of the Carmelite's manner. The Madonna, with long, emaciated hands, a Pre-Raphaelite's invariable attribute of saintliness, has a face full of naïve tenderness and silent melancholy; an expression of mingled sadness and sweetness, which Walter Pater curiously interprets as a yearning for a more human, earthly lot; a distress at her "intolerable honour." Around her are childlike angels, eagerly attending for the performance of the simplest duties; angels clad in pale reds and yellows, which, with the faded blue of the Madonna's robe, form a rare interlacement of colour. In comparing this latest Botticelli with the Pallas hanging opposite, it is evidently the work of a less experienced craftsman. It is lacking in the masterly handling displayed in his later work, but is strong in the heartfelt utterance of reverential awe; the feeling is already evident of the deep religion, almost amounting to fanaticism, which in later years made him among the most eager of Savonarola's disciples, and caused him to forsake a painter's life for that of a convent cell.



G. Brogi, photo.

The Madonna and Child, with Angels.
(The "New" Botticelli in the Pitti Palace, Florence.)

The story of the discovery of this Madonna somewhat resembles that of its neighbour. During the last summer, when the private apartments of the Duke of Aosta, at the Pitti, were being redecorated, the duke, always a lover of old pictures, requested that some paintings in the attic, stored away for generations, should be brought down and hung upon his walls. Among these, Signor Cornish, director of the art gallery, found one which, in spite of its boards being warped and twisted out of shape, and heavily coated with dirt, gave such promise that he took it upon himself to have it cleaned and set in order.

It was then that the masterpiece disclosed itself, fresh and uninjured, beneath. But fearful lest his surmise might be incorrect, it was sent to Rome to experts for identification, and towards the end of October it returned in triumph—a veritable Botticelli; thus making the third valuable work of that master which in recent years has come to light. It was in '94 that the Pallas was discovered, likewise tucked away in some dark corner of the Pitti; and but a few years previous to that, that the incomparable frescoes now in the Louvre were found to lie under a thick layer of plaster on the walls of a villa not far from Florence. Then it was, after the selling of these latter to the French Government, that the law was passed prohibiting the taking of old masters out of Italy; a wise precaution for themselves, but a law detestable to others.

LOUISE LANDER.

*** We are indebted to Messrs. Mansell, Oxford Street, for the use of the Photograph. We may also mention that, notwithstanding the enthusiastic belief of many eminent authorities in this picture, there are several critics of the first rank who greatly doubt its complete authenticity. Several portions of the picture seem to be different from Botticelli's work, and much discussion is likely to take place before the matter is entirely settled.—EDITOR.

THE LATE SIR HENRY TATE, BART.

THERE is a great deal which is very remarkable in the life history of Sir Henry Tate, much that marks him as possessed of quite exceptional character, and of instincts more acutely cultivated than those of the majority of his contemporaries. A self-made man, he rose from small beginnings to a position of prominence among our greater merchant princes, and he used the wealth that came to him as a result of his commercial operations to further many schemes of immense advantage to the community. In various parts of London, at Liverpool, Oxford, and other places in the country, there are splendid evidences of his generosity, libraries and public institutions carried out at his expense, and in many cases owing to his initiative not only their successful completion, but even their very existence. In addition, a long list could be compiled of his private and anonymous benefactions, acts of charity of the most liberal type, prompted by no spirit of display, and by no idea of buying for himself a personal popularity.

But the one great act of his life by which he earned undying fame, not only in this country but actually throughout the world, was the creation of the art gallery at Millbank, which has provided for our native school a centre and headquarters worthy of its traditions, and in keeping with its great accomplishment. The National Gallery of British Art owes everything to Sir Henry Tate. The idea of organizing it, the money with which it was built, an important part of its contents, all came from him; and the scheme of management, by which the dedication of the building to public purposes, without cramping restrictions or conditions, was made possible, is the outcome of his gentle and conciliatory spirit. What were the difficulties at the outset, what was the nature of the conflict between officialism and the various phases of artistic opinion that raged over his initial suggestion, can be gathered from the articles, written by Sir Walter Armstrong, that appeared in the pages of this magazine in 1893. The record then set down, at the time that the great idea of Mr. Tate—as he was then—was first made public, is now, when the gallery exists as a valued national possession, very far from pleasant reading; it is a depressing advertisement of the stupidity and ingratitude with which the best and most devoted efforts for the public good are received.

However, these things are better forgotten to-day. We have the gallery, thanks to Sir Henry Tate's tenacity and kindly spirit, and every year proves more and more emphatically how just was his judgment of what was necessary, and how enlightened was his insight into the interests of British Art. It seemed very regrettable that at his funeral only one member of the Royal Academy paid the last tribute to his memory. That Academician was Mr. Sant, one of the few painters unrepresented in the Tate Gallery.

The manner in which Sir Henry Tate carried out his undertaking cannot be too highly estimated. Not only did he provide for present necessities by erecting that first section of the building which was opened by the Prince of Wales in July, 1897, but he immediately set to work to anticipate the demands of another generation, and to put off, for many years, the danger that, for want of room for expansion, the work of the new institution might be crippled. He undertook, then and there, to meet the cost of extensions as great as the area of the site would allow, and he lived just long enough to see the whole block completed and handed over to the nation, dying a few days only after the informal opening of the new rooms, with the knowledge that the crowning work of his life was perfected. To add to the value of his gift, he stripped his own house of its artistic contents, and handed over with the gallery his own collection of sixty-five pictures and pieces of sculpture, a group representative of some of the best phases of British art work. Productions of the utmost value as illustrations of our artistic history have thus been added to the national treasures, and we hold, as a result of his devotion, a record of the efforts of our native workers which justifies, in the eyes of other countries, our claim to the possession of a school worthy to rank among the greatest in the world. In giving to us this pedestal, Sir Henry Tate has made for himself a memorial that is destined to endure for ever.

'ON THE THAMES, NEAR COOKHAM.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY DAVID LAW.

THE Thames and its immediate surroundings have, of late years, been increasingly popular. The accessibility of all parts of the river, and the familiarity with its beauties that has come to most members of the community as a consequence of this ease of access, have had the effect of inducing more artists than ever to paint subjects that by their inherent charm, and by their power of appeal to people who like best what they know most intimately, take rank among the happiest that the seeker after popularity could desire to handle. The Thames, in fact, has become an artistic tradition, with a reputation better founded and more completely justifiable than that which is enjoyed by the majority of the places or things that it is the fashion to admire. It has grown into the affections of the nation, and its glorification is a pleasant duty that is expected of everyone who respects the national preferences.

Therefore, Mr. David Law, when he chose the motive of his etching, 'On the Thames, near Cookham,' was following a precedent that has been established by a host of authorities, and was preparing himself for a success that, in the nature of things, was practically inevitable. In his carrying out of the subject there was, of course, the obligation to show himself worthy of the responsibility that he had undertaken; but from an artist of his well-proved reputation, no want of appreciation was to be expected. Certainly, the result of his labours implies that he set about them in the right spirit.

The inspiration of the locality has possessed him, and he has kept himself entirely in sympathy with nature as she manifests herself in her most favoured shrine. That he should have chosen to give to his work a local designation is a matter of no importance; the truths he has expressed in this landscape, which he tells us is near Cookham, are equally applicable to any other part of the river. He has caught the pervading character, the peculiar individuality that sets the Thames apart on a pedestal of its own, and his responsiveness to the impression made upon him is marked not only by exactness in large essentials, but also by close insight into the little accessories that fill up and complete the perfect whole. His observation has been as acute as his interpretation has been expressive.

PASSING EVENTS.

SINCE August of last year, the re-decoration of the entrance hall to Burlington House has occupied a number of skilled craftsmen. The transformation is remarkable. On the private-view day of the Van Dyck Exhibition the alterations were nearly completed. The floor is marble, and Cipollini columns support the finely moulded ceiling, in which have been set the famous picture by Angelica Kauffmann, that used to adorn the old quarters at Somerset House. The walls are bounded by beautiful oak panelling, and when more colour has been laid on the ceiling, a scheme, worthy of the reputation of the Academy, will be complete. In a future number the decorations will be described at length.

IF artists could have their way, the Paris Exhibition would doubtless be purely confined to pictures. Much grumbling has been heard about inadequate space, especially with regard to that allotted to the British section. The projected display at the Guildhall of the best work of many of the most prominent British artists should, therefore, be of great interest. In Paris circles much consternation was roused by a rumour that, in view of the big Exhibition, neither Salon would be opened. If this had been true, many French artists would have had no chance whatever in 1900. But it is now happily announced that the Old Salon will hold an exhibition. This will be opened a month earlier than usual (on April 1st), and will be held in an entirely new building to be erected at Grenelle. The endeavour to boycot foreign exhibitors, urged in committee by a few short-sighted patriots, resulted in the proposition to that effect being defeated by a great majority.

THE Prince of Wales' Pavilion, which is now nearly finished, stands on the banks of the Seine, and will form a portion of the Paris Exhibition. About fifty pictures of the Old English Portrait and Landscape Schools will adorn the walls, embracing examples of Reynolds, Gainsborough (both portraits and landscapes), Romney, Turner, Constable and others.

WHEN the Franco-German war was over, a school of battle-painters arose which did justice to the stirring scenes enacted. It remains to be seen whether the present campaign in South Africa will be productive of similar results. National temperament has much to do with the question, but there must have been incidents enough already to inspire artists to go to the front. Perhaps in the ranks of the Artists' Volunteer Corps, who have offered their services, will be found the men for the occasion. From a business point of view there is good fortune in store for a painter who succeeds in recording the exciting episodes of the war. All the nation is interested, and there would assuredly be a great sale of reproductions of good pictures. There is now an excellent chance for the artist of merit, who is down on his luck, to make a big bid for success.

WITH regard to the scheme before the artistic community to hold exhibitions in aid of the War Benevolent Fund, there is much to be said on both sides. Artists are naturally very sensitive, in these trying times, of spoiling what they think to be their market. Actors and musicians are suffering much from the wholesale system of no fees for entertainments and concerts arranged on a system of patriotism and advertisement. In these circumstances it might be suggested as a compromise that no exhibition be held, but that a special fund be started to which only artists should subscribe.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER delivered his first lecture at the Academy on January 8th in his capacity as Professor of Painting. The subject chosen, "England, Lovable and Paintable," covered a wide range. Forthcoming papers will be "Painting in Enamel," and "Sight and Seeing."

MR. LUKE FILDES still occupies himself with painting portraits, but his admirers would like him sometimes to justify his reputation as the Sir David Wilkie of his day, and paint subject pictures of our own day and generation.

THE winner of the Travelling Scholarship for Sculpture in the recent Academy competition is a young artist of unusual promise. Those who observed Mr. G. Bayes' clever group, 'The Sirens of the Ford,' in the 1899 exhibition, could not fail to see signs of considerable power and imagination. It is to be hoped that his tour will be helpful to him in his future career.

FROM "The Year's Art, 1900," which enters on another year of usefulness, the following dates of importance to artists are noted:—Feb. 1st, Receiving Day, R.S.A. Edinburgh; Feb. 3rd, Last Receiving Day, Dublin Royal Hibernian Academy; Feb. 1st to 12th, Receiving Days, Bradford; Feb. 19th, Southport Exhibition opens; Feb. 22nd, Leeds Exhibition opens. Those who are preparing works for the New Gallery may also be reminded in time that the first and second Receiving Days are fixed for March 2nd and 9th. The volume, which is published by Messrs. Virtue, contains much instructive information, and a compliment has been paid to workers in decorative art by the inclusion of portraits of Mr. Walter Crane and some of his colleagues in the Arts and Crafts.



An original Etching by David Law. R.E.

On the Thames near Cookham



Royal Copenhagen Porcelain.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

THE Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen, in Regent Street, have now on view a large collection of porcelain, which is of an exceedingly decorative character, and is specially remarkable for its wonderful glaze, as well as for its beautiful colouring. Owing to the white heat to which it is subjected, only three or four colours can be used, and it is astonishing to see the results obtained with these limitations. The prevailing tones are soft blues and greens, graduating down to pure white; all the larger pieces are signed by the artists and never repeated. On one of the bowls in our illustration is depicted a sleeping village, and over it hover huge bats, with outstretched wings, the dark colour of the bats contrasting picturesquely against the clearness of the sky and the deep blue of the landscape beneath. The Japanese influence on this ware is noticeable in the extreme simplicity of its decoration—such as iris and a few leaves growing up one side, or a design of gourds disposed in a graceful spray; but these simple decorations are painted and arranged as only artists who have studied Japan can paint and arrange. In the smaller ware, we find animals quaintly employed to help out the form as well as the colour: in the case of a vase whose base consists of three snail shells joined together, and whose neck is formed by the outstretched head and horns of the snails themselves. The manufactory uses for its products the ancient trade-mark, three waved lines, an allegory for the three Danish waters, the Sound and the two Belts. The pretty blue and white Danish ware is shown in a great variety of tea services, etc., but is too well known to call for further remark.

During the London Church Congress the Ecclesiastical and Educational Art Exhibition was held at the Imperial Institute to celebrate its twenty-first successive year, and as this was the first occasion of its being held in London, special efforts were made to get together an interesting and representative collection. It was divided into two parts: the Trade, or General Section, and the Loan Collection. A considerable quantity of Church plate was lent by the City and County of London, as well as loans from all parts of the country. The Bishop of London appropriately headed the latter collection by sending his pastoral staff. The beadles' staves, maces, and wands formed a most interesting and unique feature of the exhibition; many of them were handsomely decorated with crowns, statuettes, and castles, showing the consideration and importance in which the office of beadle was held in bygone days.

An instructive collection was that of the Vestry minute and account books, and registers of various City parishes, with Sir Edgar Sebright's two Prayer Books of Edward VI., as well as the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum of Durandus, printed by Gutenburg, Fust, and Schœffer in 1459, said to be the second book ever printed. Mr. Andrew Tuer sent a collection of horn-books in which our ancestors learnt their A B C; not the least interesting of which was one of gingerbread, and the old wooden mould from which it was made. In addition to these was a contemporary manuscript of Wiclif's New Testament.

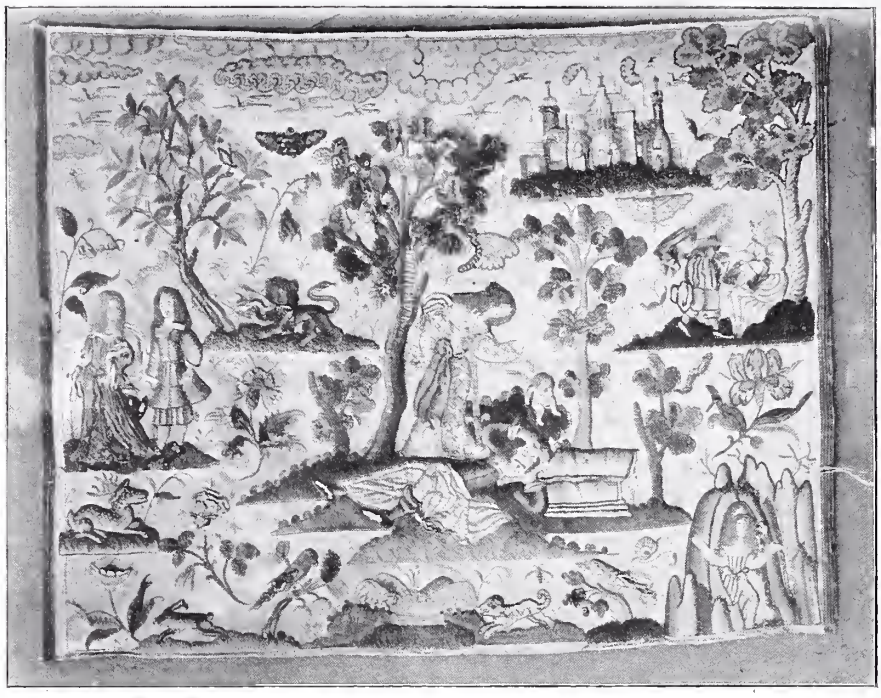


Royal Copenhagen Porcelain.

Every winter season brings round Messrs. Howell and James's welcome exhibition of ancient Italian, Spanish, and other hand embroideries and laces. Visitors to the exhibition will have remarked a most interesting piece of embroidery of the time of Charles I. (illustrated overleaf), which evidently relates a thrilling story, the clue to which is unfortunately lost. The interest in the execution of the work remains, however, and

as parts of it are still unfinished, one is able to perceive how very carefully the work was carried out, the greatest nicety being observed in the drawing of the faces and heads. The figures are all padded, and very variously and delicately worked; special attention seems to have been given to the hair, which is dressed in the elaborate style of the period. The upper leaves of the tree are loose, and can be turned back, revealing other leaves in flat work beneath. The ladies' dresses are similarly treated, and also the mantle of one lady, who has apparently been attacked by a bland and happy-faced lion, who holds a portion of the garment which he has torn away still in his grasp.

The ecclesiastical vestments were magnificent: there was a complete set in silver tissue, embroidered in gold, Italian work dating from the seventeenth century, which was beautiful, and the Spanish vestments were very gorgeous in colouring.



Panel of Charles I. Embroidery.
(Messrs. Howell & James.)

An Italian net bedspread attracted my attention; it was arranged in twelve divisions, each division representing a different subject, most of them being Scriptural. Other specimens of this net were shown worked with quaint animals and figures. Samplers were exhibited, some very finely executed, and all had curious verses or mottoes on them.

A unique nursery wall-paper has been designed by Mr. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., which doubtless will be greatly appreciated by the young people, as it represents the well-known history of Robinson Crusoe. The several pictures are cleverly intermixed with growing palms and vines, and they show Crusoe in his familiar and picturesque costumes of skins in various episodes of his eventful career. The animal life of the island is freely portrayed in the serpents, monkeys, etc., which accompany and diversify the other illustrations. The paper is intended to be printed in natural colours on a cream ground, though Messrs. Hayward will probably have it also reproduced in a single colour. The original drawing of this was exhibited at the R.W.S. Gallery last December.



Wall-paper designed by F. Brewtnall, R.W.S.
(Messrs. Hayward & Son.)

Those who wish to see good examples of modern English handicraft should visit the show-rooms, in Maddox Street, of Mr. Montague Fordham, M.A.Cantab. These rooms have only recently been opened, and from time to time Mr. Fordham intends having special exhibitions. During the present month (February) there is one for shagreen and silver-point work; but besides this, other work of different kinds is always on view, executed by well-known artists and craftsmen. Mr. H. Wilson's jewellery is always interesting, his designs are uncommon, and the workmanship admirable. Some pretty bead necklaces were made by Miss May Morris, whose work we again find in a handsome embroidered portière designed by the late William Morris. In the book-bindings are to be seen specimens by Mr. Cobden-Saunderson and also Mr. Douglas Cockerell, and some excellent bindings in white vellum are by Miss Adams, who has also successfully executed some cheaper bindings in coloured linen and half-vellum.

E. F. V



The Holy Women at the Sepulchre. By Jan Van Eyck.
From the picture in the collection of Sir Francis Cook.

EARLY FLEMISH ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE assemblage of works which goes to form the winter exhibition at the New Gallery would at any time be of exceptional interest; at the present moment, moreover, it is particularly welcome. The student has here the opportunity to trace the art of Van Dyck backward to some of its native sources, immediate and remote, and, less satisfactorily because for the most part the connecting links are absent, to note the mark left by his elegance, his suavity, his distinction, upon later British portraiture.

The West Room is devoted to examples by early Flemish and Netherland painters. We are divided from them not merely by centuries of time, but by that cloud of mysticism which to a greater or lesser extent wrapped them round. We can see how the uniform gold background, once deemed unalterable, melted away, in the work of a Jan Van Eyck for instance, to give place to a sweetly-painted landscape, exquisite, miniature-like in its details; or, following upon the abandonment of earlier conventions, upon the direct study of the human form and of surrounding objects, how new life was infused into art. Most of the famous masters of the school are represented, or at any rate works attributed to them are to be found. Whether or no 'The Holy Women at the Sepulchre' be finally allowed to Jan Van Eyck matters relatively little: the potency of its appeal remains. By the courtesy of Sir Francis Cook it is here reproduced, but fully to appreciate its beauty—the angel seated on the tomb, the Virgin and the two Marys to the left, their heads swathed in white, the green Mount of Olives, and firmly painted houses and towers of a supposed Jerusalem—the original must be seen. Of many reputed Hans Memlincs, Mr. Bodley's 'Virgin and Child with Saints' possesses perhaps the fullest measure of charm. It is a good example of the way in which, despite the strong wave of realism, these masters contrived to give an atmosphere of remoteness from common things to their religious compositions.

The North Room is given up almost entirely to Rubens, and here it is not the large subject pictures like 'Daniel in the Den of Lions,' and 'Diana and her Nymphs,' before which we linger, but before the one or two landscapes, quietly, strongly built up, with genuine atmosphere in them, or before that altogether delightful series of sketches, only here and there touched with colour, illustrative of Achilles' heroic doings. In the little South Room are some excellent portraits by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, and Raeburn, two familiar canvases of Turner—'Newark Abbey,' and 'Walton Bridges'—and the deep-toned, lovely 'Lake Nemi,' of Richard Wilson.

FRANK RINDER.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WE have at last a completely satisfactory book on Rossetti. The volume published by Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons under the title "DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, an Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life," by H. C. Marillier, in every way fulfils the high expectation which had been formed of this new writer's capabilities. Mr. Marillier has been supported by the intimate personal and expert knowledge of Mr. Fairfax Murray, the former pupil of Rossetti, and one of the finest judges of art in the world. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has also given the writer ample information on points of family history, and of the production of the pictures. In addition to these advantages Mr. Marillier brings to his task an unbiassed mind on matters of opinion respecting the origin of the pre-Raphaelite movement; and having also full knowledge of what is best adapted for reproduction in black and white, he has been able to send out a volume which, in illustrations as well as text, is singularly free from blemishes.



Proserpine. By Rossetti. From Mr. Marillier's "Life."

Again Mr. Marillier has broken down the long-established prejudice of Mr. George Rae, of Birkenhead, to permit his Rossetti's to be reproduced, and as that collection is now the only fairly complete one (besides Mr. Fairfax Murray's, which has been more recently gathered), the illustrations from it alone would have been enough to ensure the success of the volume.

Rossetti's influence may be still a question for discussion—at the present time there is not a well-known painter of high rank who is indebted to him for inspiration—but as to his position as an artist of the greatest genius, there can be no doubt. Rossetti's imagination often prompted compositions of a weird character, such as the classically trained critics of the middle of the century strenuously condemned; but it is the ordinary fate of the man who makes a path for himself, finding no one before him, and following no man's lead, to be misunderstood and scorned—so Rossetti was not too seriously worried by what the outside world said of him. But like every true artist he was grateful for intelligent appreciation, and from the first there was a group of fairly wealthy collectors who warmly welcomed every work he completed. Mr. Leathart—for whom 'Paola and Francesca,' the finest of Rossetti's smaller pictures, was painted (see THE ART JOURNAL for 1896, p. 133)—was an early and consistent "patron." Mr. George Rae was another, Mr. Leyland, Lord Battersea, Mr. Anderson Rose, Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., Mr. Ionides, and Mr. Heaton, all these were men who willingly became possessors of Rossetti's works, and all at sums which appearing fair at the time, have been proved by subsequent events to be only a portion of their ultimate money value.

Mr. Marillier, by this first-rate volume, has placed himself in the front rank of our art writers—sympathetic, resourceful, and entertaining—and a ready audience is provided for any other book he will afterwards undertake.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse as a writer on art is always interesting, and his literary style adds greatly to his success. "BRITISH CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS" (Heinemann) deals with the painters of England of the most renown at the end of the century. Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Watts, Tadema, Orchardson, and Poynter, are names to conjure with in the present generation, and a quarto book of 250 pages, and half as many good illustrations, embraces a combination irresistible to the art-book lover. Mr. Monkhouse speaks of Mr. Whistler in his introduction to this volume, doing so with point and knowledge; and it is to be hoped he is preparing a serious essay on the master of the Butterfly.

VAN DYCK AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

EACH of the three great Exhibitions which within the last twelve years have successively served to enhance the glory of the great master whom, not less than his native Flanders, Italy, and then England, delighted to honour, has had its distinctive features. The remarkable display of his works which was brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887 showed several masterpieces which one had hoped, but hoped in vain, to see again on the present occasion. There the beautiful 'Balbi Children' from Panshanger might be compared with the deliciously naïve 'Marchesa Balbi' from Dorchester House; the portrait-group 'Lords John and Bernard Stuart,' from the same renowned collection, might be seen with the different and not less original version from Cobham, now at the Royal Academy. There, too, from the same treasure-house of fine pictures, was the resplendent, if in a certain way unrefined, 'Rachel, Countess of Southampton, as Fortune,' a triumph in the painting of masses of radiant blue in full light, and, as such, a crushing contradiction of Sir Joshua Reynolds's dictum on this point of technique, recorded nearly a century and a-half before the Discourses were pronounced. On the same occasion, Warwick Castle contributed the fine 'Marchesa Brignole-Sale with her Child,' which has not reappeared either at Antwerp or in London.

The recent Memorial Exhibition at Antwerp was—to put aside for the moment the pictures common to all three Exhibitions—especially strong in two points. It served to exhibit, as it has never been exhibited before, the extraordinary fire and the extraordinary accomplishment of Van Dyck in that period when, first under the vivifying rays, then under the more immediate influence, of Rubens, he forced his way to the front rank, even before youth had merged into early manhood. Then there was to be noted the unique feature—too little appreciated by the worshippers of the master on this side of the water—that the student had for the first time the opportunity of studying the sacred art of our painter in its *ensemble*. There were to be found in the Antwerp galleries the earliest efforts: the 'Calvary' painted in 1617, when the artist was a youth of eighteen; the 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar from Saventhem,' which some modern critics have on insufficient grounds tried to place in a later period of Van Dyck's career. Then we had the great series of altar-pieces carried out for Antwerp, Ghent, Malines, Courtrai, and other cities of Flanders during the second Flemish period, including all those now in the Antwerp museum. These, beyond question, show in feeling a descent from the irresistible fire of the first Antwerp time to the studied rhetoric, the dramatic pathos, too obviously and deliberately aimed at, which characterizes the art fostered during the seventeenth century by the Society of Jesus. The Jesuit art of Bologna, rather than the rich, luminous art of Venice in the preceding century, has here been the source of inspiration. The finest of these never wholly sympathetic or convincing works are the 'Ecstasy of St. Augustine,' painted in 1628, and the 'Pietà,' painted in 1634, for the Abbé Scaglia, when Van Dyck, returning to breathe for a space the air of his native city, exchanged the pleasant exile of the English Court for a more healthful and stimulating art-centre. Another great success for the organizers of the Antwerp Exhibition was that of having obtained from the Czar of all the Russias the loan of his most precious Van Dyck, the beautiful 'Philip, Lord Wharton' (reproduced here), which left England, with the rest of the Walpole collection, in 1779.



Portrait of Philip, Lord Wharton. By Van Dyck.
In the collection of His Imperial Majesty the Czar.
Reproduced from the photogravure published by the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

A still greater triumph is it, however, to be counted to the Royal Academicians that they have secured the picture from the Czar for the winter months, which are precisely those during which the Russian capital is most frequented. They have done well for this reason, but above all, on

account of its incomparable beauty, its unsurpassed artistic excellence, to accord to this returned kinsman, who dwells but a short time among us, the place of honour in the whole Exhibition. It is here, if anywhere, that the Van Dyck Exhibition of 1900, at Burlington House, triumphs over that of 1887 at the Grosvenor Gallery. Windsor Castle has, moreover, given more liberally of its treasures, and we may contemplate in the great gallery, among many other things of price, the divine 'Beatrice de Cusance, Princesse de Cante-Croix (or Cantecroy),' painted at Antwerp in that wonderfully fruitful year 1634. The very curious 'Madonna and Child, with the Abbé Scaglia as Donor,' lent by Lady de Rothschild, was not, unless the writer's memory is at fault, in either of the preceding Van Dyck Exhibitions. It will astonish, by its curious failure to suggest in the Divine personages even the dramatic assumption of sacred passion, while it will charm by the beauty and purity of the colour, in what may be called a blonde key, as by the admirable presentment of the Abbé Scaglia, who appears here not less fitly in the part of the ardently worshipping donor than he does in the Dorchester House full-length, in his own proper *rôle*, that of the subtle and reserved Churchman. Another special feature of the present display is the Duke of Buccleuch's great collection of *grisailles*, done after Van Dyck's portraits for the guidance of the engraver—in some instances by the master himself, but in the majority of cases by pupils. Yet another novelty, and a most welcome one, is the exquisite group of drawings lent by H.M. the King of Italy, from his cabinet in the Royal Library at Turin. These have been allowed to appear in London after having been seen at Antwerp last autumn.

To illustrate the period of fiery youth, but already of surprising maturity, when Van Dyck developed a creative power in sacred art, not equalled in those later days when the technique had become more consummate, and the mode of conception more conventional, we have some altar-pieces and some portraits, but not so significant or so comprehensive a show as that of Antwerp. Sir Francis Cook's magnificent 'Betrayal of Christ' reveals to the world a painter who is already a master, and one of extraordinary daring and certainty, too, in the use of his brush. Let it be borne in mind that when this wonderful night-piece was painted Van Dyck cannot have been more than twenty-one or twenty-two, and that at the date of its appearance, Rembrandt was a boy of sixteen. The rush, the passion, the horror of the scene have hardly ever been more overwhelmingly realised. In the face of the sorrowing quiescent Christ, Who sees and forgives already what is to come, a height is reached at which the artist will in the future be unable to sustain himself. Sir Francis Cook's picture is the finished sketch for the vast 'Prendimiento' in the Prado Gallery at Madrid—the canvas which, conscious of its worth, Van Dyck presented to his master and friend, Rubens, on the eve of his departure for Italy. Lord Methuen's somewhat smaller, yet still gigantic, picture at Burlington House is yet another original



Portrait of Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale. By Van Dyck.
In the Palazzo Rosso Gallery, Genoa.

version of the same subject, simplified and generally reconsidered, but painted with hardly any abatement of energy. It is in studying such works as these, and the two versions of the 'Mocking of Christ,' at Berlin and Madrid, and again, the 'Brazen Serpent,' which, under the name and with the signature of Rubens, is also in the world-famous gallery of the Spanish capital, that one acquires the conviction that young Dyck had a large share in such well-known works of his master as the 'Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee,' at the Hermitage; the 'Raising of Lazarus,' of Berlin; the 'Last Supper,' of the Brera, and the whole vast series of decorative canvases, which, in the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna, are collectively named 'The History of Decius Mus.' The curious 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' at the Royal Academy, belongs, as a whole, to this early period; but the figure of the protomartyr appealing to Heaven in the moment of his death agony, in a fashion far too artificially and self-consciously dramatic, looks very much as if it had been repainted by Van Dyck after his return from Italy, and just about the time (1628) when he painted the remarkable 'Ecstasy of St. Augustine,' a *grisaille* reduction of which—too mechanical, surely, to be from his own hand—is in the present Exhibition. Among the portraits of this early period we have nothing as emphatic in Flemish exuberance as the 'Burgomaster (?),' lent by Madame Edouard André to Antwerp; nothing quite as distinguished in its mixture of force and melancholy gravity as the 'Van der Gheest,' of the National Gallery; or the 'Snyders and his Wife,' of Cassel. The subtle refinement which, from the beginning, was more deeply rooted in the young Fleming's nature than this nervous force, of which he made a *bravura* display in his first sacred pieces, is well shown in the 'Portrait of the Artist' lent by the Duke of Grafton. As a memorial of what Van Dyck was at this moment, when, still a youth, he had already achieved fame, this auto-portrait is invaluable. It takes at least equal rank, as a painting, with the more realistic portrait of the same period at St. Petersburg and the more sedate portrait at Munich, which may date just a little later; as a document it is more important than either of these works. The ardent, voluptuous, yet naturally aristocratic and fastidious, nature of the man and the artist is here with charming candour revealed. We are made to understand the fierce blaze of passion in these first years, the exaggeration, sometimes, of a virility, striving to go beyond the healthful force of Rubens; we understand, too, the comparative calm in the later years of this too-short life, the natural affinity for what is noble and gracious, the total abandonment of this strenuous realism, and with it the acceptance of certain dignified and artificial formulæ, more particularly in sacred art, but in a great measure also in portraiture. Other canvases of this pre-Italian time in the Exhibition are the far from satisfactory or convincing 'Snyders with his Wife and Child' and the marvellously graceful and refined 'Lady and Child,' contributed by Lord Brownlow. In this last piece we find our master, even before he starts on the grand tour which is to mature and, in a great measure, to transform his art, well prepared to receive the influence of the august and gracious masters of the Italian Cinquecento. In such works, evidently painted in Italy, as the 'Christ healing the Lame Man,' of Buckingham Palace, and the 'Cristo della Moneta,' of the Palazzo Bianco at Genoa, struggle is to be detected between the more downright realism of the Fleming Rubens and the more noble and suave realism of the Venetian Titian. The things at Burlington House of which we may assume that they were actually painted in Italy are exclusively portraits. The sacred works which bear indelibly stamped upon them the influence of Titian were, for all that, as to the vast majority of them, painted after the return to Flanders. We may, however, believe that such avowedly Venetian and Titianesque Madonnas as those in the Schönborn Gallery, at Vienna, and the Alte Pinakothek of Munich, were actually produced not only under an Italian influence,



Portrait of Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale. By Van Dyck. In the collection of the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.

but in an Italian atmosphere. A superb *portrait d'apparat*, to which must nevertheless be denied a place in the front rank of the Genoese pictures, is the 'Andrea Spinola, Doge of Genoa,' lent by Captain Heywood-Lonsdale. It is magnificently decorative, and the sitter is really distinguished as well as dignified according to the official standard; yet the work as a whole is curiously lacking in vitality and character. How different it is in this respect from the extraordinarily subtle, as well as sumptuous, 'Cardinal Bentivoglio' of the Pitti Palace!

The much-injured full-length 'Marchese di Spinola,' lent by the Earl of Hopetoun, represents in the true Italian spirit a most gracious and sympathetic personage. This is, indeed, one of Van Dyck's most wonderful qualities: to have interpreted the finer side of the Italian nature as an Italian, not of his own time, but of the Cinque-cento at its climax would have done; to have remained himself while allowing the finely human, and therefore ennobling, influences of Venice to envelop him. No Netherlander ever approached as near to the true spirit of Italian Art, though many have been more slavishly imitative of its outward appearances. No Italian of Van Dyck's own day equalled him on this ground, or presented the nobles of Genoa and Rome with such unaffected dignity or an aristocratic charm so little self-assertive. The delicious 'Marchesa Balbi' from Dorchester House is one of the most distinctive of Van Dyck's creations. Rarely, indeed, have the *naïveté* and freshness of youth, the astonished delight in life, been combined with so perfect and unforced a distinction. Less full of character and suppressed buoyancy, but, as an example of Van Dyck's brush-power and sombre glow of gem-like colour, unsurpassed among the works of the Italian period, is the Duke of Abercorn's 'Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale,' so closely resembling in general design the better-known portrait in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa, and yet, when the two are compared, as they may now be in these pages, so unlike. In the splendid picture from Hampden House the head of the fair Genoese is just a little sacrificed, but the harmony made by the tawny red of the hangings with the warm white of the heavy satin robe, made heavier still by its load of golden trimmings, is one of the finest in art. The colour-harmonies of Antwerp and Venice here meet on equal terms and coalesce. Sir Joshua Reynolds delighted in this combination of warm white and gold, and rendered it to perfection in some of his most famous portraits. Gainsborough has made it his own in the full-length 'Queen Charlotte' at Buckingham Palace. Her robe is naturally not the stately, ponderous one worn by the Genoese *grande dame*, but a costume of fairy-like lightness and elegance, which almost makes good King George's homely consort look beautiful. The Paola Adorno of the Palazzo Rosso wears a dark-blue dress of solemn fashion and a magnificence equal to that of the costume in the Duke of Abercorn's picture. The version preserved at Genoa is, in arrangement, rather the finer picture of the two; its stately background of column and arch gives to it still more markedly the character of the state portrait. And, then, there is a winning charm, a certain wistfulness in the face, which the Hampden House version lacks. The latter is, on the other hand, infinitely superior to the Genoese picture in preservation, as in the transparency and sovereign beauty of the colour. The whispered tale which connects the names of Van Dyck, the *pittor cavallesco*, and this slender patrician of the great sea-city, weighed down like a lily by her state and her adornments, has, it would appear, no serious foundation in fact. May one not venture at this distance of time to call, if not true, at any rate *ben trovato*, the sentimental legend which wove round the charming pair light, flower-like bonds that needed no breaking, since of themselves they would drop asunder?



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

Portraits of Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carew. By Van Dyck. In the collection of H.M. the Queen, at Windsor Castle.

The return from Italy to Antwerp, the precise date of which, between 1626 and 1628, has not yet been fixed, did not immediately metamorphose Van Dyck's style into that which may be conveniently designated as the manner of the second Flemish period. But gradually Rubens regained something of his sway, dividing the empire over the younger master with Titian, whom he himself as ardently worshipped as did his disciple. At the same time there was made manifest in the great altar-pieces, of which the 'Ecstasy of St. Augustine' was the first and by far the finest, an influence coming neither from Titian nor from Rubens, but—to repeat what has already been pointed out—from Guido Reni and the Bolognese.

On the borderland still of Italian period, if not, indeed, absolutely

within it, are two magnificent pictures from the gallery at Stafford House: the half-length 'Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel,' and the curiously misnamed 'Portrait of an Artist.' The latter would stand well even beside the finest productions of Titian, whose noble realism and human warmth it emulates. This picture, so significant in conception, so novel and expressive in attitude, is an exception in the life-work of Van Dyck. He cannot always compose even a single figure as well as this one here; but when he takes the trouble to penetrate below the surface, and to thoroughly understand his personage, the composition comes of itself, filling the canvas as finely as it expresses the character. As instances of this distinction let there be taken in the present Exhibition the 'Abbé Scaglia,' the 'Beatrice de Cusance,' the 'Killigrew and Carew,' of which the last two are reproduced here. Two figures are sometimes, but by no means always, harmoniously grouped; three or more hardly ever. Even the various 'Children of Charles I.,' with all their beauty of delicate handling and transparent colour, cannot, any of them, be cited as happy compositions. Van Dyck's most famous extant group, the great family picture of the Herberts, at Wilton House, is no exception, but, on the contrary, a crowning instance proving the writer's contention. Its component parts are admirable; its *ensemble* is something very like a failure. How monotonous and tiresome a frieze Van Dyck would have made out of the 'Procession of King Charles I. and the Knights of the Garter'—a portion of the proposed mural decoration of the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall—is proved by the curious and instructive *grisaille* design contributed to the Exhibition by the Duke of Rutland. The sacred art of the second Flemish period, so stilted and over-deliberate in its effect of pathos as compared with that of the time of earlier youth already touched upon, is not particularly well illustrated at the Royal Academy. The Duke of Buccleuch's 'Holy Family' is but a heavy, lifeless copy of the well-known original in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich. The 'Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine,' from Buckingham Palace, is fine and pure in quality but strangely perfunctory and uninteresting, save for that conventional dignity of conception which never deserts Van Dyck; and the same description may suffice for Lord Methuen's not less genuine but not more attractive 'Charity.' There is in the Great Gallery one commanding example of this period showing our master technically at his very best, that is as a colourist saturated with Venetian example, and yet at the bottom of it all still a Fleming. This is the great 'Rinaldo and Armida,' contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, of which we may safely assume that it is the work ordered by Charles I., in 1629, through Endymion Porter. Yet, if the picture be taken as something more than a glorious exercise in the combination of Titian's mode with that of Paolo Veronese, it must be pronounced disappointing. Through all its beauty and magnificence there pierces something too



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

Portrait of Beatrice de Cusance, Princesse de Cante-Croix. By Van Dyck.
In the collection of H.M. the Queen, at Windsor Castle.

heavy and too Flemish—something that in the supremely distinguished portraits is never felt. As the very essence of a great Venetian picture of this class, whether it be consciously poetic or mainly decorative—whether it be a Giorgione, a Titian, a Tintoretto, or even that more dazzling, yet less exquisite thing, a Bonifazio Primo, or a Paolo Veronese—there radiates from within not only colour-glow but heart-glow.

The weak spot in this, the latest display of Van Dyck's work, is its almost entire lack of great portraits belonging to this second Flemish time, which preceded the definitive migration to England—of portraits like 'Maria-Luisa de Tassis,' of the Liechtenstein collection; the companion full-length groups in the Louvre, with more than a tinge still in them of the Italian manner; the noble equestrian figure of François de Moncade, Marquis d'Aytona, in the same gallery; the unrivalled series of full-lengths, including those of the Duc and Duchesse de Croy, in the Alte Pinakothek; the Cassel pictures, and many others that might be enumerated. It might be said that England is unusually poor in this class of Van Dycks, were it not that the Wallace Collection contains, besides a very pleasing three-quarter length erroneously called 'The Wife of Cornelius de Vos,' his acknowledged masterpieces in this style, the companion full-length portraits, 'Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravel,' and 'The Wife of Philippe le Roy.' Still there is to be found in the Burlington House collection at least one work of this time of conspicuous excellence. This is, it need hardly be said, the 'Portrait of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia,' lent by the Earl of Hopetoun. For strength and grimness of characterization, for uncompromising realism, for monachal severity, this particular portrait stands alone in the *œuvre* of Van Dyck; and the steel-grey harmony of the picture, into which not one positive note of colour has been allowed to penetrate, expresses to perfection the painter's idea. Remembering, even, the very fine portrait of Philip II.'s daughter, in the Turin Gallery—much warmer in tone than this one—the writer is still inclined to accept Lord Hopetoun's picture as quite the best of a very numerous series. It is of the most profound interest to contrast it with the picture of the same princess by Sanchez Coello, at the Prado, in which she shows in the bloom of girlhood, her buoyant youth set off by adornments in the richest style of the late Cinque-cento. It will be seen presently that the Burlington House collection, so poor, as we have just pointed out, in the portraits of the second Flemish time, is, on the contrary, wonderfully rich in pictures belonging to the period of our master's temporary return from King Charles's Court to Antwerp.

The English period is naturally that which is best known over here, and, therefore, the one in connection with which there is least that is new to be said. It has been hastily, and quite erroneously, laid down in certain quarters that this period betrays in the master, who was still in the earlier prime of life, a state of artistic decadence and exhaustion. True, there is no longer the headlong dash, the passion, of his first time of storm and stress, or the dignified reserve and finely-tempered splendour of the years spent in Italy. All the same, as a master of his craft, as the delineator of the race which had its own sympathetic charm and its own ultra-refined elegance, he shone in those years with a light not only undimmed, but in truth intensified. A mass of tiresome, perfunctory, lifeless work has, through his own fault, passed—as, indeed, with the majority it still passes—for his; and there are many well-authenticated portraits, too, which betray the weariness of spirit, the disinclination to grapple with a subject from the higher and less obvious point of view, which is the penalty paid for a too great popularity by the artist about whom fashion fastens its close and stifling folds. Have we not seen how in England it enervates and kills; how even talent of the highest order, like that of Reynolds, of Lawrence, of Millais, cannot pass untarnished through such an ordeal? When, however, Van Dyck was stimulated by his subject, and nerved to penetrate below its mere externals, he proved himself more accomplished, more truly a master than ever.

There is no need to cast about us for instances when we have here the 'Philip, Lord Wharton,' the 'Princesse de Phalsbourg,' the 'Beatrice de Cusance,' the 'Abbé Scaglia'; when we remember his masterpiece as a magician of the brush, the 'Children of Charles I.,' in the Turin Gallery.

What the French critic would describe as *le clou de l'exposition* is unquestionably the beautiful 'Philip, Lord Wharton,' as to which a word has already been said. The *vox populi* is here wholly in accord with the verdict of the instructed connoisseur; the artist who, as the painter of aristocratic youth in its bloom, was only surpassed by the great Venetians of the early sixteenth century, never quite equalled this picture, in which Nature had provided him with a model of faultless, yet, even in youthful freshness and harmonious perfection, perfectly virile beauty. The writer in giving this as his opinion is not unmindful of such great pieces as the 'Lords John and Bernard Stuart,' from Cobham; the 'Earl of Bristol and Earl of Bedford,' from Althorp; or the 'Prince Maurice and Prince Rupert,' in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. It is just a little chilling to be reminded that this perfect model of youthful cavaliers, who might *a priori* have been expected to glow with an ardent passion for the cause of the Stuart King, was later a staunch Puritan, and that in the Parliament of 1640 he came forward as one of the strongest partisans of the Commonwealth. Still, it affords some consolation to think that young Lord Wharton must, all the same, have been up to that time an intimate friend of the King and Queen. In that well-known and often-quoted bill or reminder, delivered to King Charles in 1638 or 1639 by his favourite painter, we find, among others, these two entries, so suggestive that they may be allowed to speak for themselves: "Le roi en armes, donné au Baron Warto," and "La Reyne au dit Baron." These very pictures, together with the much finer 'Philip, Lord Wharton,' were acquired by Sir Robert Walpole (Earl of Orford) from the Duke of Wharton, together with a number of family Van Dycks, and are now, with the rest of the Houghton Hall collection, in the Hermitage. The great Windsor examples of the English time are too well known to need any new description. We have not at the Academy the 'Charles I. on Horse-back,' or the 'King and Queen with Two Children,' which date, both of them, from the year of our painter's arrival, 1632; or the 'Charles I. in Three Positions,' or again, those two marvels of incisive realism, 'The Queen in Full-face' and 'The Queen in Profile,' supposed to have been painted for the use of Bernini. We have, *en revanche*, the 'Three Children of Charles I.' (reproduced opposite), the infinitely inferior 'Five Children of Charles I.,' and the 'George and Francis Villiers.' To the pathetic beauty of this last-named piece the heroic death of the younger brother, the strange adventures and the bitter-sweet verses of the elder, add a most poignant charm. We have ready to hand in the Great Gallery at Burlington House the most convincing proof that the year 1634 was among

the most fruitful of Van Dyck's great career, marking as it did the highest point of his accomplishment as a craftsman. Returning at that time from England to renew his connection with Antwerp and its artistic *milieu*, shaking off, for the time being, the enervating influences of the Court and with them the overpowering mass of routine work under which his genius halted and paled, he derived new force and freshness from the loving embrace of his mother-city. He placed the exquisiteness of his English manner at the service of new personages and new subjects. He invented for each new portrait a new formula, instead of being content to adopt the old ones with as little alteration as might be. The 'Abbé Scaglia,' of which a vastly inferior repetition is in the Antwerp Gallery, is a triumph of significant composition and of complete realisation, seemingly effortless in its perfection. The subtle Churchman, frail in body and wholly lacking in physical energy, yet dominates the spectator in virtue of his intellectual vitality. It is he who at the same period ordered for the Church of the Récollets, at Antwerp, the famous 'Pietà,' which, in the beauty of its colour-scheme—azure and silver dashed with gold and black—surpasses all Van Dyck's later works of the same class. Doubtless he commissioned, too, at this stage the 'Virgin and Child, with a Donor' (Lady de Rothschild), which has already been described. Another work of the same time, the 'Henrietta of Phalsburg, Princess of Lorraine,' is furnished with the full signature and the date 1634. Here we have for once a woman frankly and prosaically ugly, yet of sedate dignity and absolute distinction. The painting is of the very highest quality, the colour superb in separate passages, but not such as to afford in its elements a scheme of perfect concentration and unity. And now the incomparable 'Beatrice de Cusance' claims our attention in a pose invented for this woman and no other. She combines the stateliness of the *grande dame* with a measure of conscious allurement, not unmingled, as the spectator is indefinably made to feel, with a touch of scorn. This is the most beautiful portrait of a woman that we owe to Van Dyck, as the 'Marchesa Balbi' is the most enchantingly fresh, the most pathetic in its overflow of youthful joyousness. The 'Queen Henrietta Maria,' lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne, showing the half-French, half-Medicean Princess in white satin, with cherry-coloured ribbons, is finer even than the similar picture at Windsor; it stands beyond any kind of comparison with Lord Wantage's example of the same type here exhibited. This is in execution the very perfection of the English manner, with its flower-like beauty of touch. If any evidence were desired that Van Dyck retained in the last years of his short life all his wealth of sympathy with certain natures akin to his own, all his firmness and mastery of execution, we need only turn to the 'Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carew,' which, if we may trust to the signature, belongs to the year 1638. Here, because he is interested in his delightful subject, he can compose, as he is but rarely able to do—he can bind his figures together intellectually and dramatically as well as pictorially. Van Dyck is essentially—remembering even the Genoese portraits, and the 'Maria-Luisa de Tassis,' and even the 'Beatrice de Cusance'—the painter of men. Above all, he is the painter of men in the bud or the flower of manhood, in whom an element of the feminine subtly leavens, without impairing, a noble virility, the nobler because it is lightly and unostentatiously worn.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

Portrait of Three Children of King Charles I. By Van Dyck.
In the collection of H.M. The Queen, at Windsor Castle.



The Rt. Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes.



H.M. The Queen.



Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

From the drawings by William Nicholson from "Twelve Portraits" (Heinemann).

WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND HIS WORK.



Mr. Wm. Nicholson.

YOUNG, very young, almost boyish is Mr. William Nicholson in appearance. Quiet in voice and action, unassuming and, I should say, sensitive, are some of his characteristics, which in these days of assertiveness and self-advertisement should be regarded as virtues. He does not seem to seek personal publicity; he would not materially benefit the personal paragrapher. No reference will be found in *Who's Who* concerning his career. No, he is one of those men who would prefer to be known to the world through their work. This being so, it would have been unbecoming of the writer to have attempted to overcome the prejudice, if you will thus describe it, which Mr. Nicholson possesses of preferring to talk about any other subject but himself. And it seems to me that, no matter what success may come this clever worker's way, he would still retain that delightful sangfroid which seems to dominate his personality. But we can be assured of this, that the somewhat sphinx-like expression masks a peculiarly sensitive temperament.

To refer to Mr. Nicholson's work. The posters produced by the Beggarstaff Bros. are doubtless familiar to the readers of this Journal. The Beggarstaff Bros. consisted of Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Pryde. His remarks on poster-work generally were very interesting. For instance, he mentioned that he, in collaboration with Mr. Pryde, would spend weeks conceiving and working out their ideas. The key-note of these posters appeared to be their simplicity. But has not Mr. Whistler somewhere said that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared," and that "the work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning."

It is undoubtedly true that those things which seem so simple when in their finished state have almost invariably involved the expenditure of much time and labour. And this is true of Mr. Nicholson's work. I gathered that Mr. Nicholson is not likely to make further essays in the domain of poster-work. He suggested that, under the present conditions, an artist cannot give the time and thought necessary to produce such schemes as the Beggarstaff Bros. were responsible for, and live. "I



Mr. William Nicholson.

From the pencil study by Miss M. Nicholson.



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "The Square Book of Animals" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "The Square Book of Animals" (Heinemann).

think a good poster is almost always an expensive luxury—to the artist, that is to say," were Mr. Nicholson's words. We need not, perhaps, go very deeply into this subject here. Many artists have in the past, and will probably continue to do so, regarded poster-work as a stepping-stone to higher things. Of course, much difference of opinion will exist as to what constitutes an effective poster. Between the posters produced by the Beggarstaff Bros. and the well-known Millais picture 'Bubbles,' concerning which there was a conflicting discussion recently, we have a wide range. Probably, whether the poster is really artistic or not troubles the advertiser very little. The question to the latter will almost invariably be, "Will it effect its purpose?" It is true that some advertisers talk as if they are desirous of making an advertisement hoarding a public picture-gallery. This certainly has not yet been achieved. But the public is long-suffering and kind. We will leave this interesting question to refer to Mr. Nicholson's other work. In three years he has succeeded in gaining a firm position in the world of art. His animal book, which was designed in 1896, was really his first work of the series by which, apart from his poster-work, he is known to fame. And it is not quite fair, as some critics have done, to judge it as his latest production.

Not so very long ago, it was considered that almost anything was good enough for a guide-book. Now we have eminent men of letters putting their hands to their pen to improve this class of work. Similarly with regard to animal books. An evolutionary process has been at work, to the advantage of the younger generation.

Mr. Nicholson has, in his "Square Book of Animals,"



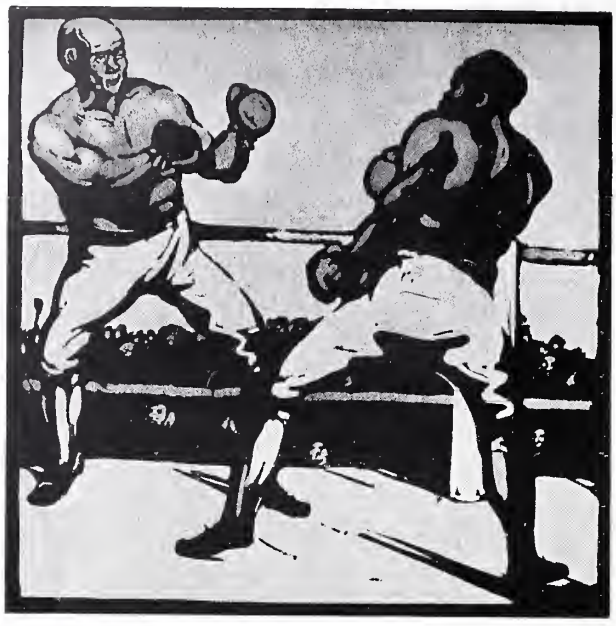
A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "The Square Book of Animals" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "The Square Book of Animals" (Heinemann).



'Coursing.' A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Almanac of Twelve Sports" (Heinemann).



'Boxing.' A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Almanac of Twelve Sports" (Heinemann).

given us the result of a visit to a farm-yard. Mr. Waugh, who furnishes the accompanying rhymes, has neatly expressed its purport thus:

"Friend, seek not here (to feed the mind)
Zoology's recondite feasts;
Here you will find but common, kind,
And unsophisticated beasts!

"Yet fresh the life of farm and grange
As that which o'er the ocean roams:
Take for a change a narrower range—
An English book for English homes!"

Artist and author have given us a very interesting volume, and, as has been remarked, it represents Mr. Nicholson's initial efforts, perhaps more correctly the first that have been published, although, as a matter of fact, they were really published subsequent to his later work. Apart from the intrinsic interest of the pictures in this animal book, it is therefore noteworthy. The pictures, by the way, are five inches square. Although some critics consider that Mr. Nicholson is more at home with portraiture, most people will find in these woodcuts much to admire. Most of the pictures are illuminated by means of judiciously applied dashes of colour. Probably the hypercritical critic would find fault with the Saturn-ring-like appearance of the eddies round the diving duck depicted in one of the pictures; fault also might possibly be found with the width of the back of the resting sheep. To some the Cock o' the North might be regarded as rather too colossal. Even assuming that these criticisms are just, the whole is a most interesting production. The goat, the cow, the bull-dog, and the swans, to mention a few, are all pleasing, and are reproduced on the previous page. We may be pardoned if we quote Mr. Waugh's reference to the Swan:

"All day she rules the pond from edge to edge,
Exerting Beauty's easy privilege;
Her world a mirror spread in each direction,
Where she reflects upon her own reflection."

In 1897, Mr. Nicholson produced the pictures for his "Almanac of Twelve Sports," the verses in this case being by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It was published as an Almanac for 1899. It consists of twelve coloured plates, each illustrating a sport for the month, the pictures being eight inches square; and the work, besides the popular edition, is also issued on Japanese vellum, and a few copies were printed direct from the original wood-blocks, hand-coloured and signed by the artist.



'Coaching.' A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Almanac of Twelve Sports" (Heinemann).

For January, we have a picture of a red-coated rider to hounds. For February, a coursing scene—which is given here—is depicted, with an exciting race between two fleet-footed greyhounds in the foreground. March is represented by a scene on the race-course. April gives us boating, in which a mounted coach in boating costume is superintending his crew. In the picture for May, we have a fair follower of Izaak Walton, portrayed whilst baiting her hook. June brings us cricket, and the artist has given a reminiscence of the days when cricket was played in top hats. We wonder how the players who wore these hats managed to keep them on! The next picture



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Alphabet" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Alphabet" (Heinemann).

is also a scene of olden days, the sport illustrated being archery. The next picture, representing August, is a striking piece of work and is reproduced opposite. Coaching is the sport, and the subject is admirably and inspiringly dealt with. Then come shooting, golf, boxing, and skating, for September, October, November, and December respectively. The whole is a charming series of unconventional pictures which, if framed, would be objects of interest on the walls of any sportsman's smoking-room, or, indeed, anywhere else. Tastes will differ, but many, doubtless, will give the palm to the picture of the four-in-hand. That of the series depict-



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Alphabet" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Alphabet" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "London Types" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "London Types" (Heinemann).

ing "the noble art of self-defence," of which we give a reproduction, is a realistic piece of work—a little too realistic possibly, for some tastes; and the coursing scene already referred to is certainly not one of the least striking of the series constituting this Almanac of Twelve Sports.

In 1897, Mr. Nicholson also produced "An Alphabet," consisting of twenty-six coloured plates, each illustrating a letter of the alphabet. Here, again, the popular edition is lithographed on cartridge paper. Because this book is described as an alphabet, it must not be thought that it is merely a child's book. It may be that; but it is also much more. It might be regarded as a companion volume to "London Types," which we will refer to a little later. Each letter is the initial letter of a type, such as A for Artist, in this case Mr. Nicholson himself; B for Beggar, C for Countess, and so on. Most of the characters depicted are men and women of a past generation; but the pictures are none the less interesting on that account. The portraits, which are about ten inches by eight inches, include, besides those referred to, a Dandy, an Earl, and an Idiot, a Quaker, a Robber, and a Villain. The whole constitutes a striking portrait gallery of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

In 1898, Mr. Nicholson prepared his striking series known as "London Types," the accompanying verses being by the distinguished critic and poet, Mr. W. E. Henley, of whose work Mr. Nicholson thinks very highly.

As the writer recently had the pleasure of referring to the work of Mr. C. Dana Gibson's London pictures in black-and-white, one can hardly avoid thinking of them when now referring to Mr. Nicholson's "London Types," not to compare them, but merely to note the wide range in the methods of artistic expression. In these "London Types" we have pictures of a bus driver, a guardsman, a hawker, a beefeater, a sandwich man, a coster, a lady, a bluecoat boy, a policeman, a newsboy, a drum-major, a flower-girl, and a barmaid. Three of these pictures are given on this page. Here, again, we have a notable gallery of bold, vigorous, and appealing portraits. One cannot but observe the improvement in technique when comparing them with Mr. Nicholson's Animal Book. The artist has certainly shown us that his art is capable of yielding effects which impress and charm. Wealth of detail is absent, but the portraits seem quite complete without it.



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "London Types" (Heinemann).

Next came the famous Twelve Portraits, seven of which originally appeared in *The New Review*, edited by W. E. Henley, who, as has been mentioned, wrote the verses accompanying Mr. Nicholson's "London Types." Many capable critics consider that, in these twelve portraits, Mr. Nicholson has, so far, produced some of his best work. The portraits depict: Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the



'Golfing.' A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Almanac of Twelve Sports" (Heinemann).



A drawing by William Nicholson.
From "An Alphabet" (Heinemann).

Prince of Wales, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Justice Hawkins (now Baron Brampton), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the late W. E. Gladstone, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Lord Roberts, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and the late Prince Bismarck. A notable galaxy! It will be agreed that the most prominent personages of this period have been included in these portraits. Most of these distinguished persons, Mr. Nicholson informed me, had favoured him with special sittings, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "the poet of the British Empire" as he has been called; Sir Henry Irving, and Lord Roberts, otherwise "Bobs," who is very prominent just now in taking the supreme command of the British forces at the Cape against the Boers. Mr. Nicholson likes to study his subjects unbeknown to themselves. For instance, in the case of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the artist studied him as he was in the pulpit.

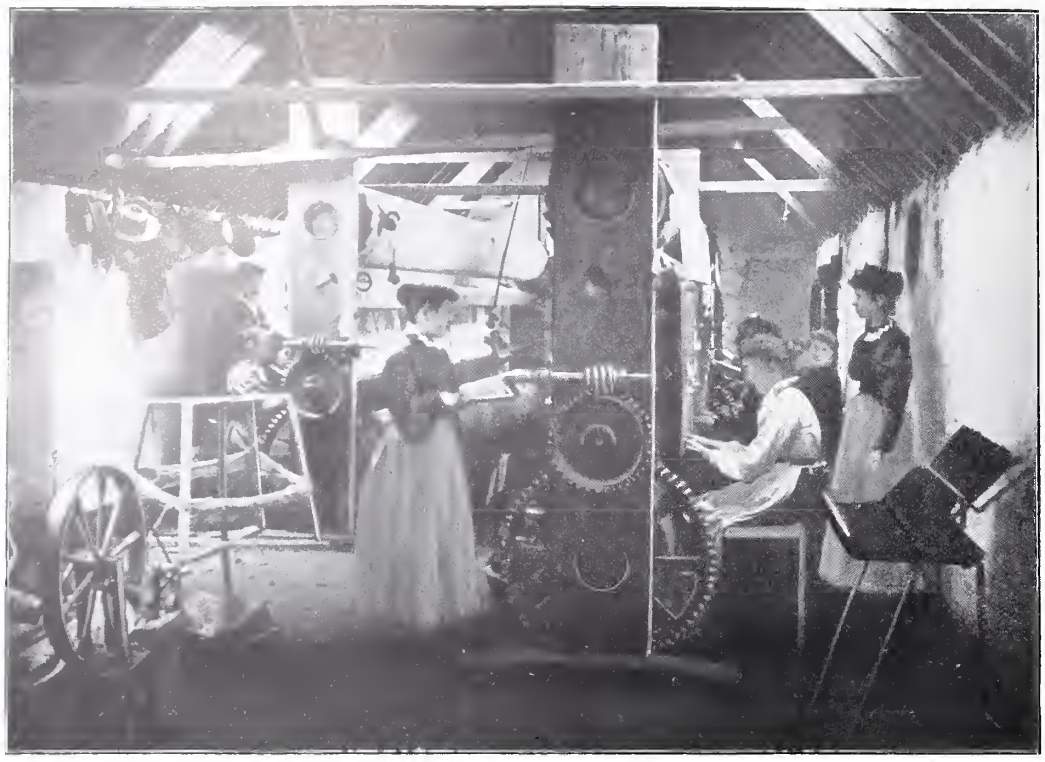
With reference to the portrait of the Queen, given in our headpiece, Mr. Nicholson remarked that he had simply depicted Her Majesty as most of her subjects would imagine her. He has endeavoured to give a convincing portrait. The piquancy of the pictures are enhanced by the skilful use of dashes of colour, and this, of course, is lost when they are reproduced in monochrome. The pictures have been published in a style altogether in keeping with the character of the work, and they have been issued at a very reasonable figure. Too much of the best artistic work is beyond the reach of the multitude. The Prince of Wales is depicted in the garb of a private gentleman. Bismarck, "the man of iron and of blood," is in profile, little more than head and shoulders being shown. The late W. E. Gladstone, in the evening of his days, is drawn in full figure, standing in front of his Hawarden residence, resting on a stick in his right hand, with a rug on his left arm. The Archbishop of Canterbury, dressed in his robes, is a head and shoulder study. His rugged face is somewhat more complex in feature than his photographs depict him, and the characteristic smile is absent. "Bobs" is in full figure, standing in front of troops which he probably had been reviewing. We are given a side view of this great soldier's face. Cecil Rhodes, another very prominent figure just now, is a full-face head and shoulder portrait. Both these portraits will be found in our headpiece. Sir Henry Hawkins is depicted as a judge in his red robes, a front view of face being presented. Rudyard Kipling is a profile portrait, with his hands behind his back. Whistler is a full-length picture, the artist being in evening dress; and his eyeglass is there. The "divine Sarah" is another full-length portrait. She is about to take a constitutional. Sir Henry Irving's features are shown from a side view.

The artist has not attempted in any way to produce bizarre effects, but to depict the several personalities constituting the series, not with all the glory and tinsel of their office, but as men and women. It is not a very original remark to make that Mr. Nicholson is an artist who has "come," and there can be no doubt that these portraits have given permanency to his reputation.

When I asked Mr. Nicholson if he could point to any particular work which had influenced him, he replied that this was a difficult question to answer. "Things get on one's nerves," he remarked, "and it is frequently very difficult to say definitely what does influence one's work." Mr. Nicholson's methods seem rather the outcome of his own temperament and personality, and not a composite of other people's ideas. He could not say that he had any definite training, although he had been to schools. "I was always very lazy," he frankly confessed, "and one does not always care to reveal the past." Mr. Nicholson was a student in Paris some time, where it is said he did not make very much headway; although, perhaps, he learnt what to avoid. He certainly has not been inactive during the last three years.

In closing I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. William Heinemann, who has kindly permitted the reproductions accompanying this article to be used from his five publications illustrated by Mr. William Nicholson.

J. A. REID.



Carpet-Making in Donegal.

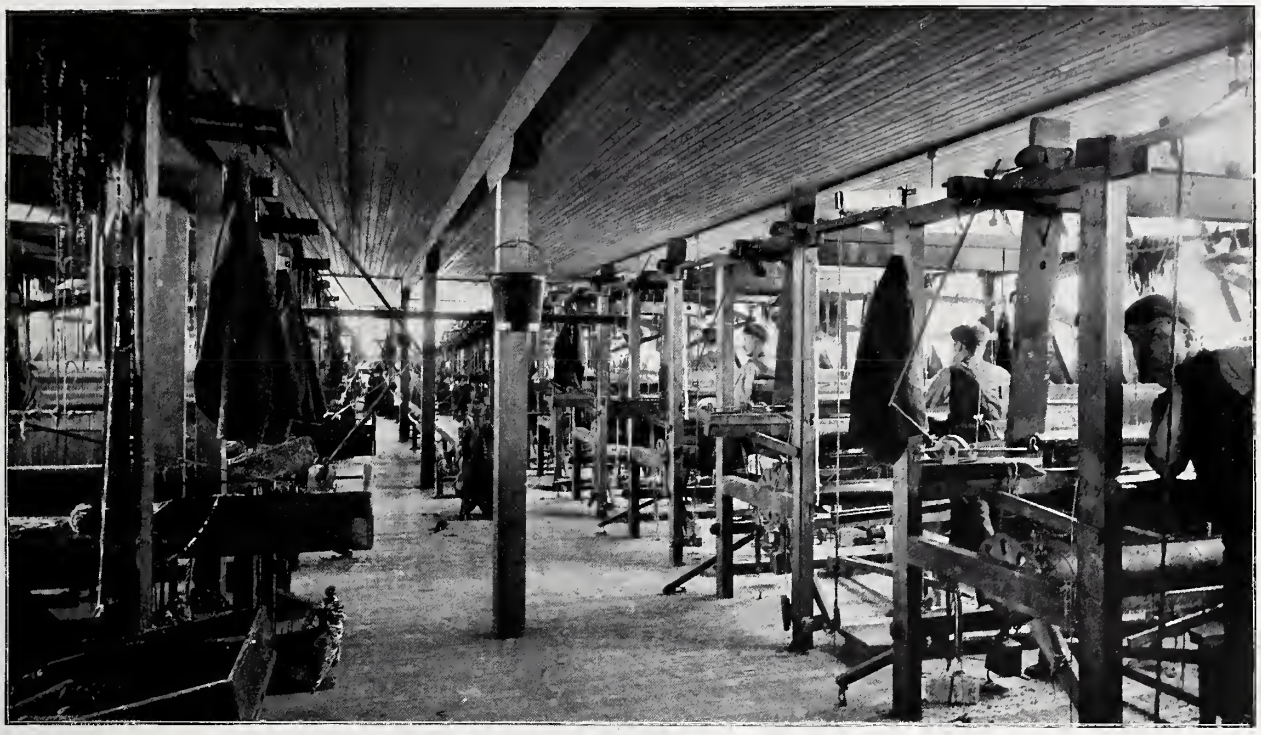
THE MORTONS OF DARVEL.*

IN a previous article it was pointed out that beauty of fabric owed almost as much to execution as to design, and in nothing produced by Messrs. Alexander Morton and Co. is this more evident than in tapestry. Better and more appropriate design, no doubt, counts for much, but a design, however beautiful in itself, depends greatly for result on colour, which in turn depends, in the first place, on material, and, in the second, on the character of the texture. The latter is of even greater importance than the former, because it affects the cost less, and it has been attained by Messrs. Morton, in many materials, by a simple, but ingenious, modification of the weaving machinery. The result thus produced is difficult to describe in words, but perhaps it may be compared to what painters call broken colour: the colour effect is not hard and clear cut as was formerly the case, when definite colour was used, but is subtly modulated and vibrating throughout; instead of the flatness of inlaid colour, there is a more subtle, and, if one may use the phrase, a more atmospheric quality. In silk, or wool and silk tapestries, with schemes of delicate colour, effects now and then comparable to the glow of translucent enamel, or the sheen of mother-of-pearl, are produced; while others, with full colour chords of golden yellow, crimson, and red have something of the richness and beauty of sunset skies. But whether the colour be delicate or rich, the pattern is always clearly wrought, and in the case of Mr. Voysey's designs the spirit of his incisive drawing is wonderfully retained. When earlier stuffs, woven in the same materials, are placed beside these, they have nothing like the richness and beauty, and even look as if they might be designs in coloured paper. And in effects gained by this new treatment the woollen tapestries are also much richer. In the hangings called "Cessnock



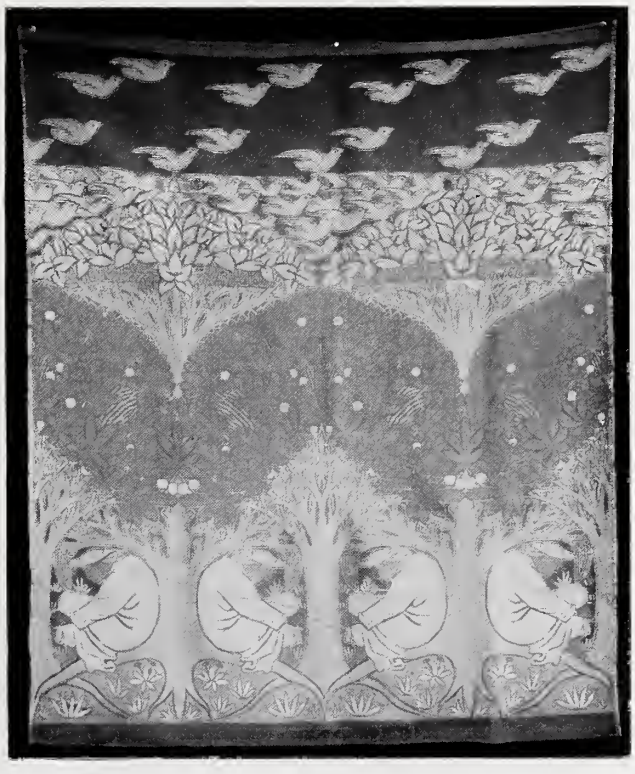
Silk Draping, "The Rose."
Designed by G. Morton.

* Continued from page 11.



Weaving "Chenille" Curtains.

Tapestry"* by the makers, where the character of the material demands bold designs, the variation of the weave is of the greatest value, giving a rich softness to the colour, in harmony with the full, soft folds into which the fabric drapes. Tapestry intended for wall coverings, again, requires a different quality of surface and a special type of design. While the fabric is closer and harder in make and the weave less insisted on, the design, being unbroken by the folds, which give such variety and suggestiveness to the repeat in patterned hangings, is more definitely constructive and architectural. The ideal wall covering, like the ideal mural decoration, should vary the surface of the wall without destroying its character; and when this test is applied to the Darvel tapestries, they stand it well. It would be difficult to imagine a finer wall covering for a great hall or reception-room than the noble design "Rose and Crown"; and there are others—in a few of which, as "The Minstrels" and "Fairyland," figures are introduced with unaffected quaintness and charm—which are almost as fine. Of course, all are not equally successful, and although "The Aspen," in which the tree stems spring, as it were, from the skirting board and the leaves spread all over the surface in a conventional manner, is both quaint and original, the designer, Mr. Harrison Townsend, surely made a mistake in choosing, for such treatment, a tree of which the great charm is constant tremor. And most of them are so interesting in themselves that people who like to have pictures in their rooms might be justified in complaining that they could not be used as backgrounds. Designs for stuffs used in upholstery are, of course, usually smaller in scale and frequently more covered with pattern. As in tapestry curtains, the decorative motives most favoured are floral, although in a number of designs by Mr. Voysey birds, drawn with the clear sense of form and firm line which mark all he does, are introduced. And in the best of these, as in the best of the hangings, there is that simple refinement and distinction, and that freedom from affectation and straining after effect, which give lasting charm, and differentiate what is truly thought and wrought from the passing caprice and the fashionable craze.



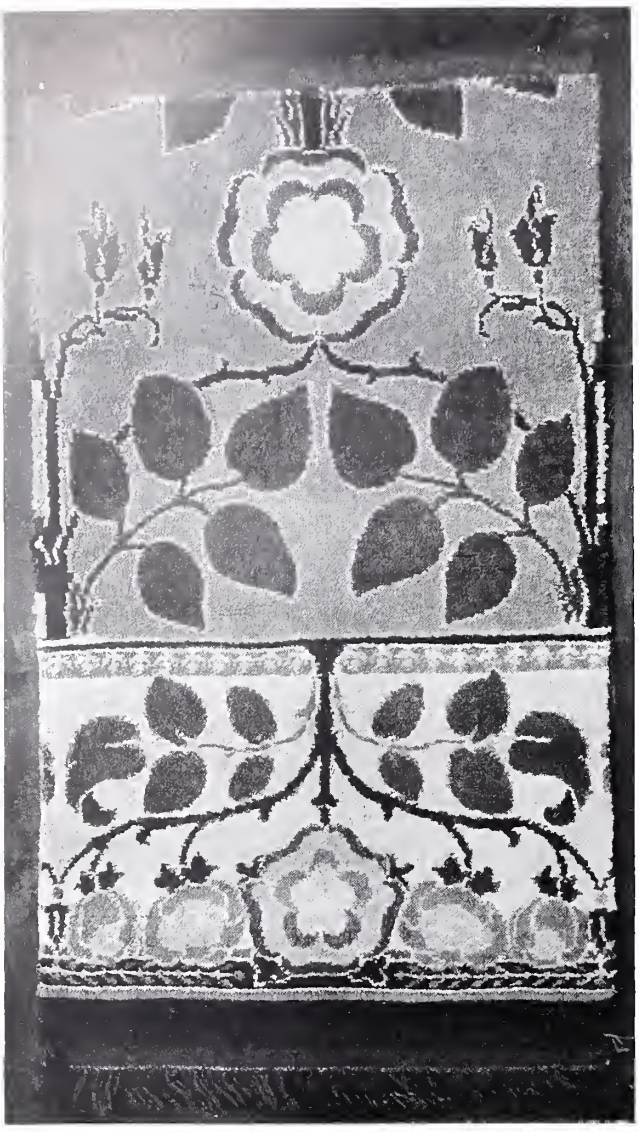
Wall Hanging, "The Minstrels."
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.

After the marvel of lace-making or tapestry-weaving, the manufacture of chenille seems a simple enough affair. To the outsider, indeed, the process has so much less of mystery that he is apt to overlook the care and ingenuity which underlie

* These, and other intricate tapestries, are woven on hand looms.

the result. At Darvel chenille is used for both curtains and carpets, and, except that the yarn for the latter is given a V section, the methods of manufacture are almost identical. In both the yarn is prepared by a preliminary process, and in both the weaving is done on hand looms.

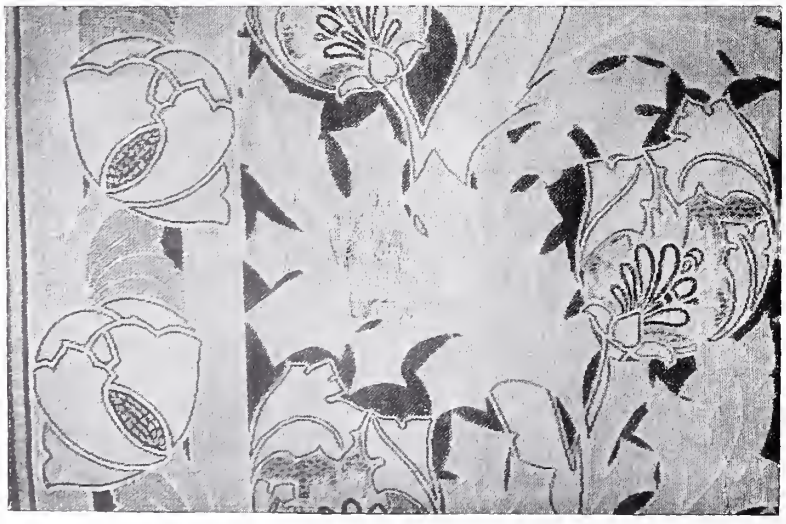
As the rich velvety texture of this material is unsuited for subtly and clearly outlined design, the character of the pattern is determined by its limitations. A treatment based upon coloured masses shows it at its best, and when associated with schemes of low-toned but full colour, the effects produced are often exceedingly rich and satisfying. In curtains, adaptations of Persian and Moorish motives offer a good opportunity for such arrangements, and they are freely used at Darvel; but designs derived directly from nature, when drawn with true understanding of the possibilities of chenille, are also effective; and one of the most beautiful of all was a pomegranate pattern, treated with great simplicity in blues and greens, on a grey-purple ground.



Hand-tufted Carpet, "The Rose."
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.

The yarn for carpets is necessarily heavier than for curtains, and it has, as previously explained, its pile turned in one direction only. The carpets made in this mill being squares, and not piece goods, the looms used are very wide, some of them weaving carpets eighteen to thirty feet broad, and, of course, any desired length. Each loom employs from two to six men, and it is very interesting to watch them at work, throwing the bobbins of yarn across the warp, placing it deftly in position to form the pattern, passing the securing "shoots" of woollen weft, and then, as one man, jumping upon the pedals and sending the new row home with the swinging lathe. The material being of a similar nature to that of the hangings, the patterns partake of the same character—Eastern motives, principally Turkish and Persian, predominating; but a greater variety of tone is used, the colour ranging from deep reds, or blues, or greens, to light browns and buffs. But, except for design and full quality of colour, these carpets do not possess the uncommon character of the tapestries and the other carpets made by the Messrs. Morton.

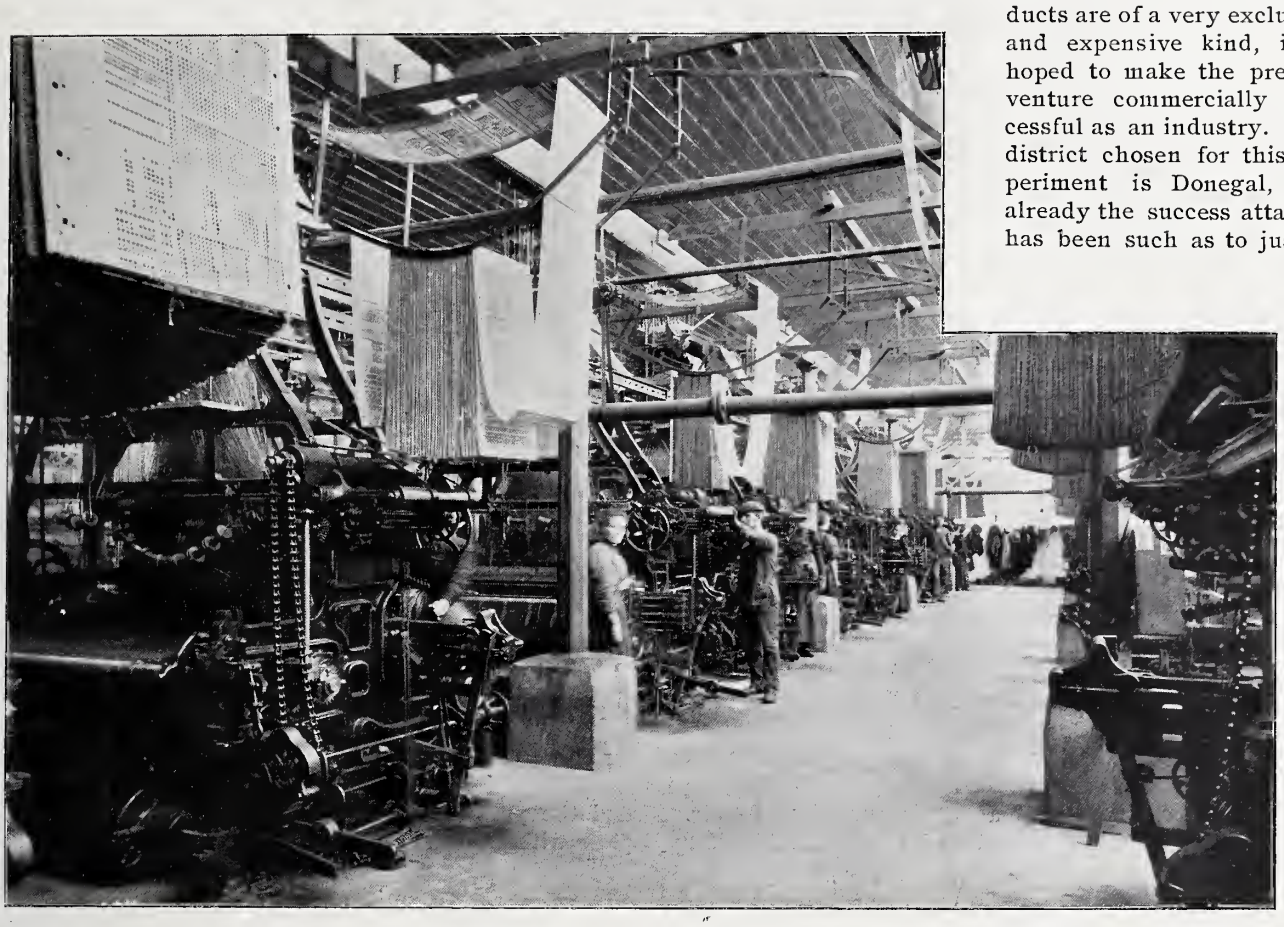
As you pass from the chenille carpet shed into an adjoining one, you are greeted by the throb and hum of machinery, for the next kind of carpet is woven on power looms. Like "leno" curtains, this is an indigenous product; but, although a variety of the old-fashioned "Scotch carpet," it is a heavier and more closely knit fabric, and it is marked by that modification and variety of texture which were noted as characteristic of this firm's tapestries. The chief elements in the designs are flowers and foliage, drawn in a flat, conventional style, and treated in a manner broad and simple, yet suggestive of nature's beauty. In colour, they are usually very simple, often, indeed, being woven in two tones of the one colour, and this, even in a design of complex arabesque, produces that flatness of surface so desirable in floor-coverings, while the varied textures of the weave produce a modulation of colour, which plays through and enriches the whole effect without disturbing its unity. Intended chiefly for bedrooms, the



"Caledon" Carpet.
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.

restfulness of their colouring and the quiet suggestiveness of their designs seem to fit them admirably for such a use.

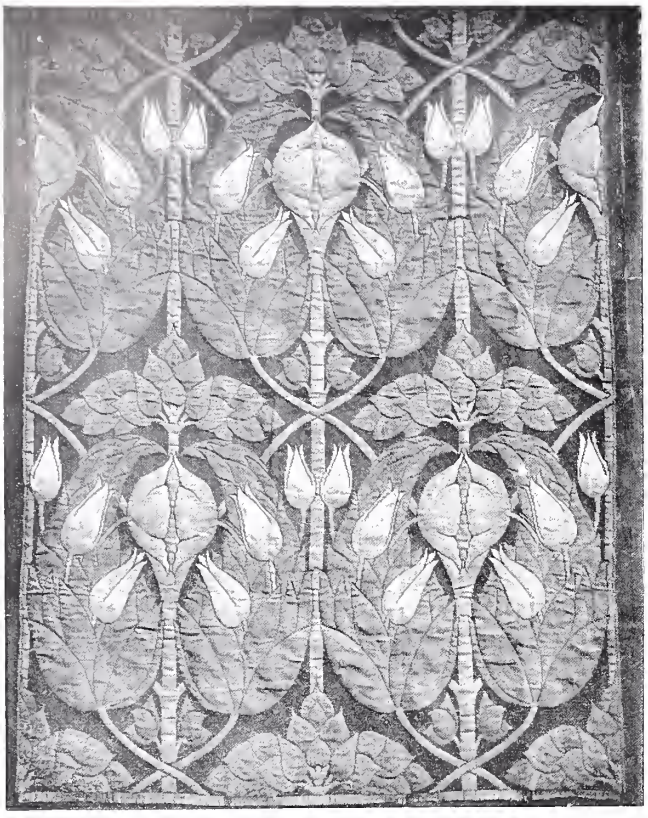
The latest development of carpet-making in Messrs. Morton's hands is not to be seen in full swing at Darvel, but the results can be seen in the show-rooms there and the method studied at an experimental loom, if one may so describe the simple frame on which these carpets are made. The manufacture itself proceeds in Ireland, where, something like a year and a half ago, this firm established a factory for "hand-tufted" carpets, made on the principle which has obtained in the East from time immemorial until to-day. In structure and method of manufacture this carpet is essentially the same as those of Turkey and Persia. A woollen warp stretches between two long beams or rollers, and stands vertically before the workers, who vary in number, from one or two to a dozen, with the width of the carpet. The design drawn on squared paper, each square of which represents one tuft, is placed near the girls who select the wools (each already cut to the length required to form the pile) necessary to make the pattern, and tie them to two threads of the warp in a knot, which, like the sailor's, tightens when strained. After a complete row has been tied, the points of each tuft forming two "piles," "shoots" of woollen weft are drawn across the entire width, and then beaten close and firm with small-toothed hammers. Although this process seems slow when described, and is, of course, much slower than power-loom weaving or the making of carpets on the chenille principle, it is wonderful how rapidly a carpet grows under nimble fingers. Even in England this method of carpet-making is not quite new, for the Earl of Pembroke introduced it from the East about the middle of the century, and William Morris adopted it for the manufacture of his "Hammersmith" carpets. But while in the one case it was of the nature of an experiment and in the other the products are of a very exclusive and expensive kind, it is hoped to make the present venture commercially successful as an industry. The district chosen for this experiment is Donegal, and already the success attained has been such as to justify replacing a temporary factory by a permanent one to accommodate over four hundred workers. With Killybegs as a centre, it is intended to extend the industry to neighbouring villages, and by a specially-designed framework it will be possible for the cotters, after having learned the craft, to carry it on at home, or even when herding the cattle in the fields. The introduction of an industry in which hand labour contributes so much to the ultimate value should be a great benefit to a district where, in spite of poverty and privation, the people cling to the soil with a pathetic yet beautiful tenacity; and as the wool comes from the sheep on the Donegal mountains and is spun and dyed on the spot, other employments are provided also. Some idea of what this may come to mean for Donegal may be gained from the statements that on the average each girl works up two hundred and twenty-five fleeces annually; and thus, on the basis of the workers now arranged for, the wool of nearly one hundred thousand sheep will be purchased, spun, dyed, and made into carpets every year. Many of the girls now engaged in this industry worked previously at lace-making and embroidery, and they have shown remarkable aptness and intelligence, not only in the actual work, but in matching colours and following a design.



A Tapestry Weaving Shed.

The carpets woven thus are then passed through a trimming machine, which removes the more straggling piles, without reducing them to the smooth-shaven surface of Axminster and other machine-made carpets. The result

is a texture of distinct character and beauty, which gives a subtle play to colour, such as can be obtained by no other means. Some of the carpets made are highly elaborate in pattern, yet none are quite so beautiful as those in one colour with a simple border. So far, most of the designs have much the same character as is seen in fine old Persian or Turkish rugs; but others, such as "The Rose," here illustrated, are marked by the same spirit as the hangings, and that is probably the direction in which design will tend. And it may be that, with this opportunity of working at an industry into which beauty and colour enter, the ancient Irish talent for decoration, so distinctly revealed in the intricate illuminations of the seventh and eighth centuries, and in the wonderful collection of Celtic metal-work belonging to the Royal Irish Academy, may again burst into flower. The experiment in its political and commercial, no less than in its artistic aspects, is certainly an interesting one, all the more so because the making of similar carpets in the East is reported to be on the decline.

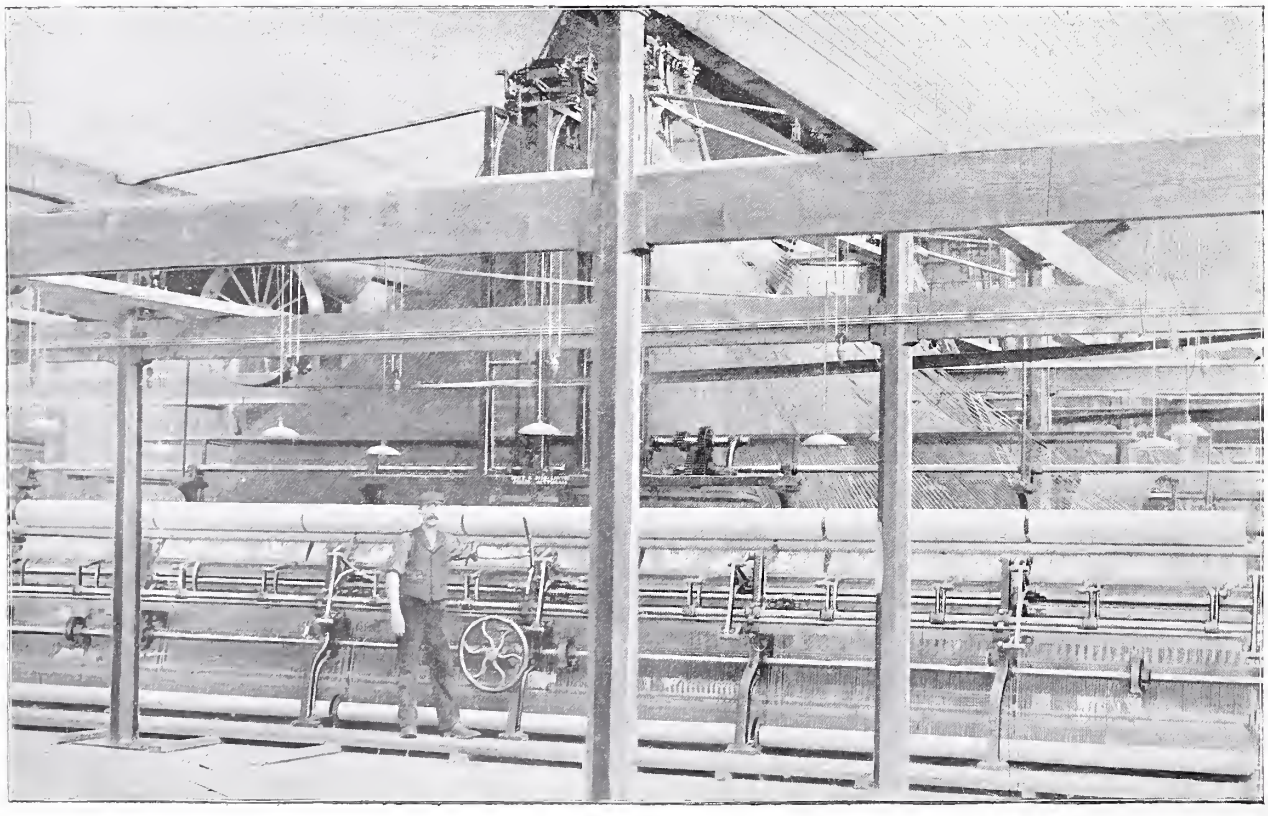


"Cessnock" Tapestry, "Omar."

Designed by Harrison Townsend.

Throughout these articles reference has been made occasionally to the art products of William Morris, but in another than a purely artistic way the mills at Darvel have a resemblance to those at Merton Abbey. While this business is conducted upon commercial principles, and produces beautiful textiles for a wider public than Morris cared to consider, the worker is also given a share in the profits and successes of the company. Yet, while this adds to the interest of a visit to Darvel, this is not the place to enter into details of the scheme, which is only mentioned here because no account of Messrs. Alexander Morton and Co., and the products of their mills, would be quite complete without some reference to it.

JAMES L. CAW.



Lace Machines.



As it is.—The point of the Giudecca seen from the Piazzetta with the notorious shed.

VENICE.

"VENEZIA, VENEZIA,
"Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia."

THIS Italian motto, which Skakespeare put into the mouth of Holofernes, the schoolmaster in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act iv., sc. ii.), is perfectly correct.

Those who have not seen Venice cannot appreciate her, or understand the inexpressible poetry which rises from the monuments, her position, and the traditions of her history. For Art, History and Venice are a reflex one of the other.

One of the most interesting pages of history is that which tells of the decline and end of the Republic.

This State, which started life among the lonely Lagoons of the Adriatic, maintaining her liberty in spite of the incursions of barbarous hordes, had advanced fighting with the waves, had conquered vast provinces and had planted the Republican banner on the Imperial Palace of Constantinople. She became the guardian and defender of Italy against the enemies of religion and liberty, yet after thirteen centuries of strong and glorious rule, she ended in senile enfeeblement. When in the eighteenth century Venice, languid and weakened, was moved to some noble examples of magnanimity and greatness, these were but the last flashes of a life that was slowly expiring.

The Republic, disrupted by war, isolated herself in that disarmed neutrality which was a species of indolent renunciation of the right of making herself respected, so that at the Peace of Possarowitz in 1718, Venice was not even listened to. She lost nearly all her possessions that still remained in the Levant, and her once-flourishing commerce was successfully carried off by such ports as Leghorn, Genoa, Ancona, and Trieste. This political and economic decline was accompanied by decrease in the power of the nobles, who abandoned themselves to effeminacy and luxury, and, unsatisfied with their pleasures, squandered the accumulated wealth of their ancestors at the gambling tables of the *Ridotto*. Yet in no other part of Italy did Art, at this epoch, flourish better than on the Lagoons. The careless indifference to the stronger virtues, immoderate desire after effeminate



As it was.—The point of the Giudecca seen from the Lagoons.



As it is.—Santa Maria della Grazia, now the hospital for contagious diseases.

pleasures, did not altogether extinguish noble thoughts, which found expression in a thousand aspects and forms. The patricians were not all forgetful of ancient splendour, and the Farsetti made in their palaces a collection of models of the most celebrated statues, and appointed a professor to impart free tuition, while the Pisani opened in their Salons an Academy over which they appointed Pietro Longhi to preside.

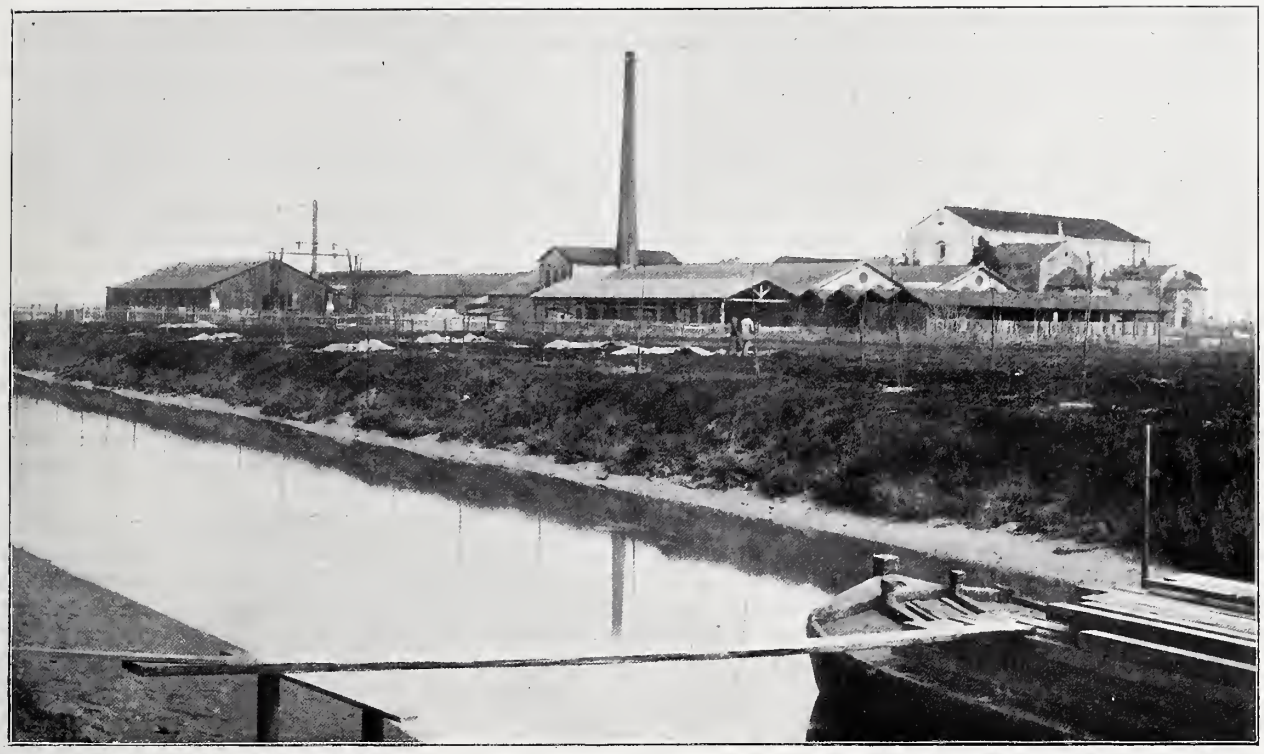
In the cold life of the present time the mind recalls, with pleasure, those days of the highest elegance, when, in the patrician palaces, there smiled the pictures of Longhi and Rosalba, and when upon the furniture intertwined the putti of Andrea Brustolon, Tiepolo—great like a genius and splendid like a king—Longhi, Canaletto, Guardi, and Rosalba expressed at that period the pre-eminence of Venetian painting as Canova did later that of sculpture. Rosalba Carriera, a gentle-souled artist, painted in pastel with grace and elegance of touch, while Antonio Canale (called Canaletto) and Francesco Guardi reproduced, with powerful simplicity, the silver brightnesses of the sky, and the green waters that reflected the Palaces of the Grand Canal, the gondolas and the gay vivacity of the people. The Venice of the eighteenth century throbs in the works of Pietro Longhi, who, attracted by the style of an elegant age, pictured the episodes of domestic life and the usages of his times. In the pictures of Longhi one seems to hear again the murmur of merry colloquies, the cadenced step of the minuet, and the sweet sounds of the spinet. The architecture with all its irregularities, and the sculpture with all its follies, were not wanting in magnificence.

The monuments are full of extravagance, straight lines are broken, the statues are clothed in a wavy disordered dress, the columns are twisted, the broken pediments are united with heavy ornament; but before this scenic decorativeness, a complement of a life of lavish magnificence, the mind rises as if in ecstasy. Similarly on the canvas, or on the walls and ceilings sumptuously adorned with gold and stucco, smile beautifully white-skinned naked goddesses, the gods of Olympus pose in strange contorted attitudes, nymphs and nereids dance in the clouds, in an Art that dazzles while it does not create, that inebriates yet does not move one, but which breathes throughout an ineffable joyfulness.



As it was.—Santa Maria della Grazia.

A decree issued by the Republic on 14th December, 1754, instituted an Academy of the Fine Arts, and another decree of 5th February, 1755, called the painter Giovanni Battista Tiepolo to preside over the new Academy. On 20th April, 1773, the Council of the Ten, eager that the works of the great Masters in the churches, monasteries, and elsewhere should be preserved, and anxious to ensure the preservation and care of those rare and estimable ornaments to the city which attracts the admiration of the foreigner, ordered the compilation of a catalogue, and prohibited, in the most absolute manner, the alienation of any of the works entered therein. In a subsequent decree of 31st July, 1773, Anton Maria Zanetti, the historian



As it is.—The Island of St. Elena, now an Iron Foundry.

of the Pittura Veneziana, was appointed to carry out these orders, and to report every six months on his work. On his death the office passed by decree of 27th November, 1778, to Professor G. B. Mengiardi, and then by decree of 23rd April, 1796, to the painter Francesco Maggiotto

A curious anecdote from popular tradition well illustrates the measures the Republic took to protect famous monuments against injury, and to keep those works of art and antiquity in Venice. In a by-street of Santa Maria Formosa stands the stately palace of the Grimani—which ill-fatedly has now fallen into the hands of speculators, who will despoil it of the last treasures which still adorn it. The building is by some attributed to the Veronese, Michele Sammicheli; by others, with more reason, to the celebrated patriarch of Aquileia, Giovanni Grimani, about the year 1545. It was at one time quite a museum of sculpture and antique marbles, the most of which were destined to enrich foreign collections after the Republic fell. Francesco Salviati, Camillo Mantovano, and Giovanni da Udine, had ornamented the stairs and rooms with paintings which are now almost obliterated by time and negligence. In the vestibule stood the colossal statue of Mario Agrippa, brought from the Pantheon at Rome. In the later times of the Republic, Uno dei Grimani, unable to resist a tempting offer, sold this wonderful work. The statue was about to be taken from its pedestal, the vessel was already in waiting to carry it from Venice, when there appeared the dreaded "Fante" of the State Inquisitors. Everyone was struck with amazement, unable to account for this unexpected visit. But the messenger, turning to those around, said with perfect calm: "I am here on the part of the Serenissima Repubblica to wish Mario Agrippa a good journey before he leaves." And after saluting the statue he departed. Grimani at once understood that the Serenissima, after having wished a good journey to the statue, would very probably extend the same good wishes to him, and, in fear, he hastily got out of the bargain with the purchaser. The statue remained in its place until 1876, when it was transferred to the Museo Civico, where it is safe from the snares of would-be purchasers.

On Friday, 12th May, 1797, the Maggior Consiglio assembled to discuss the proposal of Bonaparte to



As it was.—The Island of St. Elena.

change the form of Government. All were silent and despondent, but the decree, by which they resigned the sovereignty and abolished the patriciate, was put to the vote and approved by 512, while twenty remained faithful to the old San Marco, and five abstained. It was thus that Venice fell. After the very short Government of a false democracy, Bonaparte on 17th October, 1797, at Campoformio, sold Venice to the Austrians, who entered into power on 18th January, 1798, and the sad night of servitude began. Since the day that the standard of San Marco ceased to wave o'er the Piazza, many churches and convents have been destroyed or turned to a profane use, many monuments have been ruined, and many magnificent edifices dismantled. Many statues, paintings, and objects of artistic value have been carried away. The islands which formed a crown to Venice and showed lovely buildings among the trees—these beautiful islands anchored in that Lagoon, full of memories and sublime poetry, have been nearly all damaged in a most infamous manner.

At San Biagio dell' Isole delle Giudecca, Alfred de Musset sought oblivion from commotion, grief, and disillusion, and there, in the great peace and quiet of the Lagoons would have liked to live and die:

"A Sainte Blaise, à la Zuecca
Dans les près fleuris, cueillir la verveine,
A Sainte Blaise, à la Zuecca
Vivre et mourir là!"

But in the quiet angle of the Giudecca he would no longer find that beloved solitude, so full of mystery and charm. An immense mill, in a shed, worked by steam, grumbles and groans incessantly, and modern industry has inhabited a strange medieval edifice of Gothic style with little conical towers. Instead of cuirassed knights walking on the towers, porters laden with bags of flour pass to and fro. Here, in ancient times, close to a church, there stood an asylum, which, in 1222, became a Benedictine monastery, the work of a saintly woman, Giuliana, daughter of Tolberto, Conte di Collatto. The cloister and the church were renovated in 1519, and also in the last century, but in 1810 they were used for profane purposes and were afterwards destroyed.

Another little island, adjoining that of San Giorgio Maggiore, which is well known for the temple of Palladio, was Santa Maria della Grazia. At one time, the monks in the church there did vigils to an image of the Virgin brought from Constantinople in 1439. In 1810, when Napoleon, who had conquered the Austrians, again became master of Venice, this cloister and church were pulled down, and later a powder magazine, which blew up during the siege of 1849, was erected in their stead. Now the island is cultivated as a kitchen garden.

Two little islands on the west of the city, San Giorgio in Alga and Sant' Antonio della Polvere, had also churches and monasteries, which were abandoned to utter desolation. The island of Santo Spirito, the first on entering Venice from the Malamocca Gate, is now squalid and deserted, but when the monks were there it was not only a little sanctuary of religion, but also of Art. Jacopo Sansovino had erected the handsome church; Bonifacio Veneziano painted there the pala of the Virgin; Palma recorded in history the doors of the organ; Tiziano painted another pala and the tripartite ceiling; and Giuseppe Salviati produced the 'Cenacolo degli Apostoli' on the ceiling of the refectory. Statues, chandeliers and engravings of the best style enriched this splendid monastery. A Napoleonic decree, in 1806, cleared from the island the friars, and their old edifices, occupied by marine troops, became, and still are, gunpowder depôts.

Between the Public Gardens and the Lido, instead of the green little island, the dearest gem of the Lagoon, we have now a shapeless mass of dirt and *débris*. On the fresh soil stand hideous factories, workshops, warehouses, sheds, and chimneys, in the midst of which the beautiful church, in the Quattro-cento style, hides as if in shame.

On the canal which leads to Mestre, above the island of San Secondo, stood a convent of the Benedictines, who were replaced in 1531 by Pope Clement VII. by the Dominican preachers, who dwelt there uninterruptedly for nearly three centuries. In 1806 the edifices were destroyed, and the island became a military gunpowder depôt. Nor at Mazzorbo does even a trace remain of the rich cloister of the Nuns of Santa Maria di Valverde. Another small island quite close, where in ancient times stood the church of San Felice, is now a salt factory.

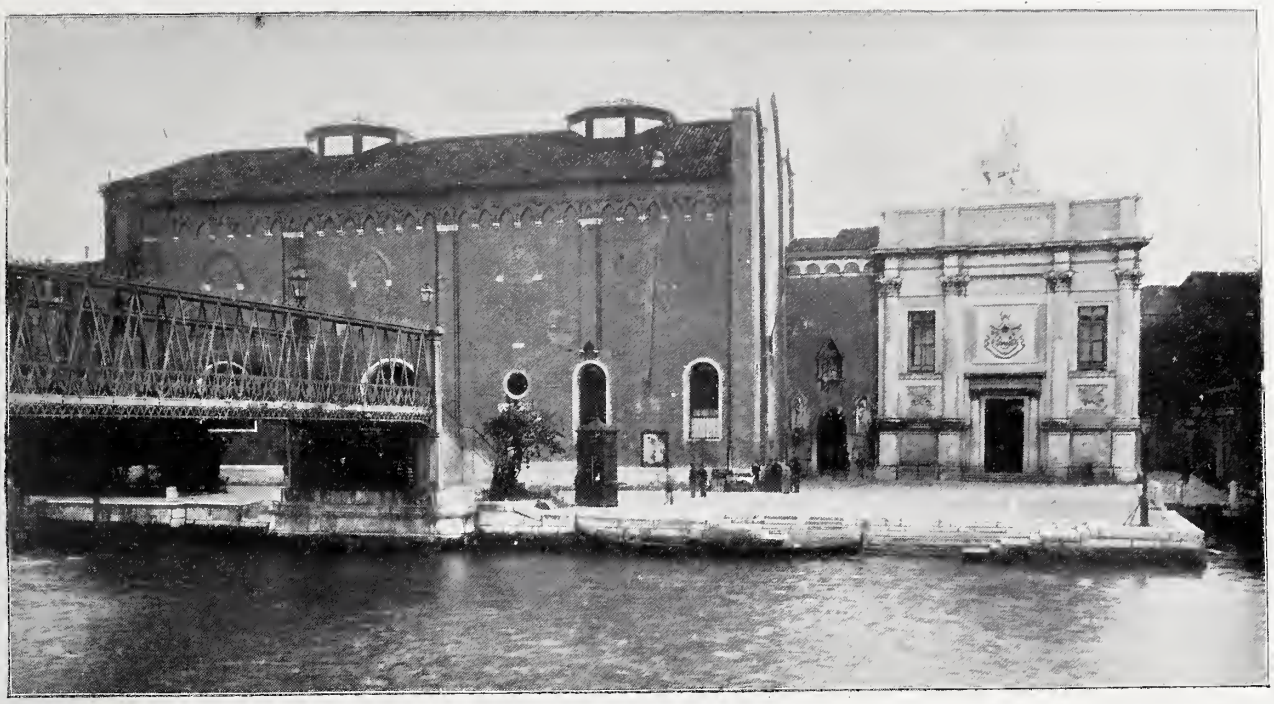
It seems well-nigh impossible that amidst so much poverty and squalor one of the most precious elements of female luxury should still prosper—these graceful little miracles in lace, for which Burano is celebrated throughout the world.

It also appears incredible that in these unhealthy places the human plant should flourish with a special characteristic beauty. The radiant eyes and perfect lines of the mouth and forehead of some of the young women make one think of the Madonne of Giovanni Bellini, and the beardless faces, rather pointed nose and chin, strong jaws and square forehead of some of the men, remind us of the popular figures of Vettore Carpaccio.

The wave of destruction does not only pass over the Lagoon, but also over the city, and rages more impetuously in this age. Amongst churches alone there have been destroyed: San Geminiano, in Piazza San Marco, a stupendous work of Sansovino, which contained a painting by Paris Bordone; the church of the Anconetta, with good paintings of Domenico Tintoretto and Leonardo Corona; and Santa Maria dei Servi, famous for its architecture, sculpture and painting. A convent close by, destroyed in 1813, was celebrated as having sheltered Paolo Sarpi; the church of Sant' Antonio was levelled to the ground by Napoleon in 1807, to make way for a public garden. There have also been destroyed, the chapel of La Pace, where, in 1355, the beheaded Doge Marino Faliero was buried; and that of Santa Marina, where the monument of the doge Michele Steno was, and on which hung the keys of the city of Padua; as well as the church of Santa Lucia, an architectural gem attributed to Palladio. Only a few of those which fell under the axe of the destroyer have been indicated, apart from those turned to profane uses or converted into hospitals, barracks, or private dwellings.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the Museum Nani, one of the richest private collections in Europe, was sold, and its treasures were scattered. In the same way the Museum Farsetti, famous for its statues, paintings, and books, was broken up. From the time when the splendid picture gallery of Barbarigo was sold to the Emperor of Russia; when the masterpiece of Paolo Veronese, 'La Famiglia di Dario,' was sold by a Pisani for 15,000 gold Napoleons; and the numismatic museum of the Gradenigo was purchased by the King of Sardinia; since the famous reliquary of the Faliero was sold to a Rothschild; and the marvellous designs of Jacopo Bellini were handed over to the British Museum for a large sum, the art treasures put up to auction is one disastrous period of plunder.

If the excessive greed or the needs of patrician



As it is.—La Chiesa e la Scuola della Carità,
Now the Picture Galleries—the Accademia.

families, and the flattering wiles of ignoble speculators, despoiled Venice of the greater part of the treasures handed down to her by past generations, other and crueller dangers now threaten the marvellous beauty of this unique city.

A misguided spirit of progress, and the desire to be modern, wage a dogged and insidious war, and those who appreciate the beautiful, or have knowledge of tradition, see with bitterness the cruel desire to reduce Venice to such as those insignificant cities which modern speculation makes for us.

Practical men affirm that those who wish to maintain the old integrity of Venice are poets and artists, and that poets and artists would like to make a species of Museum of Venice, keeping her from modern life and every initiative in industrial enterprise. But those who wish changes made in consistency with the exigencies of art, have never opposed plans of enlargement which shall introduce air, light, and health, into certain dark, dirty, and unhealthy streets. The people who unite in one same affection fatherland and art, only ask that the building innovations should be made under judicious art criticism, so as not to deform the face of the great city. Since Venice was united to Italy, four wide roads have been opened, clearing away hundreds of wretched houses. It was well to sweep away unhealthy and beggarly hovels, but was it really necessary to construct wide roads in a city where there are neither carriages nor horses?

It is impossible to imagine such utter disregard for that Art which has left such glorious memories at Venice, and yet they are adding a fifth street leading to the Campo at San Gallo, they have pulled down the house in which Canova died. The municipal authorities, with imperturbable serenity, continue to carry into effect their plans of opening up Venice, by means of which forty new streets will be opened in the most populous places, sweeping away old memories and transforming places exquisitely picturesque.

It is said that the present-day demolitions destroy the ugliness of Venice, but that they respect the monuments. But this ugliness, as it appears to the minds of the promoters of these demolitions, precisely consists of certain



As it was.—La Chiesa e la Scuola della Carità.
From a picture by Canaletto in the National Gallery.

characteristic roads, bridges, and streams which constitute the inexpressible poetry of Venice. Indeed, it is not only the monuments sacred to the study of artists and poets, but Venice herself, in her own wonderfully original dress, which we cannot appreciate, unless we have seen her also in her frank singularity.

In the splendid times of the Republic, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, Venice reached the height of her prosperity; nor was she ever in a happier condition, full of riches and reputation. Commerce, which extended to every port in the Mediterranean and European ocean and the principal ones of Asia and Africa, had a most prosperous influence on the city.

Whilst the government compiled laws that ensured the independence of the nation, arranged bellicose enterprises to extend their dominion, they ever sought new outlets for commerce. These warriors amid the commotion of battle, these merchants in the midst of commercial affairs, had the knowledge of Art and understood all the enjoyments of wit.

The lucre gained in commerce the Venetians purified at the fire of Art, in order to increase the beauty and dignity of their country; hard-working, yet gay, worldly yet grave, a sure refuge for the learned and the diligent. Latter times certainly made war on the old poetry, and he has reason who says that with poetry one dies of hunger. Welcome then, among us, labour and industry, but is it impossible to reconcile the study of beauty with the exigencies of modern progress? Does there exist a discord so profound between the duty towards history and the needs of present civilization? Ideas which guide present-day life should not expel the noble traditions of the past, nor mould the desire for lucre, extinguish the sense of intellectual pleasures, or sadden the happy development of art. Venice must assuredly not remain inactive while all around her is in advancement, but between the sacrilegious mania of everything new, and the exaggerated idea of those who would wish to defend the unclean for fear of the new, is there not room for moderate opinion? Hygiene does not require to abolish everything that is or resembles the antique, nor asks that the stamp of original Venice be wiped out to make her like other cities.

A plan was recently submitted for an iron bridge, which, crossing the Lagoon, was to join Venice to the mainland. The only tie which now unites her to the Continent is the stone railway bridge. That the idea of a new bridge is a fantastic one, is shown in that the bridge would never give any practical utility to the city, and would rather be, in great measure, unserviceable. The place to be crossed is subject in winter time to very strong winds, and much danger would threaten Venice with such a construction on the Lagoon.

Experts in hydraulics affirm that in no way would a new bridge serve for the improvement of the Lagoon, but rather the reverse; and past tradition and experience support the latter. If the Lagoon mirror is to be kept free, it must not be invaded with artificial constructions, which are more or less effectual as obstructions to free access of the tide and the strong action of the winds upon the waters. Such an obstruction would determine mud deposits, and increase the extent of the marshes. This was known to all the experts in hydraulics of the old Republic, and was the origin of the series of decrees by which the Veneto Senate ordered the removal of those banks which impeded the free movement of the water. Much damage was, indeed, done to the Lagoon by the construction of the railway bridge. Deep, marshy bottoms are now seen which do not appear in the map of the Lagoon at the beginning of the century.

With a strong wind the Lagoon is muddy, but if there should be created a calm zone, away from the influence of the wind and the waves, the water would deposit mud, and so would in the course of time materially lower the depth of the water. Fortunately the municipal council, by a majority of one vote, threw out the absurd plan for another bridge, but it cannot yet be said that Venice is safe from this grave damage. But in the name of the glorious memories of Ancient Venice, the past ought to be a guidance and instruction to the present.

In 1501, the Republic entrusted the care of the Lagoon to three Patricians with the title of *Savi*, and, in 1505, recognizing that three were insufficient for the work, there was instituted the *Magistrato alle acque*, whose members and inspections varied in number in accordance with circumstances. Above the official seat of that magistracy there was placed a wise and prophetic decree which declared everyone to be an enemy to his country who damaged the sacred walls or in any way interfered to the detriment of the Lagoon, which have ever been esteemed the life, defence, and ornament of Venice.

POMPEO MOLMENTI.



A Design by Miss Grace Dibdin.

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN RUSKIN, JAN., 1900.

IN the day we live, in the twilight we dream, in the night reposing we spring to life renewed. The strong sun rules by day the visible world, paling its strength. In the still even between his fading power and his parted presence, there lives and sustains it a memory of what has been. Night falls, and in innumerable stars we image forth the departed power each in our own tiny distant circle, living, moving, flaming, renewing, if we have any vivifying power in us, with the strength made vital by his life, made visible in his death. John Ruskin, critic and seer, reactionary and reformer: Pause in climbing the cleft of the hills, stay in melting into the golden sea, turn back and tell us the lesson of your life.

What, indeed, are we to think of the teacher who oftenest said, "I know," and yet oftenest changed? There is hardly a weighty opinion he pronounced which he did not alter; hardly a doctrine he enforced that he did not modify or detract from; hardly an artist winged upwards upon his glittering words who did not feel his sting. His Lamp of Obedience is quenched in the flood of freedom. He raised up the King in reverence, to hold his throne on terms that no King has been known to endure. War is at one time the red refuse of evil passion; at another, the forge of character and strength: and, of his great art heroes, Turner alone endures.

Again; what are we to make of the character of so many, such opposing, preferences? Greek myth, mediæval symbolism, Puritan devotion: Turner and Burne-Jones: Giotto and Tintoret? Of him, who measured the mountains with pole and plumb-line, while his scorn flew forth that the climber used them "as greasy poles": who denounced the anatomy of the perishing body, and upheld the anatomy of the eternal hills?

A circle of wild roses and "Unto this last. J. R." lay upon his grave; and by a sweet chance, beneath that very title, in one short sentence, he himself has given the key. "There is no wealth, but life." It was by abundance of life that his spirit endured through the toil of investigation that he set himself, and emerged, fresh and inspired as ever: it was the stream of life within him that surpassed every obstacle, and survived all change. In a memorable passage Goethe tells us:—

> "While man's desires and aspirations stir
> He cannot choose but err."

Without stirring there is no progress, without aspiration no lifting of the wing. If the river flowed straight to the ocean, this would fill more swiftly, more certainly; but there would be no sweet bays and flashing rapids; no mighty rocks, no musing alder copses, or shining sands. If the waters of truth and enlightenment flowed through humanity unwindingly, they might sooner arrive at their destination, but—there would be no world. There is no human progress without error; and it is in this capacity for change, this power to recreate itself out of error, that Ruskin's great lesson to the human race lies. Life is at the root of his art preferences as well: he touched nothing, he loved nothing, which was not vital. Turner had a message for men; so had the Pre-Raphaelites; so had Giotto: and if he clung most fondly to Tintoret, only to find him failing at the last, was it not because he was a living spirit, in a dying time? Was it not for the joy of finding life growing out of corruption, beauty out of decay?

Lastly, his lesson to us is that word spoken over his grave: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." It was sad to count over the wreaths sent by societies formed in his honour, and those sweet little associations for girls which were his pride and delight: to think how quickly both were doomed to fade. But the great lesson was there, and rose above the sadness. The spirit of man's purposes is noble, the form wherein he sets them imperfect and vile. Therefore he may impress that form upon them only while his human frame endures. As the body returns to the earth whence it came, and the spirit is released to the Heaven whither it is called, so surely shall the divine spirit of his purposes be freed from the heavy stamp of his designs, and pass into the mighty throng of futurity, miraculously multiplied, divinely upheld, to bear not himself alone, but the multitudes for whom he toiled and in whom he shall live, unto the haven where they would be.

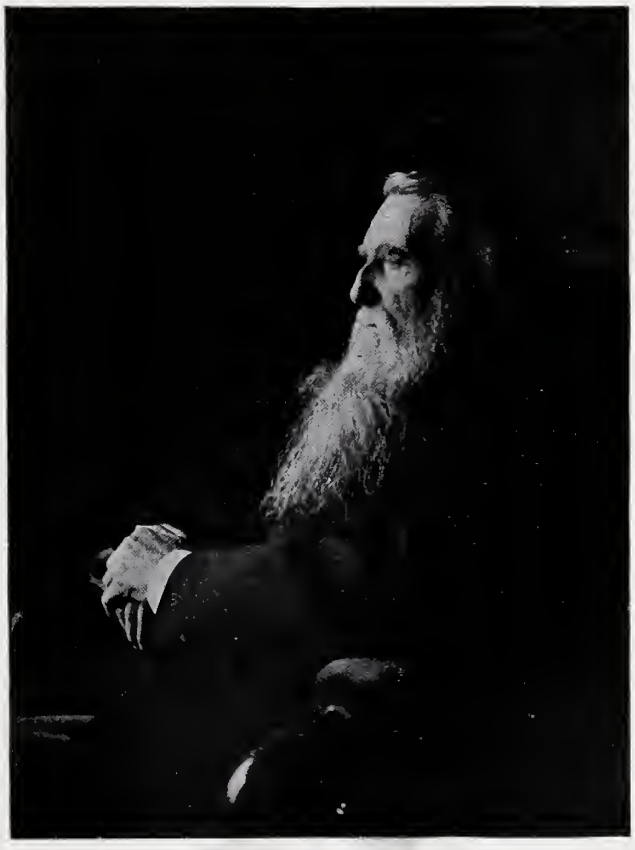
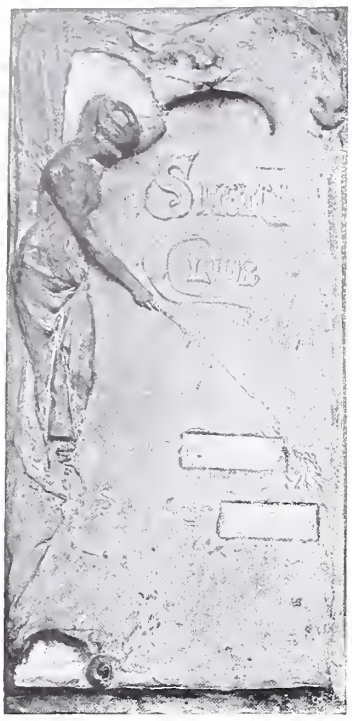


Photo. Hollyer.

John Ruskin.
Born February 8th, 1819; Died January 20th, 1900.







Three Designs by Gilbert Bayes.

THE CITY AND GUILDS TECHNICAL COLLEGE, FINSBURY.



Silver Scent Bottle.
Designed by Miss J. Gilbert.

THE college at Finsbury may practically be called the father of technical colleges for the advancement of all technical education. The applied art department, of which we purpose speaking in the present article, was first begun some twenty years since by the City and Guilds of London Institute, many years before the County Council Schools had been started. One of the special features of this school is that all who wish to learn are admitted; amateurs as well as artizans are welcomed—for, being under the nomination of no trade unions, the school is enabled to be conducted on broader lines than most of the technical schools at the present time; which, excellent as they are, are compelled to be run under certain restricted conditions.

At Finsbury they consider that amateurs should be encouraged, as they have proved by experience that many of our best craftsmen have begun as amateurs. Through the liberality of the City Guilds the classes comprise many subjects, drawing and modelling, besides technical painting for tapestry, silk, pottery, and frescoes, plaster and sgraffito work, enamelling on gold, silver, and copper, gold and silversmith's work, cabinet-making and workshop instruction; in fact, the student, whatever branch of work he is employed on, can join a class or classes to render him more efficient. The free-hand drawing classes are chiefly composed of boys who are engaged in some trade during the day; many of them are Jews, sent by the Jewish Board of Guardians; they all enlarge the drawings from the actual copy, and put in the outlines with a brush, afterwards colouring the drawings in flat washes; and it is surprising to see what a good sense of colour many of these lads have, as that part is left to their own taste. The copies are carefully chosen by the master, as being suitable to help the boys in their various trades; this is also



Love's Sport.
Designed by E. L. Dunkley



Silver Soup Ladle.
Designed by J. Lazzell.

carried out in the modelling room, which is specially an artisan's class, for wood-carvers, metal-workers, and others. For the more advanced there is modelling from the life, and the students are taught casting and waste moulding. Many of the men have worked for some years in the class, and have made great progress, exhibiting their work at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions.

The painting of posters is a favourite decorative work, and one that has taken great strides in these last years. It is a style of pictorial art which is very attractive to most young students, who are drawn to it by the freedom and boldness it demands in execution, and who do not always realise the goodness of design and beauty of line which are necessary qualifications for the first-class poster.

For the sketch club attached to the school (the sketches of which are criticised by the headmaster), several clever posters have been produced for the purpose of letting the members know what subjects were to be submitted for criticism.

All work executed during the session, viz., from October to June, is shown to the Council, who award prizes to the students; these prizes and certificates are afterwards presented to the successful candidates at one of the City Companies' Halls, who kindly lend it for the occasion.

The silver work here illustrated shows how thoroughly the student learns, not only the beating out the metal, but soldering and fitting, so that the whole passes through no other hands but his own from beginning to end. The handle of the silver spoon by Miss Beatrice Martin is still further enriched with enamels—the enamelling class thus helping the silversmith to ornament and beautify his work. Enamelling, which presents such difficulties to the beginner, seems here to be successfully overcome. Besides the present students, who are doing good work, there are those who have now left the school, and are working on their own account, whose names are well known as artist craftsmen, and who owe their training, and we may say their success, to the college. But proficiency in the student argues efficiency in the masters, and the Finsbury College would never have attained its success were it not for the ability and unfailing attention and helpfulness of the teachers.



Spoon in Silver and Enamel.
Designed by Miss B. Martin.

We are indebted for the photographs to the kindness of Mr. T. C. Norris, F.I.C., of the Science side of the college, who has taken much trouble over them, and whose work must have been of considerable difficulty, owing to the foggy weather when it was necessary to photograph the objects.

E. F. V.



Portion of a Frieze designed by J. Moss.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS, A WAR FUND EXHIBITION, THE PASTEL SOCIETY, AND SOME WOMEN ARTISTS.

THE ninth exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton Galleries is varied; interesting, too, in several ways. We find artists as dissimilar in their outlook and methods as Sir Alma Tadema and Mr. Robert Brough, as Mons. von Glehn and the Hon. John Collier, as Mr. E. A. Walton and Mr. Ellis Roberts. Indeed, examples of most styles of present-day portraiture are discoverable. In the Octagon Room two pictures indicate the versatility of Professor von Lenbach, the Bavarian: 'Lady Savile,' an oval, is slight and chic; 'Dr. Dollinger,' on the other hand, is an earnest and virile character study, so well carried out that one may almost use the word powerful. Mr. G. Sauter's lamp-lit drawing-room, with figures, appeals by reason of its daintiness; and not a few of Mr. E. A. Walton's admirers will regret that he does not more frequently give us work in the manner of his 'Head of a Girl,' a study in tones of gold, which is probably earlier than the broadly treated 'Bacchante.' A silver-point portrait by Prof. Legros of Dr. Wunderlich is a triumph in the use of delicate, almost perpendicular lines, wrought to great beauty and significance. This artist's pupil, Mr. C. H. Shannon, sends, with others, a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Challoner Dowall, wherein he is himself and at his best. The pose is unusual — a lady in loose grey-green robe, leaning far forward—and the picture possesses elusive qualities more positive than that of mere reserve. 'Muriel,' from the brush of Mr. George Henry, is a clever exercise in decorative portraiture. The little lady wears a short frock of strong red, and stockings of the same colour, giving scope for some fine shadow effects.



Commandant-General Joubert.
By Mlle. Thérèse Schwartze.

One of the chief interests of the exhibition, however, is the series of portraits of well-known military men associated with the South African campaign. Mr. A. S. Cope's bust presentment of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, painted some years ago, is an eminently conscientious work; a faithful, if not particularly subtle portrait, clear as an expression of his art. Mr. W. Llewellyn exhibits a full-length of General Sir George White, where neither the less obvious essentials of pose nor expression seem to have been conveyed; Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, a portrait of the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, now commanding a brigade in Natal; and Mr. Henry T. Wells a sketch in coloured chalks of Sir Redvers Buller, probably dating back some years. In many respects most noteworthy of all is the 'General Joubert' of Mlle. Thérèse Schwartze, a Dutchwoman who, though well-known in France, has only occasionally before exhibited in England. The portrait, here reproduced, was sent to Grafton Street by special invitation of the Council. Painted in about a couple of days—all that Joubert could spare at the time—it is strenuous to a wish. There is no pettiness, no niggling about the conception or the handling. The big figure—observe the great characteristic hands—of this remarkable man, his ungainly attitude, his massive face, have received a frontal attack, so to say, and by her directness and power to grasp essentials, Mlle. Schwartze has given us a strong piece of work. She may be seen in quite another manner in 'Mrs. A. D.,' a full length of a lady in a black-lace gown, holding in the right hand that falls by her side a green-bound book, beautifully painted. The Hon. John Collier's 'Mrs. Brown Potter as Miladi,' her tattooed fleur-de-lis on the left shoulder, is daring if not successful. Mr. Hugh de Glazebrook, in 'Mrs. Mitchel Chapman,' shows very cleverly how the pink roses are greyed by the surrounding blacks of the dress. The winsome child, painted some time ago by Carolus Duran, acclaims his talent; and the group of portraits in black and white by Mr. Will Rothenstein, in whose work is always a note of distinction, are among other exhibits of merit.

As was the case at the time of the Crimea, so now artists have come forward to contribute works to be sold

in aid of sufferers in the South African campaign. The Artists' War Fund Exhibition at the Guildhall Gallery comprised some 328 works. A couple of etchings by the Queen, one by the Prince Consort, a water-colour sketch of Botzen by Princess Louise, and two portraits by the Empress Frederick were the Royal contributions. Many, probably most, of our popular artists were represented, and, in particular as it was possible to give some fortnight's notice only, the show testified to the generous spirit of artists as a body. Sir Edward Poynter's portrait of a girl holding a bowl of white roses; Mr. G. F. Watts' figure study, with its delightful notes of orange and red; Sir Alma Tadema's 'Flag of Truce'; the 'Destiny' of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, a little dream of colour; an evening landscape in Wales, by Mr. Leader; Sir W. B. Richmond's 'Maid of Athens'; and a figure on a small scale, the richly embroidered dress touched so happily, by Mr. E. J. Gregory—these are one or two only of the exhibits by popular artists. I am fortunate enough to be able to reproduce Mr. H. H. La Thangue's delightful, sun-splashed portrait of a Sussex peasant girl with straw-coloured hair, which he entitles 'A Souvenir of 1799.' Artists were requested after their signature to write the words "War Fund, 1900," so that hereafter the pictures may be recognisable. All those who have worked towards the success of the scheme are to be congratulated.

A greater proportion of poor, meaningless work: this is part of the verdict that must be passed on the second, as compared with the inaugural exhibition of the Pastel Society. But another clause, no less called for, re-establishes equilibrium: that several of the exhibits possess signal merit, a few serve to strike a note at once fresh and welcome. In two of his four exhibits—and the plan of grouping together work from one hand is for the most part adhered to, and wisely so—Fritz Thaulow treats scenes with which paramountly we have come to associate his name. Again we find pleasure in his white-fronted, red-roofed houses when lamps have been lit and twilight adds mystery to the figure of a passing peasant. His 'Storm at Dieppe' proves, however, that this talented Norwegian can render with combined force and charm a turmoil of grey-brown waters breaking on a swiftly shelving shore. The swing of the waves, their backward surge, the colour which misses being dirty—everywhere is good and faithful work. Then, has ever snow been rendered more exquisitely, with its soft sheen, than in 'After the Snowfall'? Mr. Ernest Oppler's portrait of a peasant girl in white cap is particularly dainty, the relationships of quiet tones very strictly observed. Mons. Aman Jean's figures are marked by flexibility of line, dexterity of touch, happy *ensemble*. Two of Mr. Arthur Tomson's pastels stand out as among the very best things in their kind here. I mean his study of luxuriant larkspur growths, and 'The Iris Walk,' a beautiful and poetic rendering of flower life. The groups which represent respectively Messrs. J. M. Swan, Edward Stott, Henry Muhrmann—who is ever big and simple and impressive—and H. B. Brabazon, one of the most sensitive of our colourists, may be studied with profit and pleasure. One detail of Mons. Gandara's needlessly large pastel, the china tea-service to wit, is a technical triumph. In Mr. Fernand Lungren we have a new-comer. He is an American lately arrived in England. The fog and gloom and grime of London have served him in good stead. His pastel, 'Near the Bank,' at noon on a November day, when the City is plunged in darkness, is faithful, distinctive, alike in the rendering of the dimly-seen figures, the management of the artificial lights, and that indefinable something that knits the work into a unified and pleasure-provoking whole. It is a new vision of London, this. No less clever is the same artist's view of a train, whose orange-coloured tail lamp has just passed the point of observation, and is moving swiftly towards the multi-coloured signal lights of the terminus. The glow from the windows of the lighted carriages, the sense of rapid gliding movement, and the arrangement of the paths of radiating light here again mark out Mr. Lungren as not only a capable, but as an individual worker.



"A Souvenir."
By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.

In Suffolk Street the 753 exhibits which go to form the 45th exhibition of the Society of Women Artists are for the most part lamentably poor. Yet again one asks why a group of undistinguished women should dissociate themselves from men to form an exhibition of this kind. Among the pictures that call for mention are Mrs. Deric Hardy's procession of singing-girls, treated in sober and effective greys; atmospheric little landscapes by the Misses Annette Elias and Stewart Wood; and Mrs. Hartrick's study in water-colour of apple-blossom.

FRANK RINDER.

'THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.'

A Water-Colour Drawing by the Late SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, Bart.

In the Collection of Colonel H. Jekyll, R.E.

"I MEAN by a picture a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up, with the waking of Brynhild."

These words, written to a friend by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, express better than anything else the intention of the artist who painted the beautiful picture which is the subject of our plate. Whether he found his motive in the classic myths of Hellas, or in the Celtic romances that were so dear to him, whether he painted the story of Perseus, or the sleep of the blameless king in Avalon, Burne-Jones invested the theme with the glamour of his own poetic fancy, and surrounded his creations with the charmed atmosphere of some far-away dreamland. This motive of singing and dancing maidens, was from early days one of his favourite subjects, and recurs frequently, both in his sketches and finished works.

It was a story after his own heart, one of those old Greek fables which had for him so powerful an attraction and so deep a meaning. According to the legend, the Hesperides were three nymphs, daughters of Hesperus, the Silver Evening Star, who, with Ladon, the hundred-headed dragon, to help them, kept watch over the golden apples given by Ge, the Earth, to Hera at her wedding. Many were the hapless mortals who set forth to seek that enchanted garden in the far-off country of the Hyperboreans, where these immortal maidens guard the golden fruit, but none, we are told, ever succeeded in his quest. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. At last, Perseus found his way to the enchanted garden, and learnt of the nymphs the way to the Gorgon's land; and after him, one day, came Herakles the mighty, when, at the bidding of the tyrant Eurystheus, he wandered over Italy and the Mediterranean shores to fulfil his tale of labours. Then Prometheus, the chained Titan, sent him to find the giant Atlas, who has held up the sky on his shoulders, and kept the heavens and earth apart, for more than a thousand years. He it was who knew the secret of the Garden of the Hesperides, and while Herakles took the burden of the heavens on his own shoulders, the giant fetched the golden apples from the magic tree, or, as others say, told him how to kill the dragon of the hundred heads, and win the prize. The story has been told by Kingsley in his "Tales of Greek Heroes," and again by Hawthorne, with a fine new-world flavour, in his "Tanglewood Tales" of the "Wonder-Book." "Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the Garden of the Hesperides? Ah! those were such apples as would bring a great price, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of these apples exists any longer."

The Greek sculptors carved the hero leaning on his club, with the lion's skin wrapt round him, sitting under the apple-boughs with the dead dragon at his feet and the golden fruit in his hand; and modern artists have painted him for us standing by the magic tree, while the sister nymphs gaze in wonder and admiration at the victor who has dared so many perils. But this is not the aspect of the tale which Burne-Jones has chosen for his picture. He has been content to paint the maidens dancing hand-in-hand, as they have danced for a thousand years, round the enchanted apple-tree, in the garden that knows no winter, the home of the south wind and of the sun, singing the strange, sweet song which few mortals have heard and which none have ever understood.

'The Garden of the Hesperides,' of which another and equally beautiful example is in the Birmingham Art Gallery, was finished in 1873, at a period when the great master painted many of his most finely-coloured works, and the hues of the picture are singularly rich and glowing. The crimson robes of the three fair sisters stand out against the dark and shining leaves of the magic tree, and the golden apples gleam in the foliage above the white marble parapet. Their bright hair is wreathed with oak and myrtle leaves, masses of flowering roses blossom all around, and primroses and shamrock spring up in the grass at their feet, where old Ladon, the sleepless serpent, lies coiled round the stem of the enchanted tree. Their long locks float on the summer breeze, their white hands are clasped together, and their feet move in rhythmic measure, but their faces are wan and weary, and their eyes look out on us with a gaze of wistful yearning. Perhaps they are growing tired, and wait in vain for the coming of a playmate who tarries yet, and whose footstep is not heard.

This beautiful picture, which for lovely and harmonious colour deserves to rank with the artist's finest works, while for swift and joyous movement it surpasses most of them, was first exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in the year 1873, together with the famous painting of 'Love among the Ruins.' Several years had already passed since the master's first works had been exhibited in the rooms of the Old Society of Water-Colour Painters in Pall Mall, and several more were to go by before the memorable May day when the 'Days of Creation' and 'The Mirror of Venus' appeared at the Grosvenor Gallery, and took the world by storm. During the interval, the name of Edward Burne-Jones had been almost forgotten by the public, and the two pictures passed unnoticed by all saving a few of the master's intimate friends. But slowly and surely Time works its revenges, and when, at the Great Jubilee Exhibition, held at Manchester in 1887, 'The Garden of the Hesperides' and 'Love among the Ruins' once more appeared side by side, their splendid colour and romantic charm excited general admiration. Since then they have been exhibited at the Guildhall in 1892 and 1894, and were both in the collection of the lamented painter's works that was brought together at the New Gallery last winter.

'The Garden of the Hesperides' is now the property of Colonel Herbert Jekyll, R.E., and the plate we give here is reproduced from an admirable photograph by Mr. Caswall Smith, whose work in this direction is receiving great recognition.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

The Art Journal, London: H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Painted by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.

Photo. Caswall Smith.

The Garden of the Hesperides

From the original Picture in the possession of Colonel H. Jekyll

PASSING EVENTS.

AT a meeting of the Royal Academy on January 30th, Mr. Henry Scott Tuke, Mr. John Belcher, and Mr. Alfred Drury were elected Associates. So far back as 1889 Mr. Tuke's 'All Hands to the Pumps' was purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest, and again, in 1894, he was honoured by the purchase of 'August Blue.' Mr. Drury's bronze head, 'Griselda,' received a similar honour in 1896. Mr. Belcher is best known by his design for the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Mr. Joseph Farquharson and Mr. Edward Stott received many votes, and the election of both these distinguished painters can assuredly not be far distant.

THE National Collections are much enriched by the late Mr. Henry Vaughan's benefactions. The National Gallery receives pictures and sketches by Raphael, Constable, Stothard, Landseer, and Reynolds, and also further Turner drawings. Two pictures by Constable go to the Victoria and Albert Museum, and South Kensington will also have a marble bas-relief by Donatello. Sir Walter Armstrong's Gallery in Dublin secures a series of Turner's drawings, and another set has been left to the Royal Institution, Edinburgh, whose possessions are exhibited in the National Gallery on the Mound.

IT would almost seem that Her Majesty's Treasury deliberately assume that individual generosity will make up for official cheese-paring. Last summer the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery pleaded hard for money to buy the portraits of King Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and Sir David Wilkie's portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. Not a penny was voted. Shortly afterwards, the Queen presented her portrait by Sir George Hayter, and recently Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim purchased the Charles I. by Daniel Mytens, and handed it over to the Trustees. These gifts have enabled the Trustees to secure the Henrietta Maria portrait ascribed to Vandyck.

MR. AUGUSTUS SPENCER, who has been for some time headmaster of the Municipal School of Art, Leicester, has been promoted to the Principalship of the Royal College of Art, vice Mr. Walter Crane. Mr. Spencer is a native of Keighley, in Yorkshire, and his connexion with the technical art requirements of the Midlands should help him greatly in his new sphere of labour. The projected reorganization of South Kensington will have much to do with art matters, and it is confidently expected that the claims of science will not this time swamp those of art.

NOW that Mr. Ruskin is no more there will be many unearthings of recollections of one of the most imposing personalities of the century. In the letters of James Smetham, who was in his way a miniature Ruskin, there is recorded an interesting conversation that took place just forty-five years ago. It will illustrate the Utopian ideals of Ruskin. The question had cropped up as to the incompleteness of life, whereupon Ruskin said: "Let the world turn shepherds and agriculturists; they are free and happy and simple, and could also be holier. I don't know but that art, painting, poetry are devices of Satan." The latter part of the apophthegm shows one of those curious involutions of thought so characteristic of Ruskin.

THE triumphs of the Early British School have been so frequent that it is not surprising to learn that an exhibition in Berlin representative of the School has been a success. To many of the fastidious German critics the show came as somewhat of a revelation. At any time it is a cheering spectacle to witness a gallery of works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, Morland, and Constable, even although not of the finest quality, and, of course, the opportunity is rarer abroad than in this country. One of the most admired sections of the Chicago Exhibition was that devoted to the Early British School, and, as announced in the previous number, the forthcoming Paris Exhibition will contain about fifty pictures—portraits and landscapes—to prove that British art is not without glorious traditions.

DR. BODE, the learned and much-esteemed Director of the Gallery of Old Masters in Berlin, is now in better health and able to attend to his duties.

IT is pleasing to note that the late Mr. Henry Vaughan provided in his will for a statue to be erected to the memory of Gainsborough. £1,000 is the sum set apart for this work, and it is further stipulated that it be executed by an English sculptor. Without being unpatriotic, or unmindful of the abilities of many of our sculptors, it is permissible to wonder how Rodin would treat such a theme. Perhaps the new Associate, Mr. Alfred Drury, may be chosen to essay the task.

ALREADY artists are beginning to feel the effects of the war, and it is doubtful whether much enterprise will be displayed this year. As for the Paris Exhibition, British artists cannot look at the arrangements with hopeful eyes. Recent regulations insist on candidates sending only one canvas, and that of small size. Good advice would seem to be: let the British painter, of whatever standing he may be, take heart of grace, and be determined that, so far as home exhibitions are concerned, there shall be no falling-off this year, despite the gloomy outlook.

RECENT ART BOOKS.

"PRE-RAPHAELITE DIARIES AND LETTERS," by W. M. Rossetti (Hurst and Blackett), although somewhat forbidding in title, is a volume full of vigorous writing, and gives a clear insight into the motives of the famous mid-century group which have done so much for English Art. Mr. William Rossetti, with the knowledge

which comes from large experience, has known what to omit as well as what to publish, and his famous brother and his friends live and breathe again amidst these short extracts.

Of the series of "HANDBOOKS ON GREAT MASTERS" (Bell) there have appeared well-illustrated volumes on Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Crivelli, and Signorelli. The last named, written by Miss Maud Cruttwell, is the most satisfactory of Dr. Williamson's interesting series. Miss Cruttwell writes sympathetically and intelligently, and appears capable of carrying her studies to excellent conclusions.

Mr. G. W. Rhead and his brother, Mr. Louis Rhead, have prepared twelve compositions to illustrate the "LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. BADMAN" (Heinemann), the originals of which were recently on view in a Bond Street gallery. Such a work cannot but be terrible in its illustrations, and it says much for the greatness of the art of the brothers Rhead, that never for a moment do they lose dignity or pathos. Both are real artists, Mr. Louis being the more original, while his brother is perhaps more conscientious. With a more attractive subject to illustrate, the Messrs. Rhead would make a great achievement.

One of the most successful books recently published in which art is allied to travel, is *"PYRAMIDS AND PROGRESS," by John Ward, F.S.A. (Eyre and Spottiswoode), wherein the well-known *littérateur* of the north of Ireland sketches the recent doings in Egypt, and accompanies the text with many of his own drawings. *"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN YORKSHIRE," by A. H. Norway (Macmillan), is illustrated by many designs and sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson and Mr. Joseph Pennell. Mr. Pennell's drawings reveal greater beauty in line than he has hitherto achieved. Equally interesting to Yorkshire people is "BY MOOR AND FELL IN WEST YORKSHIRE," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Unwin), although the illustrations are less equal in merit. "NOOKS AND CORNERS OF SHROPSHIRE," by H. T. Timmins (Stock), while differing greatly from Mr. Cranage's monumental work, is the work of an observant artist with both pencil and pen, and full of the romantic stories of the West of England.

Mr. Frederick Litchfield, already an authority from his excellent "HISTORY OF FURNITURE," has turned his attention to another field fruitful to the collector, and in "POTTERY AND PORCELAIN" (Truslove, Hanson, and Comba), gives the result of his labours, in a volume with 150 illustrations. For those who wish to obtain real pleasure from an agreeable hobby, this book can be specially recommended, especially for those who have no previous knowledge of Porcelain in all its branches.

The study of the Figurines of Tanagra has made great progress in recent years, but as Mr. Marcus Huish says in his excellent book on *"GREEK TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES" (Murray), the subject is very little known in England. These small statuettes, always as a rule under a foot in height, display some of the most precious artistic expressions ever known. It was from these that Albert Moore and Leighton obtained much of their inspiration in the arrangement of drapery, and even the Liberty dresses of to-day are only an echo of the wonderful artistic community in Greece, wherein Tanagra occupied a prominent place.

* *The Editor specially recommends these Books for purchase.*

To artists whose studies lead them to draw horses, and for young painters still having a name to make, Dr. H. W. Armstead's "ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF THE HORSE" (Baillière) will be particularly welcome. Avoiding the extreme technicalities of the veterinary, yet with ample knowledge of anatomy of the horse, Dr. Armstead successfully sets forth the chief points required by the artist in a series of simple, yet complete illustrations.

Photographers will learn more from "PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS, 1900" (Dawbarn & Ward), as to the doings of American camera work than from any other similar publication. "SEALING STAMPS," being designs on gummed paper with which effectually to seal envelopes, are becoming used by many who like something original and artistic to close their correspondence. Herr J. Hoffmann, of Stuttgart, publishes various series, all of which are good and some classic in design.

The "PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR" (Dawbarn and Ward) are always interesting as indicating the progress of the science and its art.

Photographs of beautiful and well-arranged compositions on untouched negatives are the chief attractions of Mr. Baldry and Mr. Day's series of *"LENSART" photographs (Day, photographer, Bournemouth). This series is the best of its kind, and likely to be attractive in portfolio or in frames.

Mr. Henry Ospovat has not been so well inspired in his illustration to the "POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD" as in some of his previous work. Arnold's poetry, in fact, does not lend itself to be treated in this way, and we think if Mr. Ospovat would illustrate Browning or Morris his pencil would be better employed.

Children's Books continue a feature of our time. "AN ACTIVE ARMY ALPHABET," being connected with the war, is entirely up-to-date. The illustrations by John Hassall are spirited and artistic. Messrs. Sands also publish Miss Bradley's cartoons on "THE RUNAWAY PUFF-PUFF," a little far-fetched, but clever.

Other books for youngsters are: "TWO WELL-WORN SHOE STORIES" (Sands), pictured by John Hassall and Cecil Aldin, artists already known to fame, and likely to do greater work very soon; "A DOMESTIC MENAGERIE" (Stock), from Théophile Gautier's text, with several remarkably artistic drawings by Mrs. William Chance; "THE TWO POOLS" (Unwin), by J. Thomson Dunning, a story of trouts and sticklebacks which children can best appreciate.

One of the best-known of the present German School, "HANS THOMA" (Schuster, Berlin), is an artist whose works have compelled attention at Knightsbridge as much as in Munich and Berlin. F. H. Meissner has undertaken the task of preparing a little volume in German on his friend, which one day we may hope to see published in English.

No place on the continent of Europe has a more romantic history than the Duchy of Lauenburg. The ducal palace and church there are very interesting, and under the title "Die Bau- und Kunstdenkmäler des Askanischen Fürstenhauses im ehemaligen Herzogtum Lauenburg (Dessau)," the celebrated architect, Robert Schmidt, has published an important folio of drawings of the Lauenburg and Ratzenburg churches connected with the family.

April, 1900.



The Choir of S. Paul's Cathedral, showing the new Mosaic Decoration.
From a water-colour by Miss Edith James.

THE DECORATION OF THE CHOIR OF S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



Aholiab.
"Them hath He filled with wisdom

IN no spirit of controversy is the following article written, but rather as an attempt to place before the public some description of the great decorative work now in progress at S. Paul's, of the method of its execution, and of the spirit in which it is conceived; thus to enable Englishmen to form some opinion for themselves on a subject of profound national interest.

It is obvious that no conceivable style of decoration, the work of no one artist, however great, could satisfy the various schools of artistic taste, the clash of whose conflicting views is a healthy symptom of the revived artistic life in our midst.

Criticism, therefore, is permissible, nay desirable, but it should be the outcome of more than a passing visit, to work on which years of thought and careful study have been expended.



Bezaleel.
to work all manner of work."



Decorative Panel beneath the Clerestory of the Central Bay.



At work on the Scaffolding.
R. Gregory, foreman of the Mosaic Workers, in the foreground.



Window, S.E. Bay. Border (S. Abbondio, Como, 7th Cent., stone). Below, Early Anglian 'Stafford Knots.' Inscription, from Antiphon to Magnificat for Dec. 18th and 19th. From a pencil study by Miss Edith James.

In 1891 the present scheme of mosaic decoration was undertaken by Mr., now Sir William, Richmond, and, for some five years at least, went on, amid the profound apathy of the public. Few cared to visit those vast scaffoldings, which, rising tier above tier, were suspended by mighty chains from the choir vault, though it was a sight once seen never to be forgotten, drawing one back again and again with a strange fascination, to watch the work with ever-renewed interest. Weird effects there were in the strange life of that overhead city. Brilliant lights, strange shadows, and dim vistas; huge forms growing daily out of nothingness; the busy labours of a small army of workers cutting the glass slabs, fixing the giant cartoons, inserting the brilliant tesseræ. A burst of well-nigh universal praise, astonishment, and delight greeted the unveiling, first of a portion, then of the whole choir. A burst of almost equally sudden adverse criticism more recently arose over the new work beneath the dome; work avowedly experimental, all unfinished, and which has since been greatly modified. Discussion raged; the public, seemingly ashamed of its spontaneous admiration, founded in truth, rather on impulse, than on any true appreciation of the work, lost confidence, and waited timidly to be told what to admire and what to condemn. So stands the matter! What, then, has been accomplished?

And first, concerning the material used. None other can resist for long the action of our climate; none other can give out again the light received and radiate glory, even beneath wintry skies. Also, if we hold that National Art should be the reflex of the National Life, what medium could produce so fitting an embodiment of England's Life? For let us hear what Victor Hugo says concerning the mosaic work so loved of ancient Rome. Most suitable, he deems it, "for a people whose thoughts and social habits and systems of philosophy exhibit one vast mosaic, made up of precious fragments from the east and from the west, arranged and maintained in a magnificent and imposing form, by natural ability, on the grand system of faith in the advantages of compact and indissoluble union." To *us* has fallen the mantle of Imperial Rome. From east and west, and north and south, *we* have assimilated all that is best and noblest, drawing the precious fragments of our Empire yearly into more indissoluble union. Well may the central Church of England's wide domains stand glorious in a robe, splendid to sight, and emblematic of that vast dominion which God has trusted to her keeping; solid as the rock, fused in the fire, beautiful exceedingly.

And it is the work of Englishmen! For hitherto England has sought mosaics from abroad, and it remained for Richmond to give expression to a phrase which should be written in letters of gold on the annals of English art. "*If our great Cathedral cannot be decorated by the mind and hands of Englishmen, let it retain the dull, cavernous, and unsympathetic interior which it now presents.*" So spoke Richmond some ten years ago, and was scoffed at for his words. "Impossible! Unheard of! England had no workers trained for such a task." The impossible has now become accomplished fact, for Richmond met unmoved the advice of friends, the scorn of foes. After long study of the old Byzantine work, his costly experiments bore their fruit in the production, by Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, of an opaque glass possessed of all the ancient qualities, not "flashed" or coloured on the surface only, but burnt right through the slab, so that the fractured edge can now be used, not the smooth surface. Those who would judge what added brilliance this gives, may note the earlier work, the Salviati spandrels beneath the dome, or the English work in the North-West Chapel. And next, for months, beneath the artist's eye, his men were trained, till every man possessed the needed skill, and thus to-day, while the great choir vault stands clothed in glowing splendour, the vast sums expended have gone to English pockets, and English homes have thriven on the wages paid, and English hearts and hands have accomplished the glorious work which, on Easter Eve, 1897, was dedicated

to the Glory of God. Then, in solemn procession, all those who had had part in the work passed upwards to the altar, a great Te Deum was sung, and the Triple Alleleuia gave the praise where praise was due.

Space forbids more than a passing word concerning the great difference in artistic value between work thus done upon the spot, beneath "the Master Worker's" eye, where every tessera is set intelligently to suit the curvature or light at that one point, and work executed, as all other modern mosaic is, in blocks, done from the design reversed, and brought from distant workshops, to be fixed in place without, maybe, a single visit from the designer, to test the suitability to its environment.

We turn now to the subject, no disconnected panels, but one vast scheme which culminates and centres at the Apse. And first, the shallow Saucer Domes, with the five stone ribs, which are the transverse arches of the vault.

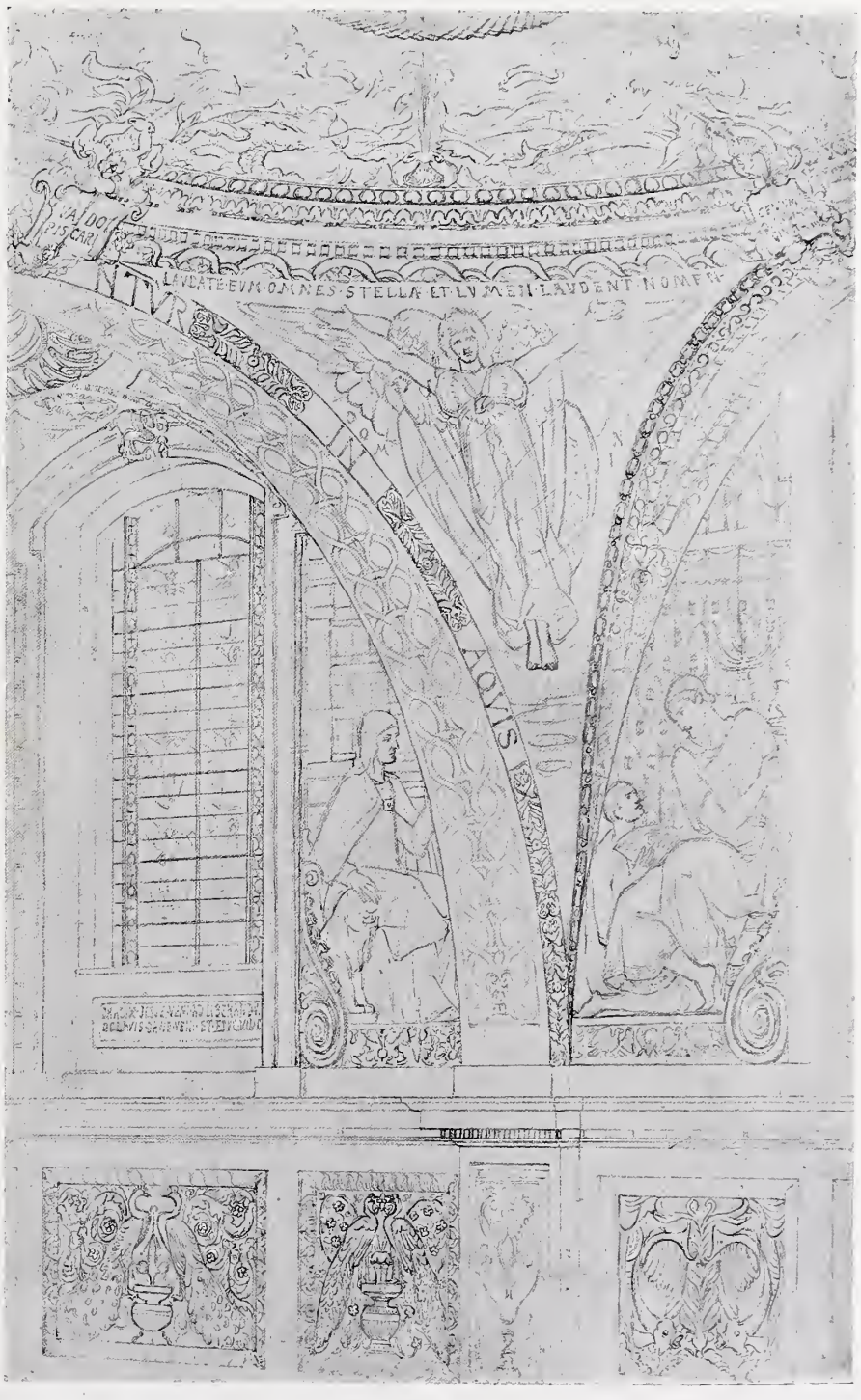
"Benedicite Omnie Opera Domini Domino," so runs the legend on the westernmost; and beasts, and birds, and fishes appear, each in their turn. With marvellous skill, Richmond has used these natural forms, yet kept them all subordinate to the decorative effect. At first we see no detail, only as we look form after form comes out; and ever closer study shows us new wonders, and reveals fresh interest. In the eastern dome, we have a lovely harmony of soft grey bluey green, divided into eight compartments. But as we look, we find that this is formed by outstretched wings of eagles, round a glory on which runs the words, "Et volatile sub firmamento," Gen. i. 20. Below the eagles, the blue mountain-tops and clouds. Then trees and solid earth, and all winged things, scarlet flamingoes, storks, and cranes, turkeys, and swans, and parrots, and peacocks with their tails displayed, wander amid a very Paradise of fruiting flowering trees, spiked chestnuts, ruddy apples, oaks, and olives; while above the altar, tall white lilies rise to meet the purple clusters of the vine.

Next come the fishes in the central dome, ringed with a border of scallop-shells, while great whales spout fountains of silver water. With less detail than in the eastern dome, the decorative effect is, of all the three, perhaps the loveliest, with its wondrous depth of deep blue waves.

Lastly, the beasts. Again, eight golden eagles spread their wings; and palm-trees, with birds of glorious plumage, mark the compartments, where dwell, amid a vegetation mostly tropical, lion and tiger, elephant, rhinoceros, and camel, tiny gazelles and graceful stag, the leaping kangaroo, the dog, the rabbit, and the squirrel.

And the mandate of Creation rings above: "Producat terre animam viventem," and the aim of all creation is inscribed along those transverse ribs.

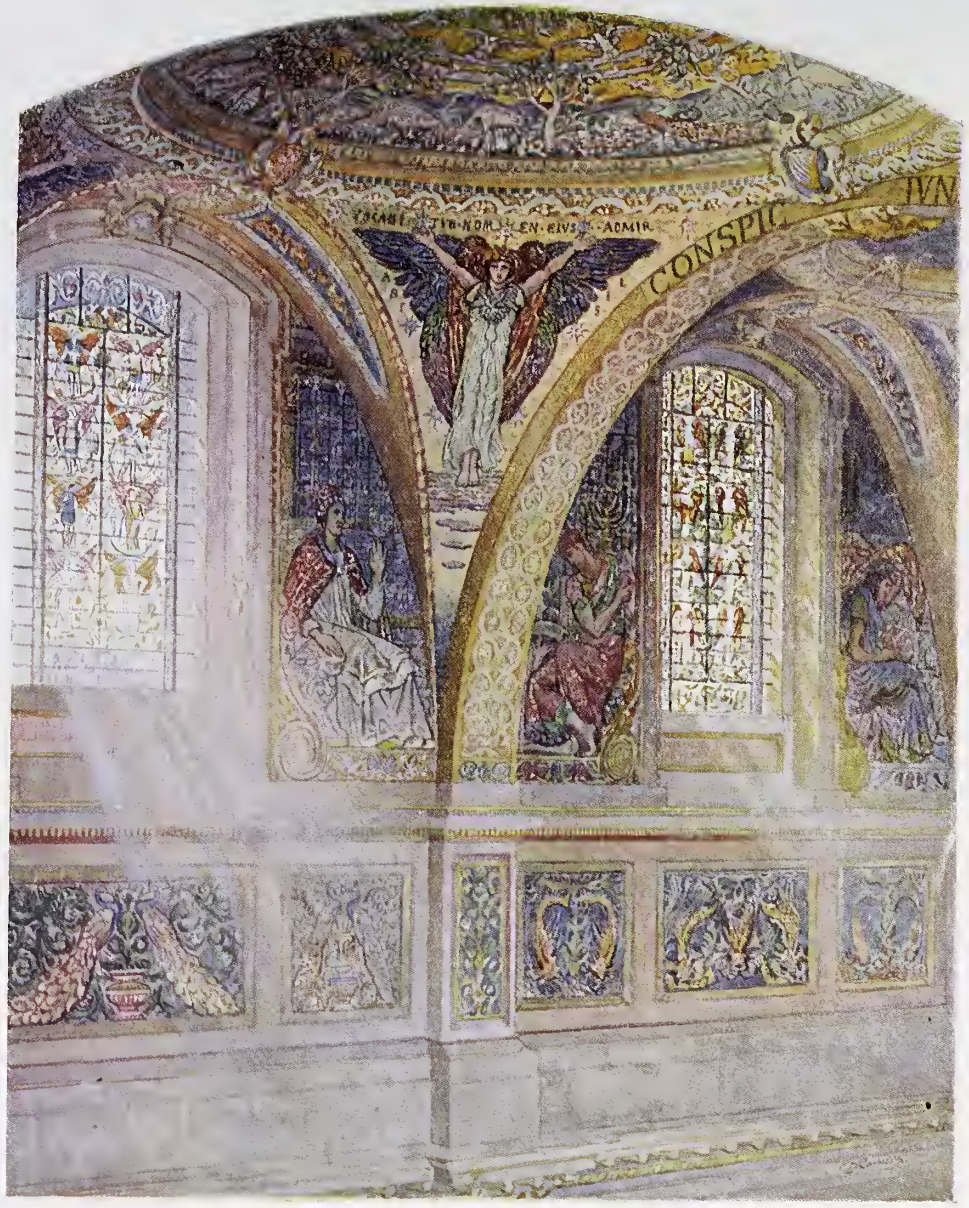
"Per ea quae facta sunt intellecta.—Invisibilia ipsius a creatura mundi—conspicuinta—Sempiterna eius virtus et divinitus." (Rom. i. 20.)



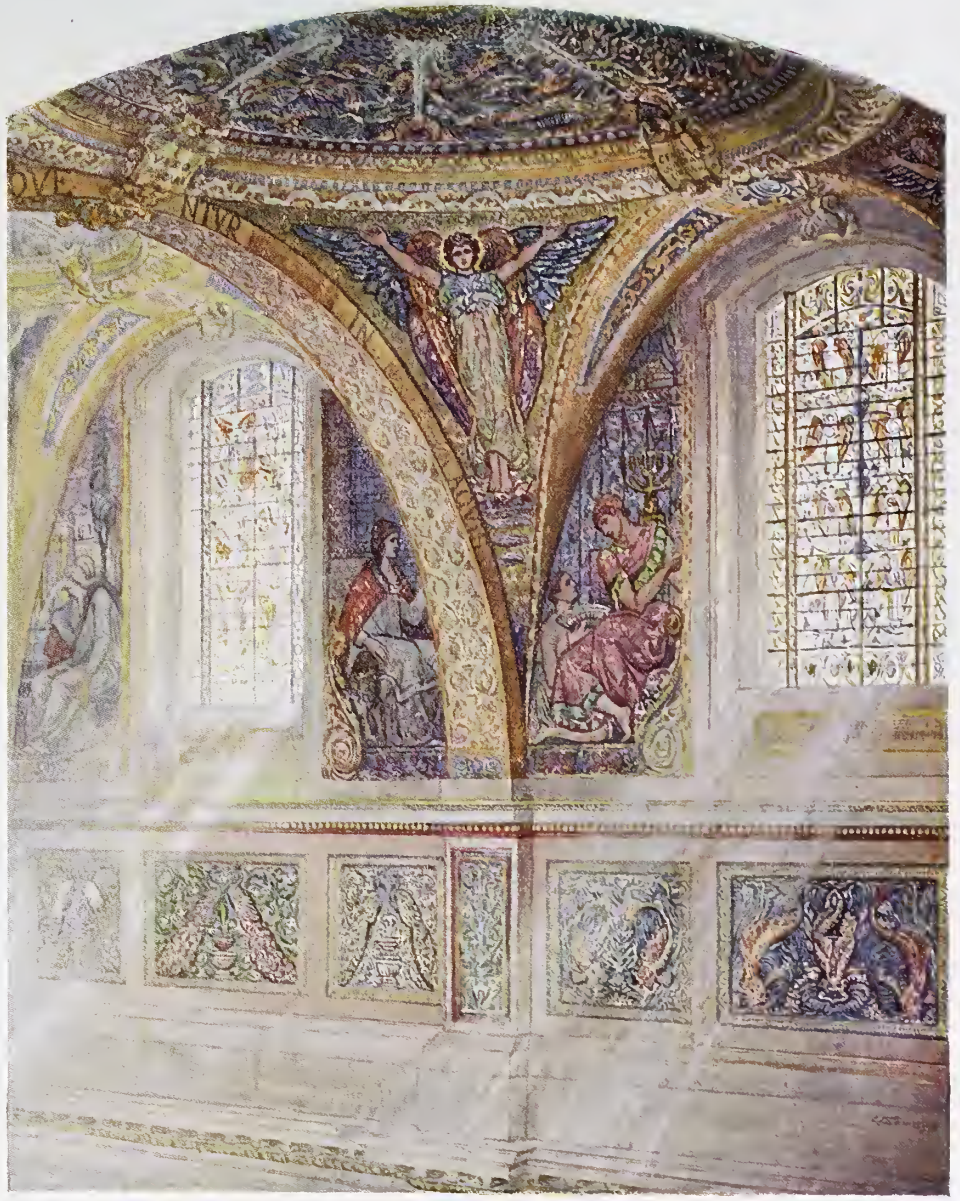
Portion of 2nd and 3rd Bays, S.E. (A) *Saucer Dome, The Fishes, John xxi. 3, 6, 22, and Matt. xiii. 48;* (B) *Clerestory spaces: Solomon, Temple Builder; Aholiab, Tabernacle Builder, Ex. xxxi. 6.*
From a pencil study by Miss Edith James.



Window of Central N. Bay. Angels bear the Sun, Moon, Earth, and Planets; those in the lower compartments, the Sacred Chalice of His Blood, through whom shall come the Restitution of all Things. The Bordering is adapted from very early British and Keltic sources.



Portion of the Easternmost Saucer Dome (Birds). Solomon, Aholiab and Bezaleel in the Clerestory spaces. Inscriptions from Antiphons to Magnificat for Dec. 18 & 19.



Portion of Central Saucer Dome (Fishes). David, Solomon, and Aholiab in the Clerestory spaces.

Supporting these three domes, twelve Pendentives, with twelve great angels of Prophecy and Revelation, similar, yet not identical, their arms outstretched, their feet touching the clouds. Surely such angels Dante saw; of such has Browning written, when he was aware—

"Of a great angel standing there;
His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
That they saw God: his lips and jaw,
Strong made and stern, as Sinai's law,
They could enunciate and refrain,
From vibratory after pain,
And his brow's heighth was sovereign."



Decorative Panel above Cornice, S.E. Bay. From a pencil study by Miss Edith James.

About them the message of salvation is inscribed, for "The People that walked in darkness have seen a great Light. . . . Unto us a Son is born. . . . And His name shall be called Wonderful." While in the words of the 148th and 104th Psalm, Angels and all Created Things are bidden worship Him "Who maketh His Angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire."

Next in importance to the saucer domes, the spaces either side the clerestory windows offer panels where the history of the world, Jewish and Pagan, points onward to the coming of the Christ.

Northward, the world outside the Covenant.

First Job—as opening up the question of the relation of human misery to human guilt, and representing, as it were, the philosophies of the ancient world.

Abraham, not yet received within the Covenant, chosen of God, receives three messengers before his tent, while Sarah laughs, as many laugh to-day, at that which passes what they know of natural law.

The Kingdoms of the World next play their parts in working out the counsels of the Lord. Cyrus, in robe of peace, himself foretold in prophecy. The Lord's anointed Shepherd, who should say to Jerusalem "Thou shalt be built." Behind him, a long procession of Jews, priests, and warriors, women and children, and beasts of burden, returning to their native land. Ezekiel's mystic symbol of wheels and living creatures goes before.



Decorative Panel above Cornice, S.E. Bay. From a pencil study by Miss Edith James.

Then Alexander; behind him stand the types of east and west, united beneath his conquering arm. Sage ruler, mighty conqueror, each unwittingly fulfils the mission preordained of God.

And on the eastern bay, the Sibyls stand, for long unrepresented in our Christian Art, in our own land almost unknown. The Persian, eldest of the mystic sisterhood. The Delphic, most revered of Grecian shrines. And we ask what they do here. Are not the old Faiths dead?

"Since the hour when One in Zion
Hung for Love's sake on the Cross,
* * * *
And the false Gods with a cry
Rendered up their Deity,
And Pan was dead!"

But the Christian Church has ever held that, though dim and blurred, yet to them true knowledge came of Judgment, and Salvation yet to come—

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum et favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla"—

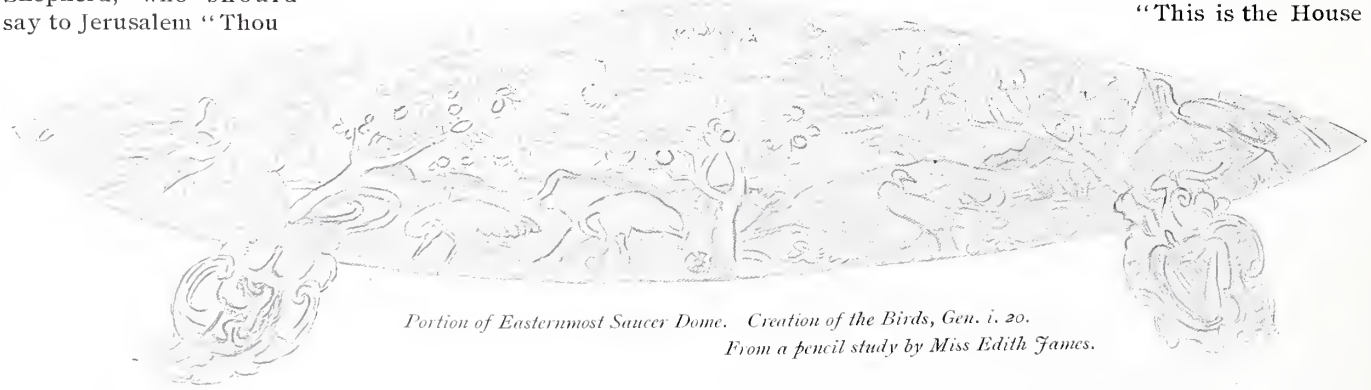
and recent study of the Faiths of other days, and other lands, has brought an ever-growing sense that, in our own Christian faith, came the fulfilment, not destruction, of the rest—

"Dear Greece, thou land of glorious lays,
See here the God of thy unconscious praise."

Deeply significant, then, is the presence of these ancient Oracles: a recognition, thus embodied in our Art, of a wider outlook, and a clearer view gained in the present century.

Beside the windows of the southern side, we see the part played by the Jewish race, chosen of God, building the visible temples of their God. "Types of the Spiritual Temples God hath reared." First, Jacob's altar, hallowed by heavenly visitants. "This is the House of God: this is the Gate of Heaven." Moses next receives the pattern of the Tabernacle, amid the awful splendours of Mount Sinai.

The Tabernacle Builders follow then, Bezaleel and



Portion of Easternmost Saucer Dome. Creation of the Birds, Gen. i. 20. From a pencil study by Miss Edith James.

Aholiab, to whom was given inspired wisdom and knowledge of all kinds of workmanship, and to devise curious work of gold, and silver, and brass; "in cutting of stones, and in setting them, and God had put into the heart of Bezaleel, that he might teach." Strangely appropriate seem the words!

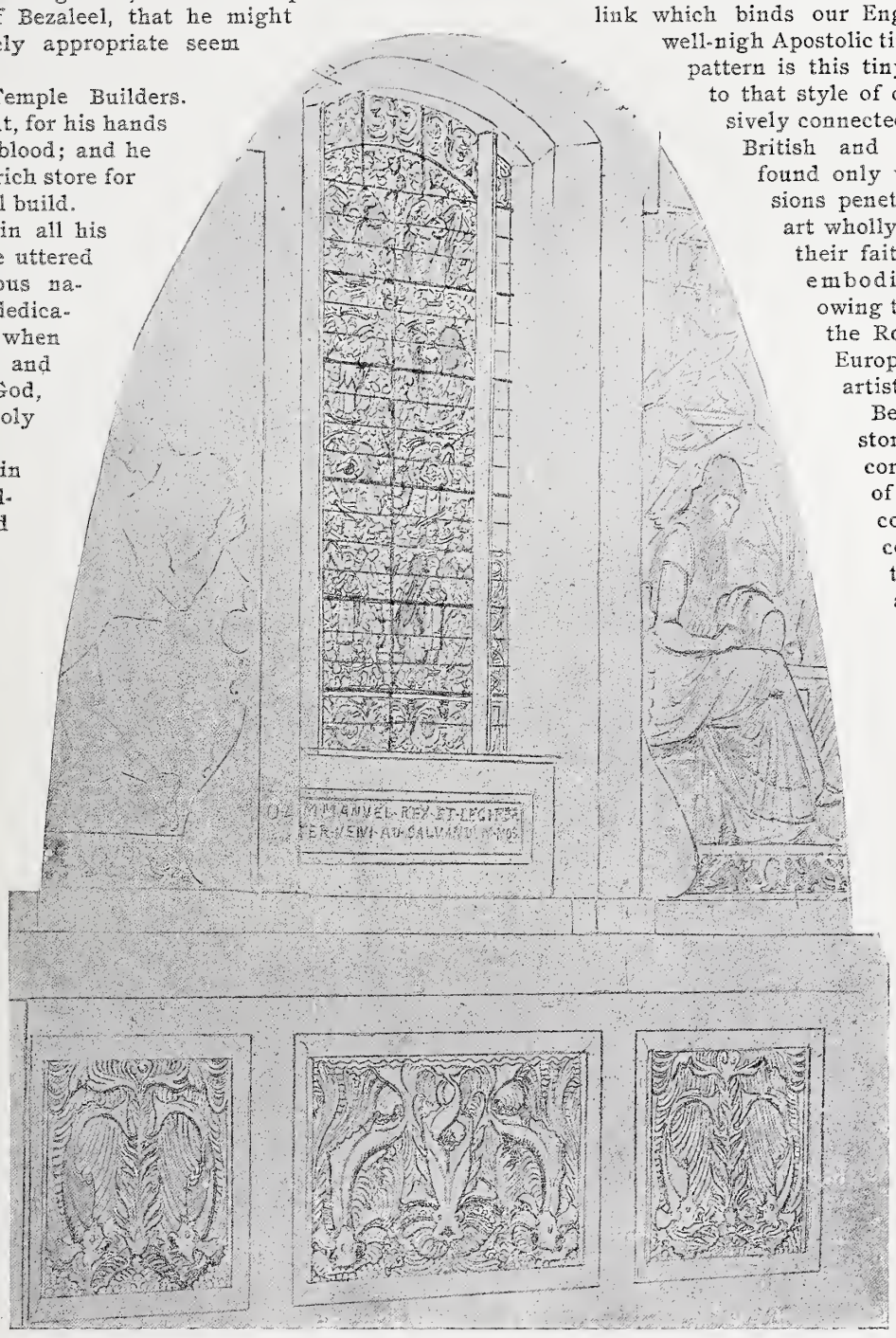
Lastly, the Temple Builders. David despondent, for his hands have shed much blood; and he can but prepare rich store for what his son shall build.

And Solomon in all his glory, as when he uttered that most glorious national prayer of dedication. Even so when England sins, and turns herself to God, in this most holy place.

"Hear Thou in Heaven thy Dwelling Place, and when Thou hearest forgive." (1 Kings viii.)

Beneath the windows run the Antiphons of the Magnificat, as used for centuries in our Church at Christmastide. Each one adapted to the subject shown, as when beneath the Sibyls run the words: "O Wisdom come and teach us. O Splendour of the East come and enlighten us." Of the windows there is little space to treat. Contrary to the custom of the age, where windows are a thing apart, with no connecting link between them and the adjacent decoration, these are essentially part of one great scheme; the very management of iron grating, or of leading, being calculated to enhance the general effect. The subject, angels—angels everywhere, a beautiful thought, as if to guard with angel hosts each opening from the outer world against the powers of darkness—

> "For the Saints and guardian Angels
> Throng in legions to protect it,
> And defeat them everywhere."

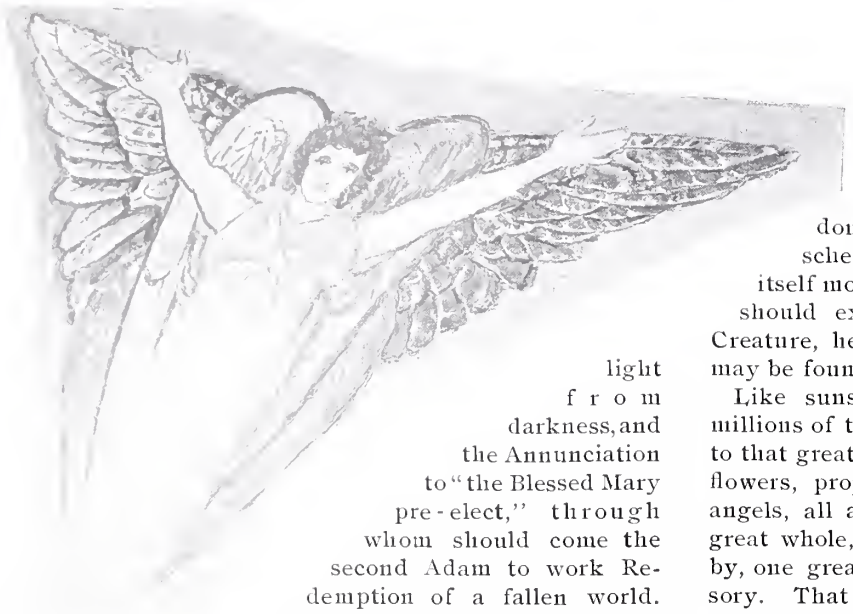


Clerestory, Central S. Bay. Bezaleel, Ex. xxxi. 2—6, and Decorative Panels, Fish Motifs.
From a Pencil Study by Miss Edith James.

Even to the minutest ornament, bordering these, most careful thought has been lavished. See on the windows of the apse, a tiny fret. No mere pretty ornament is this, but, in artistic language, the record of the link which binds our English Church to well-nigh Apostolic times. Pure Keltic pattern is this tiny fret, belonging to that style of ornament, exclusively connected with the early British and Keltic church, found only where their missions penetrated, a style of art wholly original, which their faith evolved as its embodiment, when, owing to the break-up of the Roman Empire, all Europe was plunged in artistic darkness.

Beneath the clerestory and above the cornice, runs a series of panels wholly decorative, yet taking colouring and motif from the domes above them, eighteen in all, not counting the two westernmost, which give us Adam and Eve in Paradise. Within the Sanctuary Bay, a weird procession sweeps along: "The Sea shall give up her Dead," perhaps the least successful of the whole. And the six virtues: Hope, sailing with brown sail against a starry sky; Fortitude, Charity, and Truth, Justice and Chastity. Below, on either side the Sanctuary Bay, best seen from behind the altar, are two rectangular panels of special beauty, The Sacrifice of Noah and The Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedec, both subjects bordered with flowery work, exquisitely in harmony with the adjacent carven work of Gibbons and of Cibber.

Below the cornice, the spandrels tell the tale of human frailty and the Love Divine, which found a way by which Salvation came. Southward, Adam and Eve, tempted and fallen, hiding from the eye of God. Northward, the Creation of the first world, very good, cosmos from chaos,



Sketch for Spandrel.
By Miss Edith James.
(This being a study for a larger subject, shows the figure as seen obliquely, and therefore somewhat distorted.)

light from darkness, and the Annunciation to "the Blessed Mary pre-elect," through whom should come the second Adam to work Redemption of a fallen world. Yet further on, nearest the altar, four angels, with the instruments of that Sacred Passion by which our Life was won.

So we lead onward to the central apse, which, executed first, is yet the climax and the consummation of the whole, where sits the Christ Himself in glory, King of Kings! borne on a whirl of wings, and seated on the Rainbow Throne, with royal robes and richly jewelled crown, His hands upraised in blessing. Beneath His feet, the Sun and Moon grow dim. On either side the Recording Angels stand, each with an angel retinue of four. He to the right hand of The Majesty, with crowns for the elect. The cross of their salvation marks his robe from neck to hem. But to the left! Is not this Living Art, the true embodiment of Living Thought, not the mere reproduction of conceptions from the Past? Nowhere is this great merit of the artist's work more clearly seen than here, in presence of the impenetrable mystery of Evil and its Doom. We think how Michael Angelo, in his great masterpiece, gave us "An angry Hercules hurling destruction on helpless victims; the very Saints and Martyrs, holding up the instruments of their torture, demanding vengeance of their Lord."* Not so in Richmond's work! Bitterly weeping, the attendant angels gaze on the dark scroll recording Evil Deeds; but he, the great central angel, shows, not grief, so much as awe-struck sense of mystery, infinite trust in One who cannot err, and in Whose hands the clue is held, though veiled meanwhile, even to angel eyes. And in that Presence, earth's feeble explanations, the restless questionings of a restless age, sink into silence.

"Measure not with words
The immeasurable, nor sink the string of Thought
Into the Fathomless—who asks doth err,
Who answers errs—say nought."

Turning once more towards the Christ Himself, we note the dignity, the majesty of form, the solemn tenderness of face, of Him who is at once the Saviour and the Judge. And yet what mortal hand can wholly satisfy with such a theme? "The King in all his Beauty." So with heads bowed in reverence, we make our way back to the space beneath the central dome, to gain our last impression of the entire scheme. And if our English race has shown itself most jealous lest the homage due to the Divine should expend itself elsewhere in worship of the Creature, here in our great Cathedral full satisfaction may be found.

Like sunshine spreads the choir vault above us, millions of tesseræ with jewel-like facets add their part to that great glory. Birds, beasts, and fishes, trees and flowers, prophets and kings, heroes, saints, martyrs, angels, all are there; but all detail is merged in one great whole, and all else leads up to, and is dominated by, one great thought, to which all else is mere accessory. That thought, the Christ, again the Christ, and yet again the Christ. For here, in threefold aspect, He is shown: the Supreme Fact in the central church of the world's greatest Empire. First on the reredos, Christ in suffering, for "So God loved the World"; above, the Christ in Victory, holding the floreated Resurrection Cross; and higher still, as in the Vault of Heaven, the Christ in Glory, Lord of All.

And the voice of all Creation is gathered up in one great song, which finds its utterance in words inscribed around the apse:

"Alleluia, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Alleluia."

MINNA GRAY.

NOTE.—The illustrations for this article are reproduced from the work of Miss Edith James, of Eton, better known perhaps in Paris than in England for her lovely flower pieces. Her death, on New Year's Eve, 1898, ended a career most full of promise, and left unfinished more than one large work connected with the interior of S. Paul's, to which three years of study in the Cathedral had led up.

But if much careful work thus came to nought, in ever-widening circles her influence spreads among her many pupils and all with whom she came in contact. For to her, Art was a Sacred Trust from God, an ante-chamber to the Presence of the King, where the soul might clothe itself in all Things Beautiful, and help the world to see aright that great Earth Spirit, who in Goethe's words:



Head of Angel (Pendentive to Saucer Dome s), from Working Cartoon. From a Water-Colour Study by Miss Edith James.

Weaves for our God the Robe we see Him by."

* J. A. Symonds.



On the Y. By James Maris.
In the collection of Alexander Young, Esq.

JAMES MARIS.

JACOB, or, as he is better known in England, James Maris—born at The Hague on August 25th, 1837—was the eldest of three sons, all artists, their father being a printer in that town, whose ancestors had, years before, migrated from Poland.

That all three sons should have become prominent amongst the great artists of the Modern Dutch school is remarkable, as the art seems in no way to have been inherited; still more strange is it, when we consider that the method and treatment employed by each brother is absolutely distinct and individual.

Though in the earlier years of his life James Maris appears to have been influenced to some extent by his at least equally eminent brother Matthew, the advance of time widened considerably the differences, and his later work became entirely personal.

Whilst James, with ever-increasing breadth and force, delighted to paint the old red-roofed towns of his beloved Holland, Matthew, whose work from the first was imbued with personal temperament and spirituality, has produced, at rare intervals, pictures, or rather dreams, of most exquisite tenderness, displaying a vague mysticism, but owing little to local colour.

William, the youngest of the three brothers, has mostly confined his subjects to the low-lying water-meadows, with grazing cattle, or ducks, by a sedgy pool; and, though not so great or original an artist as either of his brothers, paints with wonderful truth and breadth the luscious rich pastures of Holland, which he loves to depict sparkling and tingling with life, as the landscape appears after a shower of rain.

James Maris from his earliest school days displayed a love of drawing; his schoolmaster, perceiving a great future before him, recommended him warmly to the artist Stroebel, a painter of interiors and homely subjects, who received the boy as a pupil; in his studio Maris worked earnestly, copying lithographs and painting in water-colour familiar objects and still-life.

After a time he entered the studio of Huib van Hove, who soon afterwards removed to Antwerp, where James Maris appears to have been treated more as an apprentice than as a pupil, being employed to prepare canvases and make studies for this artist, instead of being allowed to follow the bent of his natural talent. However, after a time, he joined the classes at the Academy



The Ferry-Boat.
By James Maris.

of Drawing in Antwerp, where he studied for three years.

At the end of this period James Maris returned to The Hague, where he became a pupil of Louis Meyer; by this artist, again, he was compelled to undergo the drudgery of cleaning brushes and grinding colours. This did not satisfy Maris's ambition, so in his spare time he set himself to paint pictures independently of his master, and succeeded in finding his first purchaser, the picture being a small canvas of 'An Interior, with a Woman Cooking.'

In 1865 Maris started for Paris with his friend Kaemmerer. There he supported himself by painting small figure subjects, mostly of Italian peasant girls. After a time he entered the studio of the well-known artist Hébert, the painter of religious and other subjects, always graceful, yet somewhat cold and academic.



The Bird-Cage. By James Maris.
In the collection of J. S. Forbes, Esq.

Hébert admired the superb colouring of his young pupil, but found his figures heavy and wanting in delicacy; from this artist, whose work was so dissimilar, we feel that Maris can have gained but little.

In 1866 he sent to the Salon 'A Little Italian Girl,' which was purchased by an English dealer. Up to this time Maris had painted mostly figure subjects, but gradually inclining more to landscape, he, in 1868, sent to the Salon 'A View of the Rhine' and 'Gathering Apples'; in 1869 'The Sick Child' and 'The Knitter'; and in 1870 'The Ferry-boat' and 'Young Woman Reading a Letter.'

James Maris was at this time living in Paris, in the Rue Marcadet, where his brother Matthew appears to have joined him; he had already sold several pictures, and success seeming to smile on him—he married.

Then came the Franco-German War, and the frightful days of the Commune; during the siege he suffered severe hardships. This trying time ended, he returned with his family to The Hague. He settled there, and only on rare occasions, for short excursions, did he leave his native country, the landscape and quaint old towns of which appealed to him so strongly.

In 1872 Maris's work attracted the attention of M. Paul Mantz, who, in an article in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, on the Salon of that year, speaks of "the red roofs of the houses, the boat silently gliding on the waters of the canal," of Maris's picture, 'A Dutch Village,' as being the work of a "brush deftly handled," though he complains of a lack of "delicacy and refinement."

M. Lafenestre, in a notice on the Salon of the following year, in the same periodical, mentions 'A Canal in Holland,' by Maris, as being a work of great originality and distinction. The International Exhibition of Vienna was held the same year (1873), and Maris sent a picture which M. Lafenestre also praises as the work of a fine colourist.

From that date Maris exhibited frequently at the Salon. He received a "Mention Honorable" in 1884, and the pictures sent by him to the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1889 obtained for him a "Médaille d'Or," his 'Souvenir of Amsterdam,' 'Canal at Rotterdam,' and 'The Old Nurse,' specially calling forth warm admiration.

Maris's pictures were to be seen in public exhibitions in Munich (where he obtained a Medal in 1888), Berlin, Antwerp, and other towns on the Continent. At the Chicago Exhibition, in 1893, to which he sent five pictures, including 'The Two Mills' and 'Dordrecht—sun effect,' he obtained the highest honours.



The Pet Goat. By James Maris.
In the collection of Humphrey Roberts, Esq.

Maris had from the first a fine sense of colour, but his earliest works—mostly interiors with figures—though rich in tone, seem somewhat heavy and laboured when compared with the freedom and breadth of his later works. His pictures of 1865 to 1870 recall, in their solidity, as well as tone and quality, the pictures of Baron Leys, whose work he probably studied at Antwerp.



The Three Windmills.
By James Maris.

On going to Paris he seems to have been much impressed, and to some extent influenced, by the artists of the Barbizon School—for instance, two pictures, 'The Anglers' and 'The Ferry,' both painted in 1870, bear witness to his admiration for the work of Daubigny; whilst a small picture we remember to have seen, of a canal with an old woman in a punt beneath some feathery willows, gives a distinct indication of the influence of Corot.

However, after his return to Holland, his pictures became entirely individual, and though the earlier landscapes of this time are rather sombre in tone, and wanting in the breadth he afterwards obtained, they are full of delicate and harmonious colour.

Gradually his work increased in strength, freedom, and brilliancy, with wonderful atmospheric effects, till we feel that in the work of his later years — specially in the varied treatment of his skies, with the movement of clouds—he has been surpassed by no modern artist.

Maris seldom painted an old town exactly as he saw it; his pictures are more often reminiscences of a place than actually the place itself—mill or tower taken here, a boat or bridge he had sketched elsewhere, combined with a marvellous memory for certain effects, with the relative values of earth, trees and sky, helped him to construct his picture.

Once having obtained the desired composition, he painted rapidly, with a broad, firm touch, but before he completed a picture he would frequently alter the whole tone and atmospheric effect: having painted the sky one day a monotone of delicate grey, a uniform light over all the landscape, the next he would scrape out and alter all this, bathe the whole in brilliant sunshine, or introduce rolling clouds with gleams of light beneath, until he was satisfied with the result.

Maris's finest pictures were painted between 1880 and 1890; they are stronger and more brilliant in colour than some of his latest works, which are somewhat grey and mournful in tone, but still possess a delicacy and harmonious charm of colour which appeal strongly to one. It is noticeable, however, how much the pictures painted by him some years ago have gained in richness and tone quality; this was Maris's deliberate intention; in fact, it is stated that he would have preferred that none of his pictures should be seen by the public until they had been painted at least six years.

Certain subjects seem to have had a special attraction for him, such as an old bridge at Rijswijk, and Dort Cathedral, which he painted many times; but though the main composition may have been the same, he portrayed the scene under various effects of light, shade, and atmosphere.

Maris loved to paint the picturesque old buildings and walls of Holland: the old mills, and drawbridges, such as are seen in no other country, with their heavy wooden upper-arch, which acts as a balance in raising the bridge; they are aptly described by their Dutch name, "Ophaalbrug," a word for which we have no nearer equivalent than drawbridge.

The immense expanse of sky, with the silvery softness of the low-lying horizon, owing to the flatness of the country, can, however, never change, and must always delight the lover of atmospheric effects.

In common with nearly all the artists of the modern Dutch school, Maris painted in water-colour as well as in oils; the method used in the former medium is, however, very different from the technique of most English artists, but approached more nearly by those of the Glasgow school; being broadly painted, with a full wet brush.



On the Shore. By James Maris.

We are inclined to think that the "interiors" painted by James Maris in water-colour very often surpass his works in oil of a similar character, being, perhaps, somewhat more sympathetic and having a soft, luminous quality, specially in the painting of the white dress or pinafore of a child, which it is difficult to define. At times his drawings were a little inclined to be sooty, but are invariably rich in tone and harmonious in colour.

In painting figure subjects and interiors he never condescended to an appeal to sentimentality, or sought or an elaborate composition, but painted simply and directly what was before him. His children were nearly always the models for these pictures, which were, we believe, invariably of a small size. Homely subjects, such as an interior with a little girl carrying a bowl of milk, a child at a piano, or boy playing a violin; or, again, a girl seated on a bank, feeding goats or watching butterflies—always painted with a tenderness and sincerity showing the pleasure he must have felt in their production.

Maris also produced a few etchings, which, though badly printed on poor paper, have an individuality and freshness about them which betray the true artist.

In looking at Maris's landscapes one is impressed with the vigour, sincerity, and directness of his work, large in treatment and always dignified in style. The unity and completeness of his picture, with the true rendering of light and shade, and the placing of each



The Canal. By James Maris.
In the collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

object in relationship to those around, were with him a matter of paramount importance; though he excelled as a colourist, it was to him a matter of secondary consideration, his chief aim being to make a strong impression with the whole: nothing standing out or inviting special attention.

His colour was always rich and harmonious, the red-roofed houses and churches of the old Dutch towns he painted giving him splendid opportunities; but it was in his sky effects that he principally excelled; here one sees a light rain-cloud with the sunshine glittering through it; a scheme of delicate silvery grey, illuminating perhaps a canal, or tow-path, with a distant town; again, a sky of moving cumuli, with a stretch of sand-dunes beneath, or a mist enveiling the massive tower of Dort Cathedral; or a procession of tremendous rain-clouds, with a single gleam of light upon the landscape.

Not often did he paint a scene at night time, but we remember a most impressive picture in the collection of a gentleman in London: a sky of hurrying and tumbled storm clouds, from which the moon gleams on a marshy river, with a boat and windmills; seldom, also, did he paint twilight scenes, but 'A Canal Path,' with a man in a blue blouse astride an old white horse in the gathering dusk, is one of his most impressive and powerful works, being at the same time imbued with a sense of poetical melancholy akin to the art of Millet.

James Maris is survived by his widow, three daughters, and a son, William Maris, junior, a most promising painter, who was selected to paint the portrait of the young Queen of Holland in her coronation robes. We learn with regret and surprise that the family are left in rather straitened circumstances.

To sum up the work of James Maris: in looking at his pictures we are impressed by their breadth, strength, and simplicity, with the wonderful movement and light in the sky, which is modelled with a mingled subtlety and strength that perhaps no other modern artist attained. His colour, while low in key and limited in range, was harmonious and rich in tone. His art, naturalistic in the sense of resulting from a faculty of observation which was content with none save the closest intimacy with fact, was essentially broad in treatment and dignified in style, with a sincerity and completeness dominating all. You feel at once that his heart and brain were in entire and perfect unison; that he felt



The Bridge. By James Maris.
By permission of Messrs. Cottier & Co., London and New York.

as well as understood his subject. No one was better able to render the mass and movement of the clouds full of daylight and wind than James Maris. No one could paint as he did the picturesque details of an old port, with the masts and sails of Dutch fishing-boats, with the reflections dancing in their moving wake, a ray of light touching here the painted hull of a barge, or flooding with gold some old clock-tower or steeple; or render more perfectly the delicacy and atmospheric charm of distance, the whole portrayed with a simplicity of method, yet certainty of effect.



J. Maris.

As examples of Maris' work we illustrate 'The Bird-Cage,' an early piece in the possession of Mr. J. S. Forbes, who has one of the finest collections there is, not only of the modern Dutch, but also of pictures of the Barbizon school. In this picture (most tenderly and sympathetically treated), of a young girl giving a bird in a cage a lump of sugar, we still see the influence of his brother Matthew; the original painting, though low in tone, is rich and harmonious in colour. Of a somewhat later date is the other illustration we give of a subject picture: a little girl feeding a tethered goat. This bears out, together with 'The Bird-Cage,' what we have said previously as to the homely simplicity of his subjects, whilst one feels with what loving tenderness these little incidents, taken from nature, must have been painted.

The earliest of the landscape pictures illustrated in this article is 'The Ferry-boat,' painted in 1870. A broad river, with low-lying banks—across which a peasant is conveying his wife and child, and two cows—shows somewhat the influence of the Barbizon school. Painted only a year later, 'On the Shore,' full of diffused light — that catches the tops of the tiny waves as they ripple shorewards—is a most harmonious and firmly painted picture. Of the same date is 'On the Y,' belonging to Mr. Alexander Young, of Blackheath, one of the finest of Maris's works, where the light sparkles on the dancing surface of the broad estuary of a river, and fishing-boats sail in various directions. Though not so broadly handled as his later works, these two pictures show a great advance in power on 'The Ferry-boat' of the previous year, and indicate how rapidly he was gaining that masterly and individual touch portrayed in his later pictures.

'The Canal,' painted in 1876 (the property of Mr. George MacCulloch), is one of his most beautiful landscapes. One cannot wish for one touch more or less, so perfect is it in its calm simplicity, a subdued, peaceful light transfusing the whole composition; yet the picture is painted with great strength and breadth.



The Five Windmills. By James Maris.
In the collection of Alexander Young, Esq.

Our next illustration, 'The Bridge,' a favourite subject of his, is a most characteristic picture. A canal crossed by a white wooden bridge, the red-brick buttresses of which give opportunity for the display of varying rich tones of red; a woman with milk-pails (a note of deep blue), another washing clothes in the canal, with a vessel seen beyond the bridge, and a windmill to the extreme left, form a most beautiful composition; but it is in the manner in which it is painted that the

greatness of the work consists, the luminous quality of the sky, the breadth, strength, and completeness of the work, which in these particulars (allowing for the difference of country), remind one of Constable.

'The Five Windmills' (also belonging to Mr. Alexander Young) is even a finer example than the above: the idea of expanse, the masterly way in which the five windmills are placed, the colour of the river, with its broken surface and many reflections, and the fine grey sky over all, form a picture of the highest excellence. The large illustration, 'The Three Windmills,' the latest in date, but painted whilst still at his best, is broader and more powerful in touch than any of the preceding pictures: the brilliancy of the sky, the richness of the colour, together with the masterly brush work, has been surpassed by no modern artist.

The portrait given of 'James Maris' is a good likeness of this great artist towards the end of his life.

E. G. C.

THE PICTORIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE STAGE.

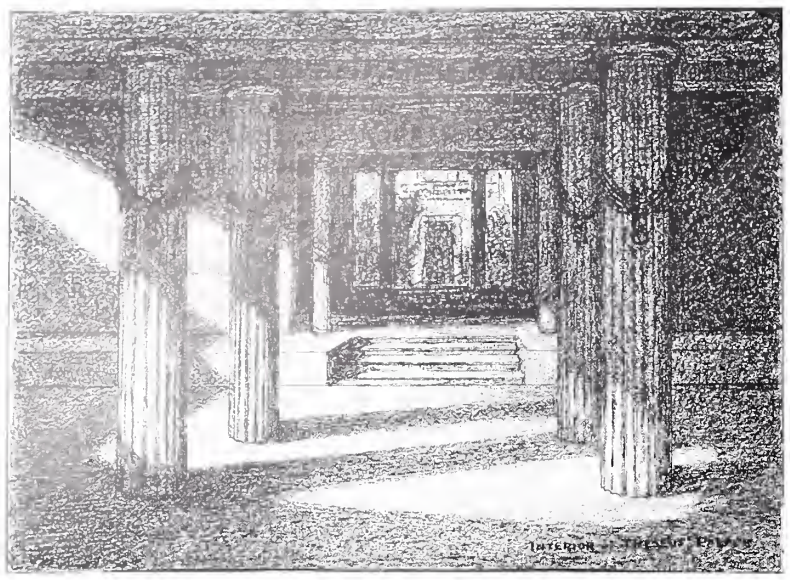
ONE of the chief responsibilities that lies upon the modern theatrical manager is that the plays he produces should be considered quite as much from the pictorial point of view as from the dramatic standpoint. They must be not only intellectually attractive or interesting on account of the story they have to tell, but also they must give real opportunities for effective and artistic mounting. That they should appeal only to that section of the community which enjoys thinking out problems of existence and abstruse details of ethics or philosophy will not be sufficient to ensure them success, this will not come to them unless they have in performance the power also of fixing the attention of the many people who like to look at what is optically satisfying. Present-day audiences, at least in England, have been educated out of any toleration of incomplete or inartistic stage setting. The shifts and compromises that in former generations the managers of theatres palmed off on their clients would not pass undetected by the more critical playgoers of our own times, and would certainly excite protest of a vehement kind.

For good or ill the art of the stage has become a far more complex affair than it was a few years ago. Purists may regret that the drama should have lost something of its original character, and should have ceased to make its appeal to the few. They may resent the enlargement of its bounds and the extent of its concession to tastes that are sensuous rather than intellectual. But the fact that the theatre is now one of the chief centres of popular amusement has to be faced, and no effort to put back the development of things theatrical would have any chance of satisfying what is to-day a general demand. The play alone will not suffice to attract that measure of support which will enable the theatre to pay its way, other arts than that of the playwright must be called in to help in the building-up of that all-round attractiveness that means profit to the management. A run of a few days, or even weeks, may be possible to the piece



A Wood near Athens.

A drawing by A. L. Baldry.



A drawing by A. L. Baldry.

which depends solely upon its own inherent merit for its popularity, but months of crowded houses will reward a production which is as nice to look at as it is interesting to study and analyse.

It is not so long back that there was a favourite tradition among theatrical people that Shakespeare spelled ruin. To produce *Hamlet*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance, was an undertaking from which fame might come, but it would be at the cost of whatever profit the ambitious manager might have made out of less exacting enterprises. He might attempt such a venture now and then, if his banking account chanced to be in an unusually flourishing condition, and if he thought himself justified in making some serious sacrifices in the cause of art, but he knew before he committed himself to the experiment that he would be at the end of it a poorer man. The sense of self-approval at having done something for which thinking men commended him would be his only reward; the empty benches in his play-house would be testimony enough to the fact that the public, for whom he was supposed to cater, consisted not of thinking men, but of ordinary mortals who wanted to be amused. So for his next production he would fall back upon a farce to make the pit and gallery laugh, or a sentimental melodrama to make them cry, and their laughter or tears would show that he was once more in touch with his following, and again on the road to prosperity.

But now, oddly enough, Shakespeare is looked upon as the trump card to be played in a theatre when the modern drama fails. It is the one certain thing which will check a run of ill-luck, and bring back good times to a house which has been unfortunate in its dealings with the work of contemporary writers of plays. Some managers, indeed, do not hesitate to ring the changes season by season on Shakespearean revivals, and turn to modern plays only as a kind of occasional exercise in another type of art. The reason for this change lies in the fact that the works of Shakespeare lend themselves pre-eminently to that alliance between dramatic and pictorial art which is now supreme. The highest capacities of the stage-designer, the most complete contrivance of the scene-painter, and the fullest resource of the stage manager, have ample scope in the presentation of his plays, and in the setting of them the highest type of æsthetic endeavour is not only permissible, but is actually demanded. That this is so has been generally recognised, and, as a result, the Shakespearean drama has come to be regarded by audiences as the most pictorially attractive of any that the modern theatre can provide. When one of these classics is produced, people crowd to see it even more than to hear it, delighting in a series of pictures worthy to illustrate the word-painting of the text.

How little familiarity with the story and dialogue of the play will interfere with the popular enjoyment if the artistic merit of the production is considerable, can be well judged from the success of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's rendering of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Of late years many opportunities of seeing this work on the stage have been provided, and many playgoers must know it almost by heart. Yet once again it proves itself able to crowd a large theatre to its fullest capacity, and to excite a degree of enthusiasm that must be surprising to everyone who does not realise how widely persuasive the application of pictorial devices to theatrical purposes can be made.

In this case, however, there is justification for enthusiasm—the production has been done with quite admirable taste, and deserves unstinted praise as a piece of exquisite art. From beginning to end it provides a succession of pictures that are always right in their note of quiet and dignified æstheticism, always complete in their arrangement of details and accessories, and are, in no single instance, wanting in those qualities of design and construction that mark the correctness of the judgment exercised by the organisers of the performance. The temptation to overlay the play with an excess of ornament has been judiciously avoided, and nothing inappropriate or inconsistent diminishes the charm of the scenes. Everything keeps its place and is in harmony with the pictorial motive; and, as a consequence, everything helps to round off and perfect the artistic intention.

The gaiety and delicate comedy of the story are suggested in the opening scene, the "Exterior of Theseus' Palace," with its sunny brilliancy and bright colouring, a fitting background to the groups of classically-draped figures disposed about the stage; but the key-note of Shakespeare's picturesque imaginings is most effectively struck in the delightful woodland scene in which the main action of the play takes place. The "Wood near Athens" is to be reckoned as one of the happiest pieces of nature that has appeared in any of our theatres during recent years. It is a typical production by Mr. Hawes Craven, an artist without a rival, and it shows to perfection his rare capacity for turning to account the devices of the stage-carpenter so as to secure the illusion of space and atmosphere within the comparatively narrow limits of the theatre walls. As he has painted it the wood seems boundless, full of shaded nooks and grassy slopes, here shut in and overhung by masses of foliage, there opening out into perspectives which give glimpses of the open country beyond. The scene is equally effective whether it is empty or crowded with the sprites who make revel under the branches. It is always a fascinating picture, one of which it is impossible to tire.

Hardly less delightful is the second forest scene, "Another Part of the Wood," painted by Mr. Hann, a

rocky slope studded with trees, and leading down to a moonlit sea. Here, again, the pictorial chances are used with admirable discretion, and the impression made is so completely deceptive that the suggestion of the open air is almost irresistible.

In the last scene, the "Interior of Theseus' Palace," there is less scope for the fancy of the designer. Like the first scene in the play, it is the work of Mr. Harker, who has exercised in it a good deal of correct study of architectural authorities, and has provided a reconstruction of a classic building that is just sufficiently gorgeous without overstepping right and reasonable bounds. In this interior, however, are seen some of those effects of light and shade which stage machinery, as it is now developed, make possible. The brilliant suffused light gives way, when Theseus and his attendant company retire, to darkness which is only emphasised by the moonbeams shining through the windows into the hall, and this gloom, in turn, changes when Titania and Oberon appear with their train of sprites, to a magic light which glows through walls and pillars, and makes the whole building luminous and transparent. This cleverly contrived device is one of the best features of the production. It is quite in the right spirit of the play, a legitimate application of artistic ingenuity that keeps up to the end the fanciful atmosphere of the fairy tale, and sets the seal on a delightfully imaginative conception.

Whatever the purists may say, such weaving of æsthetic accessories round the work of a great dramatist is surely legitimate when the adorning is done with so much thought and care. There are possibilities of artistic enlightenment in the theatre which are almost without limit, and it is hard to see why they should not be allowed a chance of impressing themselves upon the great mass of the people, drawn from all ranks of the community, who now are to be reckoned among regular playgoers. That the success or failure of a piece should depend, as it does now, upon the part played by the artist's spirit upon the stage is a matter of moment, for it proves that there is in the minds of the public a very definite discrimination in matters of taste. If the theatre can help to make this discrimination more acute, by all means let it be pressed into this educational work. It is a very powerful influence for artistic good or ill.

A. L. BALDRY.

THE EASTER ART ANNUAL, 1900.

THE DECORATIVE ART OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

IT is a singular fact that, though much has been written and published concerning the art of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, not one writer has hitherto treated exclusively of the artist's works of applied Decoration, as distinct and apart from framed pictures. This deficiency Mr. Aymer Vallance, author of "The Art of William Morris," has now attempted to supply in the monograph which forms the Easter extra number of THE ART JOURNAL. It is uniform with its predecessors on the Decorative Work of William Morris and Walter Crane respectively; and, like these works, is copiously illustrated.

So many of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs have been illustrated, and so often before, that it might be supposed that little available matter over and above from previous publications remains of which the public is not already thoroughly cognisant. But a glance at this year's EASTER ART ANNUAL will serve at once to dispel any such idea. Indeed, it will probably cause surprise to most readers to find how much that is genuinely new the author has been able to gather together for his present purpose; and that while adhering to one side only of the artist's work, viz., the decorative side, without recourse to the expedient of filling up with a single easel painting.



Mr. Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A.
From a photograph by Walter Crocker.

It will naturally be understood that it would have been impossible to accomplish this, but for the cordial and generous support of the family as representing the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and of various private owners and corporate bodies possessed of works by the deceased master. Thus Mr. Vallance has been permitted to reproduce a number of most interesting and beautiful cartoons for glass-painting, never hitherto published in this form, from the collections of Messrs. J. Powell and Sons and of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray; and also to select as many as eighteen examples — all likewise unpublished — from the artist's private Book of Sketches and Designs, which was made over to the British Museum in July last. Having such opportunities of obtaining fresh material, the author has purposely avoided reproducing well-known decorative works, like the windows at Christ Church, Oxford, or that at Holy Trinity, Boston, U.S.A.; the Graham piano; or the figure groups of the "Star of Bethlehem" and "Holy Grail" tapestries. But these and suchlike works have been replaced, wherever possible, by objects of equal beauty from the number of the artist's less accessible or less familiar works of a similar class. There are nearly sixty illustrations in black and white; and yet the four plates printed in colours, all from originals

not previously reproduced, would alone suffice to make THE EASTER ART ANNUAL a notable work. The latter comprise a cartoon for glass-painting at St. Peter's, Vere Street, representing Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem; a study entitled "The Passing of Venus," a subject chosen by the artist himself for Arras tapestry; a design for embroidery, "The Heart of the Lotus," from the original belonging to Mr. H. Reece; and lastly, a clavichord and its case, decorated with painted ornament for the artist's daughter, Mrs. Mackail.

As for the letterpress, it has been curtailed as much as might be, so as not to encroach on the prominence and attractiveness of the illustrations. However, that it might constitute a useful accompaniment to the latter, the task of writing it has been entrusted to a writer who is himself a practical designer (as witness the wrapper, his work), a member of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, an authority on archæology and historic ornament, and, in short, one who has made a special study of his subject for the past twenty years. A sufficient testimony to Mr. Aymer Vallance's competency to deal with matters of decoration, is borne by the fact that every copy of his book, "The Art of William Morris," notwithstanding the costliness of the volume, was subscribed for in advance while the work was yet unwritten.

It may be remembered that the author in the last-named work quoted extensively not only from the writings of William Morris, but from the published opinions of various critics on the subject; so much so, in fact, that certain reviewers described Mr. Vallance's work as a "compilation" from existing documents, rather than as an original contribution to the appreciation of Morris's art. No such criticism, at any rate, can be applied to the present work. Mr. Vallance refrains from any quotation, with but two exceptions; for one of which he may certainly be pardoned, inasmuch as he brings to light a very important and hitherto unknown letter written by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in 1857.

Enthusiastic admirer of Sir Edward Burne-Jones as Mr. Aymer Vallance is (maybe on that very account), he is the more sensitive to his master's shortcomings as a practical craftsman; which, indeed, so far from condoning, the writer subjects to a frank, yet not unkindly, criticism, whenever the occasion seems to call for it. THE EASTER ART ANNUAL, then, both in respect of illustrations and text also, should prove an invaluable addition to the artistic literature of the century.

'L'ADMIRATION.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. BOUGUEREAU.



From a drawing by J. A. Fitzgerald.

AMONG living painters, M. Bouguereau is especially distinguished as the high priest of the cult of elegance. He has a faculty, rare in these days, for interpreting the artistic conventions which have been handed down to us by many of the greatest masters, and have received the sanction of tradition. His art keeps aloof from the modern matter-of-fact; it is untouched by any of those gusts of conflicting opinion which sway the newer schools, and it occupies itself serenely with considerations that are independent of momentary thought or passing fashions. Everything that he produces is inspired fundamentally by the desire to realise beauty of a special type, that abstract and idealised loveliness which few people can imagine, and no one ever saw in the flesh; and in every one of his canvases he pursues his ideal with an absolute conviction that is essentially persuasive and acceptable.

It may be mentioned in proof of the high technical skill to which M. Bouguereau has attained, that frequently at one sitting he will paint the head of a figure in his composition, direct from the white canvas up to the completed work, and never require to retouch it afterwards.

In 'L'Admiration' we have a characteristic illustration of his favourite methods, a suave, graceful, and studied composition, arranged with exquisite artifice, and handled with masterly knowledge. It shows to perfection his instinct for elegant line and his appreciation of feminine beauty; indeed, it depends for its pictorial effect upon these technical subtleties, and avoids anything like obviousness of story-telling or strength of dramatic motive. What story it has is as delicate and fanciful as the design, a pretty piece of imagination well in keeping with the decorative lightness of the painting.

It is not a record of plain fact, of an incident from history or of some event that might have happened, but an allegory, a little study of human instincts put into a pictorial shape. The nymphs who kneel in admiration before the winged boy, worship not so much his childish perfections as the passion he typifies. They bow down to him as the personification of Love the archer-god, whose shafts they do not wish to avoid. The wounds he causes may be difficult to heal, but their smart is one that the sighing maiden willingly endures. Love is the playfellow of whom she never tires, and her femininity cries out for his companionship. With her admiration—as M. Bouguereau suggests in his picture—is mixed not a little yearning to be reckoned among Love's favourites, a deep sense of his power, and a touch of fear lest he should in carelessness or spite pass her by and leave her lamenting in a sunless world.

The artist plays charmingly with his fancy, keeping the whole harmony truly in tune, and excludes any material note that might jar or jangle incongruously. His manner is just what it should be for such a subject, and its refinement gives to his art its value and importance. To relapse into triviality, or to become artificial, would be easy in dealing with fantasies of so delicate a kind, but M. Bouguereau knows unerringly how to avoid every danger that threatens to diminish the perfection of his accomplishment.

The Art Journal Londn. H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



From the Painting by W. Bouguereau.

L'ADMIRATION



The Avenue. By Hobbema.
From "The National Gallery" (Cassell).

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE methods of producing illustrated books have entirely altered within the past dozen years, and this change has had a notable effect on the catalogues of public museums and galleries. In former times these official catalogues were dreary lists, which were seldom or ever referred to when the collection was quitted. Now many, if not most, of such publications are adorned with illustrations, and those of such interest and even beauty that they form artistic books of no mean order. The Berlin Gallery catalogue is the best of all official lists, and no doubt we shall have the Paris, Brussels, and Dutch Galleries following on something of the same lines.

But none of the collections of either the Continent or of America have aspired to embrace all their examples illustrated in one volume or in a series of volumes. It has been permitted to England to lead the way, and although the publication is due to the enterprise of a private firm, the officials of our National Collection have so ably assisted in the scheme that it is only right they should receive their portion of the honour that the success of so large an undertaking deserves.

Under the auspices of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., the Director of the National Gallery, Messrs. Cassell & Co. have arranged to issue three large volumes, which are destined to contain a reproduction of *every one* of the pictures in the National Gallery of England. Two volumes have already appeared, and while, as in everything, it might be possible to discuss some of the details of the arrangements chosen, we prefer to look on the publication in a large spirit and say that it admirably meets the requirements of all who desire to possess a complete illustrated catalogue of our great London collection.

The two volumes issued embrace the Foreign School of the Gallery, the British section being still in preparation. This means that over a thousand blocks are brought



The Courtyard. By De Hoogh.
From "The National Gallery" (Cassell).



The Admiral. By Velasquez.
From "The National Gallery" (Cassell).

together in their pages, and in every case the number and description of the original are placed on the page opposite the reproduction of the picture. Those accustomed to compile illustrated books know that the technical difficulties overcome must have been immense, and while we are satisfied that Sir Edward Poynter, as Editor, bore his proper share of the settlement of the arrangements, it is to Mr. Edwin Bale the public have to convey their thanks for a very troublesome project admirably carried out.

It is not necessary at this moment to enter into the history of our National Gallery Collection, but it may be pointed out that the pictures therein form a collection such as no other nation's pictures surpass, as only one or two rival, even in the celebrated collections of the world. The Louvre, and the Uffizi with Pitti Galleries, are alone worthy to be considered on a level with the English Gallery, for while these great gatherings outshine Trafalgar Square in certain schools, our gallery more than holds its own in others. Brussels, The Hague, and Amsterdam, Venice, Milan, Berlin, New York, and Chicago, have galleries of much smaller dimensions, even although they, too, possess individual pictures of rarer or greater merit than some in London. The Berlin Gallery, directed by Dr. Bode, undoubtedly the first expert in Europe, has made great strides during the last years, but the annual money grant it receives is less than half we hand to our gallery, and the Germans have not yet formed the habit of leaving important pictures as legacies, such as provides many fine works to public galleries both in Britain and America.

The illustrations we have chosen from the work give a fair idea of the character of Messrs. Cassell's publication. 'The Annunciation,' by Fra Filippo Lippi, is a picture with some exquisite tones, such as modern painters seldom try to emulate. The Velasquez is one of the strongest pictures in the gallery. 'The Avenue,' by Hobbema, is a daring composition which haunts the memory, while the De Hoogh is a typical example of strength in the best of the Dutch painters.

The volumes are absolutely necessary for every artistic library, and are, in fact, an art library of themselves. They are well printed and clearly arranged in alphabetical order of the artists, and taken simply as an art-book they are of absorbing interest.



The Annunciation. By Fra Filippo Lippi.
From "The National Gallery" (Cassell).



A Corner at Aller Vale. Under-glaze Decoration.

TWO DEVONSHIRE POTTERIES.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.



Ornamental Vase. Watcombe.

THE native artistic industries of Devonshire—the lace-making of Honiton, the stone-inlaying and shell-inlaying of Torquay, the pottery of Torquay and Barnstaple—are amongst our national assets, parts of our British artistic development which we should preserve with the greatest care. For, like too many of our own peculiar possessions, they all have to suffer from a good deal of home neglect, as well as from that foreign competition which would drive them to extinction, and that commercial tendency towards "cheapness," which would take away their individuality and reduce them to the "machine-made" level.

I may be accused of exaggeration when I claim for the potteries a place in our artistic history, for neither the Watcombe nor the Aller Vale Works is more than a quarter-of-a-century old. But if the works are not antique, their ware has an ancient honourable ancestry—back further into history than we are now able to trace. For the potters who originally worked these clay beds, whose ideas still influence shapes and decoration, were wandering bands, usually of gipsy extraction, who settled in the winter to pottery-making, and in the summer travelled to sell their wares. We may still discover around Bovey Heathfield, and in the vale of Aller, the rude kilns and heaps of broken crocks which mark the earliest Devon potteries, and, as I shall show, the gipsies were directly responsible for the beginnings of the more modern development.

Of the two potteries, Watcombe and Aller Vale, the former is slightly the older. It was established about twenty-five years ago as a terra-cotta works, with intent to reproduce all the well-known antiques, and to establish



Small Terra-cotta Ware. Watcombe.



A Corner of Aller Vale. "Throwers" at work.

a universal taste for classic forms. The effort in this direction was strong and well-sustained, moulds were made for an immense number of classic and some more modern subjects, but the result was not so satisfactory as had been hoped. The terra-cotta side is still continued: the Laocoon group, the Venus de Milo, the Discobolus and many another art-school inspiration is produced alongside the busts of modern statesmen and musical composers, but their sale sinks into insignificance compared with the demand for certain advertising statuettes, and even these do not find occupation for the extensive buildings made for them. As the impossibility for creating sufficient demand for the terra-cotta became apparent, attention was turned to decorative pottery ware, which was being produced already at Aller Vale. A portion of the space devoted to moulding and turning was taken for potters' wheels, and "throwing," the true art of the potter, was taught to local men by experts from "the Potteries" or from London.

It is unnecessary in these pages to attempt to describe the methods of "throwing" and "turning" at any length. Most of the readers know how a lump of soft, wet clay, weighed and roughly rolled into a ball by an assistant, is taken by the thrower and dropped or thrown on to the centre of the wheel, a revolving platform like a circular table-top. The clay sticks sufficiently tightly to take the whirling motion of the wheel, and the thrower, placing his hands around the shapeless lump, causes it to rise into a tall vase or other form. His deft fingers working inside give the proper hollow, and make the sides of the vessel as thin as may be desired. The only mechanical check is the use of one or two flexible gauges to test the size at one or two points, and the work has those slight variations which give the human touch and charm to every piece.

In turned work, on the other hand, the clay is drier, and the object is first moulded. It is then placed on the lathe and very rapidly turned to its intended form. Thus, a machine-made sort of symmetry is obtained, and a smoothness of surface which enables the terra-cotta goods to be fired without glaze, and yet to have sufficient "finish" for their purchasers. This turned work, speaking generally, has thicker walls, and is heavier than that which is "thrown"; and, in the Devonshire potteries, turning is only used for the terra-cotta ware, and for a few articles, such as the lids of tea-pots, where mechanical accuracy of shape is necessary.

In one of the illustrations I give a little group of terra-cotta pieces made at Watcombe, brightly decorated in oil-colour, and mostly sold at a very low rate to that section of the public which admires classic shapes, "hand-painted," and purchasable for a few pence. To meet the same sort of demand, great plaques of terra-cotta, painted with large and brilliant chrysanthemums, poppies, and other flowers that lend themselves to much show for little labour, are also produced and are hugely popular. To certain givers of presents, a "hand-painted plaque," about the size of a cart-wheel, which can be bought for three or four shillings, proves very attractive, hence the spread of this class of "art" in our neighbours' homes.



Sandringham Ware. Aller Vale.

If I seem to speak slightingly of some of the modern developments of terra-cotta, I am fully supported



Watcombe Ware. Various.

by the principals of both the Watcombe and the Aller Vale Works, for they are doing all in their power to popularise goods that are in better taste, and only as a commercial necessity do they turn out some of the cheap pieces. After all, in these as in other commercial undertakings, the customer is the final court of appeal; and if the customer takes a fancy to have his tea-pot decorated with "gentlemen in khaki," the potter must fall in with the fancy.

In both the potteries to which I now refer there is a constant effort to keep the ideal of a good craftsmanship, to avoid machine-made effects, and to encourage originality in the decorators. But it does not always pay, as I found in a rather curious way at Watcombe. From the stock in the show-room, I selected two pieces as being most individual, and was informed that they were the last of their kind, and would never be repeated because the public would not pay for the work they involved. At both potteries the wheels are still driven in ancient fashion—not by the potter's foot, it is true, but by hand-wheels worked by assistants; and the proprietors prefer not to use power driving for fear of degrading the handwork ideal.

Even more interesting than the beginning of Watcombe was the early history of the Aller Vale Pottery, at Kingskerswell, a few miles from Torquay. Indirectly it sprang from the good work of Dr. Symons, of Kingskerswell, who opened a cottage school where ploughboys and labourers might spend their evenings in learning to draw. From small beginnings the work grew, until there was a fairly successful evening school of art. Amongst those who encouraged the school was the late Mr. John Phillips, owner of a tile and drain-pipe factory; who, when his place was burned in 1881, decided to re-start it as an art pottery, employing the local students. As a start he engaged a gipsy "thrower," and as the work grew, he gradually took



Egyptian Ware. Watcombe.



Green-and-Straw Ware. Watcombe.



Crocus Ware. The latest introduction at Aller Vale.

one and another of the most promising lads to learn one of the branches. The result is that at present, with a staff of sixty hands, there is only one man who is not a native of the district, and almost every one came into the works as a boy. Even the manager, Mr. Herbert E. Bulley, began as a driver, and owes his position to the opportunities for advance that were given by Mr. Phillips' system.

The ware at Aller Vale and at Watcombe has some general resemblance, as is inevitable from the fact that both factories use the same clays, both have been established about the same length of time, and both have been subjected to much the same commercial influences. Beyond this first general resemblance, however, there are distinct differences, which show something of the histories of the firms. Aller Vale, with little outside interference, has developed a series of well-marked shapes, and a few principal styles of decoration, which run through all its work, and give to its products a distinctive character and style. Watcombe, with its throwers and decorators from Staffordshire and from London working alongside locally taught men, has a greater variety of style and execution, so that (except in certain well-marked specialities) it would be much more difficult for a connoisseur to certainly identify pieces of Watcombe than pieces of Aller Vale ware.

In selecting examples for illustration I have, in both potteries, chosen typical series, without any attempt to indicate the extensive variety that is possible. I have also preferred those shapes which are confined to one given style of decoration. Amongst them are the "Egyptian" ware of Watcombe, one of the recent introductions which has become a great favourite, and a "green-and-straw" decoration, in which the effect is obtained by the irregular streaking of a cream or straw-coloured glaze from the upper part into a green on the lower—a very effective method, which reminds one of nature's decoration in the leek. The "Sandringham" ware of Aller Vale is well established and popular, not only because of the patronage of several of our royal personages, but also on account of its intrisic merit. The "A.K.," or "Abbots Kerswell" ware, a style entirely developed by one of the Abbots Kerswell boys, is probably the best known of the Aller wares, and has a characteristic yellow exterior, with brown inside, and bold conventional decoration in dark greens and browns. "Crocus" ware, new for this season, from the same factory, is peculiarly rich and effective, with a back-



Part of the Watcombe Potteries

ground (in general) of very dark blue, and decoration in greens and creams.

Space is insufficient for dealing with the many other characteristic styles, with the very striking "grotesques" which Aller Vale has introduced, or with the very popular "motto" ware, which conveys good and inspiriting advice on the surface of porridge bowls and cider tygs. In the matter of the mottoes, as in other matters, the customer's rather than the maker's influence is seen, for I have only found one West-country motto in the collection, though there are many examples from the kail-yard. The one Devonshire motto is good :—

"Du summat!
Du gud if yo can.
Du summat!"

And with such exhortation these notes may well close.



Large Ornamental Vases. Watcombe

PASSING EVENTS.



THE Henry Vaughan Bequest to the Victoria and Albert Museum has been followed by another munificent gift. Mr. James Orrock has presented twenty-seven pictures and drawings, comprising works by George Chambers, W. J. Müller, George Dodgson, Frederick Tayler, H. G. Hine, Charles Green, Sir James Linton and others.

GREAT efforts are being made to push forward the structural works at Hertford House, in order that the famous Wallace Collections may be ready for public inspection early in the summer.

WITH regard to the repeated remonstrances made in the House of Commons against the danger of fire to the National Gallery, note should be taken of the provision made for the purchase of adjoining properties. Mr. Akers Douglas states that a wider space between the Gallery and St. George's Barracks will be secured on the completion of the new War Department buildings at Chelsea and Millbank.

THE pictures and drawings recently exhibited at the Guildhall, duly appeared at Christie's, with the result that £9,120 8s. was obtained for the Artists' War Fund. One of the features of the sale was the disposal of two etchings by Her Majesty, and one by the Prince Consort. The former two realized 180 gs. and 100 gs., and the 'Head of a Lion,' by the Prince Consort, 34 gs. 'A Man-o'-War's Man,' by the Empress Frederick, reached £70, and Princess Louise's 'Botzen,' 44 gs.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A., Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., and Mr. Walter Crane, have been appointed by the Lord President of the Council (the Duke of Devonshire) to advise the Department of Science and Art on art matters relating to art schools and classes, the Art Museum, and the Royal College of Art. Painting, architecture, sculpture, and design are thus worthily represented, and it is to be hoped that the affairs of South Kensington will reap much benefit from this able committee of referees.

MR. AND MRS. ADRIAN STOKES have held a most successful Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's, in Bond Street. The collection of works embraced many charming cabinet examples of the art of both Mr. and

Mrs. Stokes, which would have received full notice in our pages, but that very soon we hope to publish an important article on these artists.

MR. ABBEY'S 'O Mistress Mine,' and Mr. Gotch's 'Pageant of Childhood,' have been purchased by the Liverpool Corporation for the Walker Art Gallery.

THE International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has determined to move its quarters from Knightsbridge to a more accessible position. The rooms of the Grafton Galleries have been accordingly secured for the next exhibition. The first and second displays were marked by the excellence of the hanging, and there seems no reason why the change of venue should cause any falling off. A reduction in the number of exhibits would, however, seem to be a necessity, if the previous high standard of arrangement is to be maintained.

AT the opening ceremony of the Eleventh Spring Exhibition of the Oldham Art Gallery, Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., delivered an interesting address, in which he congratulated the Committee on the energy and zeal that they had shown in the work of fostering a taste for the beautiful among the people of Oldham. Speaking of the art of painting, he said the sister art of literature had probably gained enormously by the difficulties which they knew surrounded it, and of course on the other hand there was the probability of the difficulties of painting being very great. They knew that the *raison d'être* for the existence of painting was that it gave them something that literature could not give, and therefore it had made a place for itself; it had filled, as it were, something in their lives; it had done them good, had broadened their outlook and given them a better sense of proportion, and probably made their lives sweeter in the education of the sense of the beautiful. In the town of Oldham, with all its evidence of industry, and with its smoky atmosphere, there were some beautiful things. He had seen in some of their manufacturing cities sunset and dawn effects which had been unexcelled in the country places of the south. And one of the objects of this Exhibition he took it was to educate the eye to appreciate beauty whenever they saw it.

THE Royal Scottish Academy have recently elected Messrs. Alexander Roche and John H. Lorimer to full membership, to fill the vacancies caused by the decease of Messrs. Alexander Fraser and John Smart.

THE Sixth Report of the Society of Scottish Artists shows that body to be in a flourishing condition. The Annual Exhibition will be held at the Royal Scottish Academy National Galleries from the middle of July to the middle of October.

A SCHOOL of Art has been opened at Dursleigh Studio, Egham, Surrey, conducted by Mr. C. W. Carey, the curator of the Holloway College Art Gallery, from whom all particulars can be obtained.

THE drawing of 'The Sun God' (which appeared on page 38), together with the poem by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, was prepared for our pages by Mr. Sampson James Webb, of Higher Broughton, Manchester, whose work is rapidly bringing him into notice.

WILLIAM STOTT, of Oldham—as he insisted on styling himself—passed away on February 25th, at the early age of forty-two. The addition to his name was chosen by him some years ago to differentiate himself from Mr. Edward Stott, also a Lancashire man, by the way, and whose full christian name is William Edward. At that time both artists were meeting with much success in the Salon. The deceased painter, in such romantic subjects as 'Venus born of Sea-Foam,' 'Iseult,' and 'The Idlers,' was at the top of his bent, but latterly, on account of ill-health, his art showed a diminution of power. His life work nevertheless places him in a fairly high rank, and if one cannot apply to him the eulogistic title used by Mr. Hall Caine, "The Keats of English Art," it must be admitted that he conscientiously strove to impart a poetical spirit to his compositions. An interesting exhibition of his works was held at the Goupil Gallery in April, 1896, and his portrait (here reproduced) is contained in "The Year's Art, 1897." Other recent losses in the art world have been caused by the deaths of Mr. William Butterfield, the well-known Gothic architect, and Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., who painted the Jubilee scene in Westminster Abbey, 1887. We also have to record the death of Mr. W. Ridgway, who, in its earlier years of publication, engraved several steel plates for THE ART JOURNAL. Amongst these his 'Visit to Æsculapius,' after Sir Edward Poynter's picture in the Tate Gallery, was in every way a beautiful piece of work.



Photo. Brooks, Manchester.

The late Mr. William Stott of Oldham.



Lincoln. By P. de Wint.

ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS OLD AND NEW,

MONS. DAGNAN-BOUVERET, AND A DUTCH ARTIST.

WATER-COLOUR art was developed, if not actually initiated, in this country: hence it is, or at any rate has been, regarded as a peculiarly British medium of expression. If for no other reason, then, Messrs. Agnew are justified in confining their collections of water-colour drawings to work by native artists. True, in the 34th Annual Exhibition we discover examples by Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, and the young Dutchman, A. T. Groenewegen, but these are exceptions. The 252 works are representative on the one side of much that is best and most beautiful in the school of British water-colour, on the other of the extent to which uninspired and uninspiring repetition has been, is still, relied upon. Some of the older examples appeal to us to-day with added freshness; many of the quite recent drawings are destitute altogether of that elusive quality which differentiates the individual from the commonplace, the welcome from the banal. In point of date we have here an opportunity to go back to the days of Varley, Prout, De Wint, Cox, Turner, Copley Fielding, and to come down by way of Pinwell, Sir John Gilbert, Millais, Burne-Jones, and others, to artists like Messrs. J. W. North, J. Fulleylove, Wilfred Ball, Mrs. Allingham, and many more. Ruskin has often been taxed with lack of catholicity, but that he found pleasure of rare kind at once in the minutely detailed water-colours of William Hunt and in the work of Turner, proves that here at any rate his tastes were diverse. Between the 'Lucerne' of Turner and the 'Pineapple and Melon' of Hunt lies a whole world. Before the fruit study we stand, admiring the wondrous skill it may be, but quite unmoved; whereas Turner's view of Lucerne from the walls stirs deep and seldom-touched chords of emotion. If one of the most trustworthy tests of art be the extent to which, by rousing latent possibilities, it gives a sense of better equipment, of larger, nobler life, then this Lucerne, painted for Ruskin, satisfies this test in generous degree. It is marked by imaginative insight, wonderful delicacy of touch, fine and daring composition; suggested detail is exquisitely co-ordinated into the general scheme. Of David Coxes, 'The Hayfield' stands out by reason of its breezy faithfulness, 'Crossing the Brook' because of its good atmospheric effects, the quiet nature-joy that is in it. We may follow Samuel Prout through some of his wanderings in quest of architectural beauty, may study Pinwell in a fascinating drawing strangely languorous save for the foreground turkeys, see Millais' 'Dream at Dawn,' delicate, if a thought sentimental, and pass on to a couple of vivid idyls of returning Spring by Mr. J. W. North. The work of one living artist we do miss, Mr. Albert Goodwin. A noteworthy drawing is a 'View of Lincoln,' by De Wint, reproduced on this page. It is calm and well-considered, somewhat cool in colour, relative to Turner's 'Lucerne' untouched by imagination. Its very reposefulness, surety, sanity, is its charm. De Wint knew and loved Lincoln, with its cathedral set by some architect of old on just the most fitting spot overlooking the great flat plain; and in this drawing he gives us a strong and faithful rendering of a familiar impression produced with consummate ease and dignity.

The 'Consolatrix Afflictorum' of Mons. Dagnan-Bouveret, on view at Messrs. Tooth's, possesses many good qualities. Green is the dominant colour-note, rich and deep in the wide-spreading cloak of the Virgin, vivid and quivering with light in the leafage behind, through which streams brilliant sunshine. The sun falls, too, on the figure of the child; who sits on his mother's knee, feeding with purple grapes the bright-plumed birds that flutter about her shoulder. The foreground to the right is occupied by the figure of a grief-stricken man; behind the Madonna is a happily-composed group of three angels, with lute, harp, and viol, and within the folds of her cloak to the left lies a fawn, hard, lifeless. As a whole, however, and despite the immobile, uninspired face of the Virgin, this finely designed, admirably painted picture impresses; it leaves a memory of the beauty and significance of sunlight filtering through leafage, of all that the child on his mother's knee stands for—in a word, of sunshine and of love.

At the Holland Art Gallery, Regent Street, an interesting series of drawings and pictures by the Dutch artist, Theophile de Bock, has been brought together. For some time he worked under the influence of the Barbizon masters; later we find him painting in the manner of William Maris; finally, and most successfully, he gives us work in oil reminiscent of James Maris. A good example of this last stage is a view of walled-in allotments in Holland, its parts well knit, and the picture possessing atmosphere. Not a few of the drawings are at once delicate and individual; indeed, this medium, so far, has proved de Bock's freest method of expression.

FRANK RINDER.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

THE Exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, and the Royal Institute of the Fine Arts, Glasgow, were, as usual, opened in February. The number of works admitted to both galleries is 1,633. This represents a fair artistic harvest for the year, though it is not altogether Scottish—the local art in the Institute being reinforced to a considerable extent from London. Both Exhibitions, if not of outstanding merit, are exceedingly interesting, and the Edinburgh Galleries especially contain pictures by the younger artists which suggest that art in Scotland has, at present, a good deal of vitality in it. A feature of the Edinburgh show is an exhibition of works by one of the deceased members—Mr. Alexander Fraser. At his best, Fraser was a landscape artist of sterling merit, and the series of ten pictures hung reveal him, to a generation that hardly knew him, as a painter who revelled in fresh and natural colour, who was a distinguished draughtsman, and who conscientiously studied and painted local detail. There are a few landscapes hung by another deceased member, Mr. John Smart, but they give little idea of his powers as a painter *par excellence* of Scottish scenery. The President of the Academy has delighted his friends with a light-toned landscape of Durham of fine quality, and among a trio of excellent portraits may be picked out for special mention his cabinet full-length figure of Dr. Argyll Robertson, in a court costume of black velvet.

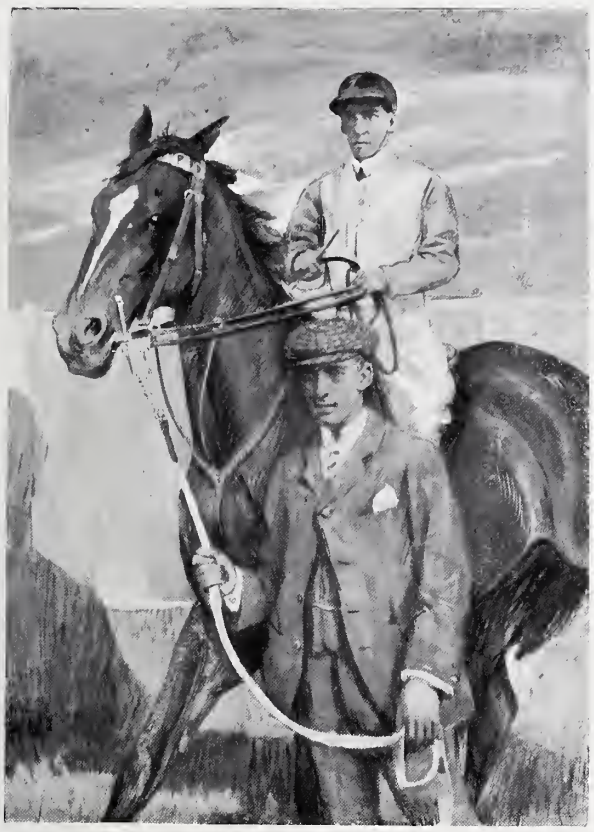
The Glasgow contingent in the Academy add great strength to the Exhibition. Mr. James Guthrie, who is painting splendidly, shows a charming portrait of Mrs. J. A. Brown, Paisley, and his fine child's portrait —Miss Jessie Martin— which was seen in Paris; Mr. E. A. Walton, a stylish and artistic three-quarter length of Miss Bettie Mylne, in pink and grey evening attire; and Mr. George Henry, four portraits of exceptional merit, which his supporters hoped might have cast the ballot in his favour at the recent election of Academicians.

The young associate of the Academy, Mr. MacGeorge, maintains, in a quartette of landscapes with figures, good style as a colourist, and two artists still outside the Academic pale who have made great strides forward on this occasion, are Mr. Robert Burns and Mr. F. B. Blacklock. The former has all along shown a fine artistic sense, to which this year he has given embodiment in a very beautiful work of a decorative character, called 'A Border Ballad,' the subject of which is a girl playing a lute. Mr. Blacklock, who has steadily forged ahead, was good last year, and this year he is better. He is a colourist of much promise, and in his chief work, called 'A Spring Idyl,' he has happily combined figure and landscape. Mr. Henry Kerr, the Associate, continues to improve in style and colour as a painter of ladies' portraits; Mr. John Bowie is a hopeful painter of men's portraits, his style being virile and trenchant; and working on familiar lines, Mr. W. D. McKay, Mr. Robert Gibb, Mr. J. Campbell-Noble, Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, Sir Noel Paton, and Mr. G. W. Johnstone worthily represent the older members of the Academy. Mr. Gibbs' large, stirring battle-piece, 'Saving the Colours,' has been viewed with great admiration. The Water Colour Gallery includes drawings of merit by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. Tom Scott, Mr. Marjoribanks Hay and Mr. Skeoch Cumming. The last-mentioned young artist, who has had a *penchant* for military subjects, has for the present laid aside his pencil to go to Africa as a member of the Imperial Yeomanry. The sculpture is not of much account, though there are a few good portrait-busts. Among these may be reckoned busts of Mr. W. MacEwan, M.P. (destined for the MacEwan University Hall), and Mrs. Traquair by Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, of the Librarian of the Edinburgh Royal Society by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, and of the late Professor Rutherford by Mr. J. Hutchison, R.S.A., which will be placed in the University of Edinburgh.



Prue.
By Alexander Roche, R.S.A.

In the Glasgow Institute, prominent among the loan works is Mr. G. F. Watts' noble picture on 'Charity,' lent by Mr. J. Reid, and there are valuable pictures by Romney, Rousseau, Sam Bough, and Colin Hunter shown. One of the outstanding works by a contemporary artist is a full-length of ex-Lord Provost Richmond, painted for the Corporation Gallery by Mr. Sargent, R.A. This is of the nature of an official portrait, where uniform and robes play an important part in the scheme, and while it is not a characteristic work of Mr. Sargent's, there has been put into the painting of it much solid and craftsmanlike art. Mr. James Guthrie is well to the front here also with a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Watson, but neither Mr. Walton nor Mr. Henry are so strong as they are in Edinburgh. Mr. Lavery has portraits in



Leaving the Paddock.
By Miss M. Cameron.

both exhibitions which do not add very much to his reputation. Mr. E. A. Hornel's large picture, called 'Fair Maids of February,' was bought on the opening day of the Institute for the Corporation Galleries for 400 guineas. It is an idyl of Spring, more coherent in design than usual, and yet not one whit less lovely in its decorative colour effects. Mr. William Mouncey is another fine colourist, whose Galloway landscape is a veritable thing of beauty. One of the best fancy figure pictures in the gallery is 'Prue,' by Mr. A. Roche, an old Glasgow man, who was elected recently a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy. The picture (which we reproduce) shows a refined type of rustic beauty, attired in white dress, black scarf, and a large straw hat, which throws a soft shadow over the upper half of the face. The arrangement of the figure is pictorial, the pose and expression easy and unaffected, the flesh tints are true and sweet, and the costume painted with distinction.

We also illustrate Miss M. Cameron's large work, 'Leaving the Paddock' (shown in Edinburgh), one of several excellent racing pictures this clever artist has recently painted. To the horse she has devoted much study, and her knowledge of it is reflected in the spirited manner in which this noble animal is placed upon the canvas. Jockey and attendant are also well-drawn, life-like figures. Painted in strong colours, the picture, which shows much accomplishment, has a fine open-air effect. Other lady artists who hold their own well are Miss Bessie MacNicol and Miss J. M. M'Gechan.

The best piece of sculpture shown in Glasgow by a local man is a decorative figure of 'Success,' by Mr. A. McF. Shannon, a bronze of which is intended to be placed over one of the domes of the Glasgow New Art Galleries.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

NOW that the new home of the Royal School of Art Needlework is getting on, its walls are beginning to show well above the protecting hoarding, and I felt as I passed up Prince's Gate, that if I wished to see the beautiful embroideries once more in the shabby little building that has so long been associated with the name of the School of Art Needlework, I must not long delay my visit, so entered there and then.

The chief work on which the members of the school have been lately engaged, is a large piece destined for the Paris Exhibition. It comprises all the hangings requisite for a bedroom, viz., window and bed curtains, vallances, bed-spread, and covering for an ottoman. The ground is of cream-coloured Kerriemuir or twill, and bears a bold design of medlar-trees, with their brown fruit and green leaves, the latter growing closely together, and entirely filling the upper part of the design. The branches, which are an important feature of the scheme, support the foliage with quaint twisted arms, and the stiff, straight trunks are prevented from becoming monotonous by the introduction of light creepers, such as convolvulus, honeysuckle, roses, and clematis, etc., twining round them, while clumps of dandelions, daffodils and blue-bells grow at the foot. The landscape is varied in the distance by a line of hills, which form a solid background excellently adapted to show off the delicacy of the climbing plants. The colours are well chosen, and the embroidery very good. The fashion of having elaborate frames for photographs, is one which does not recommend itself to all tastes, as the portrait in such surroundings is apt to become the least important part of the whole, but to those who do like such decorated frames, the School of Art Needlework has certainly some charming specimens to offer, worked on silk or white satin with coloured birds and butterflies. There were also ornamented book covers, with markers attached, and a heap of new and pretty little feminine articles too numerous to particularise, but all well worth examining. Turning from them to a different domain, for the capabilities of the School are wider than its name implies, I must mention some small cabinets covered with Japanese brocade and mounted with copper. These were more pleasing and useful, having various little drawers and places suitable for the stowing away of veils, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.

Messrs. Harris & Co. (25, Old Bond Street) are a firm

who have made an exclusive speciality of flax and linen thread, and linen material. These they have brought to such a high standard of perfection, that it is almost impossible to believe that they are not silk. In many ways flax has the advantage over silk, as flax embroidery threads are dyed in more shades than are attainable in silk, and can be had from the finest size to the coarsest suitable for outlining or couching, and for church embroideries in hot climates it is infinitely preferable, it having been proved that insects will not touch either linen or flax.

The "Harris" cloth, made only by this firm, is a delightful material of flax and silk, which combines the durability of linen and the soft lustre of silk; it is to be procured in several colours, and makes lovely blouses and dresses, as well as being suitable for all kinds of embroidery, and can also be had in all the church shades of green, red, purple, and white. The ground of the handsome altar frontal, which was shown in the front of Messrs. Harris's stall at the Church Congress Exhibition, was of this red material, embroidered in coloured flax thread and gold, the orphreys dividing the three panels were of cream linen, diapered with gold thread and crossed with red. Other church embroideries for banners, etc., were very lovely. But linen is not exclusively kept for church embroideries, it is also greatly used in secular work, as may be seen in the portières, bedspreads, and cushions, on view in the show-rooms, and the fact of flax thread being so much cheaper to buy than silk, enables many to execute handsome pieces of work, who can give their time, and yet cannot afford to buy costly materials, such as brocades and satin.

For the latest novelties in ladies' work, one may always turn with confidence to the Maison Helbronner (Bond Street). They have at present a large stock of canvas work, greatly patronised by American ladies. It is designed for screen panels, cushions, or chairs, and the colours being already indicated on the canvas, it is very little trouble to execute the pattern, which is generally one of flowers, or a copy of some old French tapestry. Another favourite species of work is the "broad ribbon." It is very effective if carried out with a due regard to the appropriateness of flowers chosen, such as poppies, lilies, or iris. There was a charming table centre worked in this way, with a design of pink poppies on white satin, which would have taken beautiful reflections under the light of shaded candles, and would have shown up silver or crystal decorations very prettily.

There were also some good designs of pale violet irises on a yellow ground, and one on ivory brocade, imitating the old French pattern of wreaths of flowers tied with ribbon bows. Embroidery is much used for small boxes, and Messrs. Helbronner have many already made up on satin of the old parchment shade, or unmounted, and begun for ladies to finish, also all kinds of work that will roll up and not crush, suitable for ladies travelling.

It will perhaps interest some of my readers to hear that the School of Wood-carving has been obliged to make alterations in its prospectus. The day class and a special Saturday afternoon class (for pupils who could not otherwise attend) are now carried on in the North Gallery of the Imperial Institute buildings, and the evening classes are closed for the present.

These changes have been necessitated by the rooms hitherto occupied by the school having been handed over to the London University. The manager will send particulars to anyone desirous of joining, and it may be well to mention that there are some free studentships vacant.

E. F. V.



Altar Frontal worked entirely in pure Flax Threads.
(Messrs. Harris & Co.)



The Chief Entrance to the Exhibition, lit by electricity.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

THE greatest event of the present year, in the annals of peace, at least, is the opening of the Paris Exhibition, an event about which we are likely to hear so much that the theme will ere long become well worn.

It is idle for any community, however great, to dream of boycotting such an Exhibition. It forms a collection of works of art and manufacture, such as, literally, no one with pretensions to education can afford to ignore. In any case, it is certain that those to whom this Journal appeals will arrange to spend at least a few days on the banks of the Seine, even although they confine themselves chiefly to the Palaces of Art in the Champs d'Elysées, or to the artistic manufactures displayed in the Avenue des Invalides or the Champ de Mars.

The Exhibition has been so arranged that what may be called the aristocracy of the collections are to be found in the Champs d'Elysées, where no brasseries or side-shows are allowed to obtrude, and only food of the highest class for the intellect is provided. Here in the Petit Palais are brought together the Retrospective Art of France, where the more famous painters of old will be displayed to the greatest advantage; where reputations will be confirmed or cancelled; and where some of the more recent dead will be made to enter into the higher ranks of Art History. In the Grand Palais, in the gardens opposite, the competition of living artists will take place. Artists of every country have contributed the works by which they deem it most expedient to be judged, and it is likely that many interesting surprises will be in store.

For the British Section many complaints have been made that the space allotted to the painting art of these Islands is too small to be really representative, but we think it will probably be found that the number of pictures exhibited is large enough to show our school fairly well, and that even the younger men of note have not been forgotten.

These two great buildings are permanent structures,



Old Paris.
A General View.



Old Paris.—The entrance and chief buildings.

erected after the keenest consideration of their future use, and they stand on the ground where, up to only a short time ago, the Palais de l'Industrie sheltered the old Salon. In the future it is likely that the New Grand Palais will each year contain the annual Salon, and if it should continue to be found impossible for the new Société and the old Société to join hands in an annual exhibition, then it is not impossible we shall find the old Société housed in the Grand Palais, and the new Société in the Petit Palais.

After these two new buildings, the part of the Exhibition most likely to be found interesting is the Rue des Nations, where, along the left bank of the river, about twenty spacious buildings have been set down. These buildings have been prepared by each nation as representative of what they consider most characteristic of their own country. Great Britain naturally occupies our thoughts first, and while we find this to be one of the smallest, we also find that it will be one of the most beautiful, and contain some of the richest artistic treasures. The Prince of Wales's Pavilion is, in fact, a gem. It is a reproduction of Kingston House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, of pure Elizabethan architecture of the sixteenth century. It is built entirely of iron and plaster, with very little wood, so that it is really fireproof.

This precaution has been necessary because of the immense money value of the contents, which amount altogether to nearly half-a-million pounds. Within the walls will be a selection of about fifty of the finest pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Constable, and the other older masters of our country.

Another palace, which will be specially interesting for its pictures, will be that of Germany, an edifice of the sixteenth century from one of the old German cities. The interior displays in three salons a splendid series of masterpieces of French Art, by Watteau, Pater, Lancret, and others. These pictures are the private property of the Emperor of Germany, and William II. is to be congratulated for having the good taste to make this display. It is a very pretty compliment to the French for the Emperor of Germany to show that the chief decorations of his home are the magnificent specimens of French Art brought together by Frederick the Great.

Another part of great interest will be "Old Paris," probably the most picturesque of all the buildings in the Exhibition. These are taken from the old French houses of the Middle Ages, the tour des Louvre, the church of St. Julien des Ménétriers, the place St. Julien, and the Chambre des Comptes burned in 1737. In their long and serpentine streets it will almost be possible to lose one's way, especially at night, when only oil lamps light the way.

It is impossible in a short survey of the Exhibition to give any adequate idea of the many other artistic treasures contained in the buildings, and for this reason we have determined to publish twelve special numbers of the Exhibition. These will give proper opportunity for detailed criticism and illustrated comment. We refer our readers to the prospectus of this series, a work which will be afterwards published as a bound volume, to form a complete account of the artistic treasures, pictorial and industrial, collected together during the present year.



The Rue des Nations and Pont de l'Alma.—The first building Italian, the next, with dome, American, and the very small building immediately over central arch in bridge the Prince of Wales's Pavilion.

The following statement of the purposes of the Exhibition has been issued by M. Alfred Picard, who is the Director-General of the whole scheme. It gives in a succinct form all the chief points of the Exhibition.

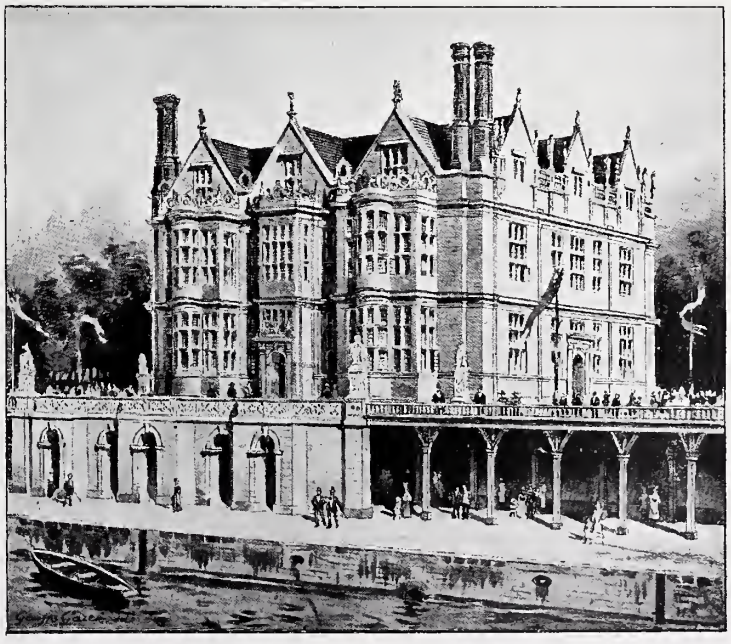
M. Picard says:— In order to remain as faithful as possible to French traditions we have taken as the starting-point of the new classification the classification of 1889, which we have rearranged with due regard both to the just criticisms to which it was subjected as well as to the experience gained from foreign exhibitions.

A great many scientific men, engineers, artists, manufacturers and merchants have kindly co-operated in this work of revision.

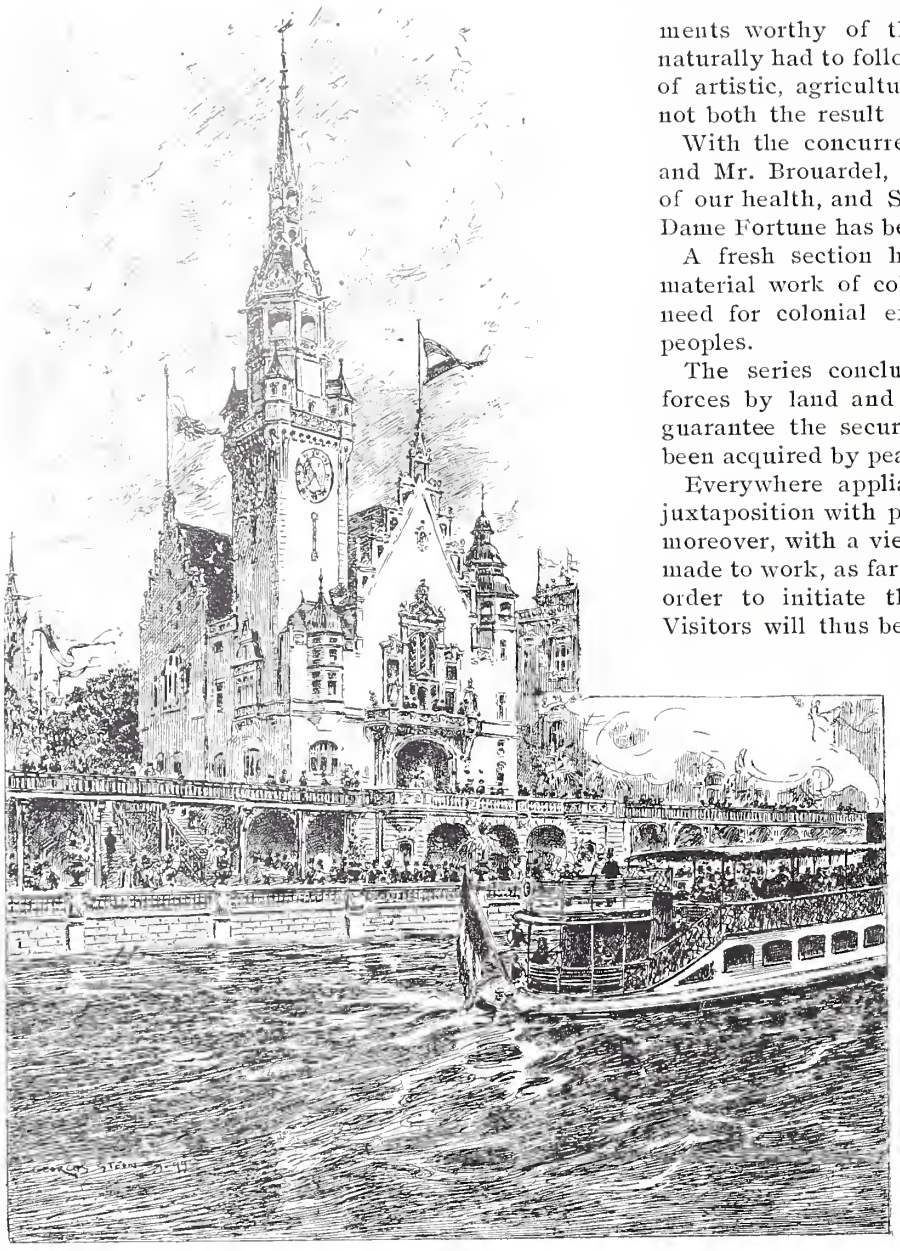
At the head of the exhibits will be found Education and Instruction. These are man's gateway into the world, and they are also the source of all progress. Next come, in immediate succession, works of art and of genius, which must be kept in their place of honour.

By the same standard third place must be given to instruments and general processes of sciences and arts. Then follow the great factors of contemporary production—the most powerful agents of industrial scope—at the close of the nineteenth century:—general appliances and processes of mechanics; electricity; civil engineering and means of transport.

We next pass on to labour and to the superficial and subterranean products of the earth: agriculture; horticulture; forests; hunting; fishing; crops; food-stuffs; mines and metallurgy. Further on there are presented to us decoration and furniture of public buildings and private dwellings; yarns; textile fabrics and articles of clothing; chemical industry; sundry industries.



The Prince of Wales's Pavilion.



The German Pavilion.

ments worthy of the *rôle* it plays at the present time, naturally had to follow in the wake of the various branches of artistic, agricultural or industrial production, for is it not both the result and the philosophy thereof?

With the concurrence of two eminent men, M. Léon Say and Mr. Brouardel, we have added hygiene, the guardian of our health, and State Aid extended to those to whom Dame Fortune has been less kind.

A fresh section has been allocated to the moral and material work of colonisation, a step fully justified by the need for colonial expansion experienced by all civilised peoples.

The series concludes with a department dedicated to forces by land and sea, whose glorious mission it is to guarantee the security of, and defend, property which has been acquired by peaceful labour.

Everywhere appliances and processes are brought into juxtaposition with products. Arrangements will be made, moreover, with a view to machinery and appliances being made to work, as far as possible, in sight of the public in order to initiate them into the various manufactures. Visitors will thus be afforded an opportunity of watching the various stages through which raw material has to pass until the completion of the manufactured article. Here, then, an object-lesson will be given, which should prove both eminently attractive and instructive.

There will be linked with the contemporary exhibition one retrospective of the last hundred years. This latter, instead of being concentrated as in 1889, and thus, only attracting scholars and specialists, will be split up between the various groups and classes, so that the public cannot fail to see one without the other.

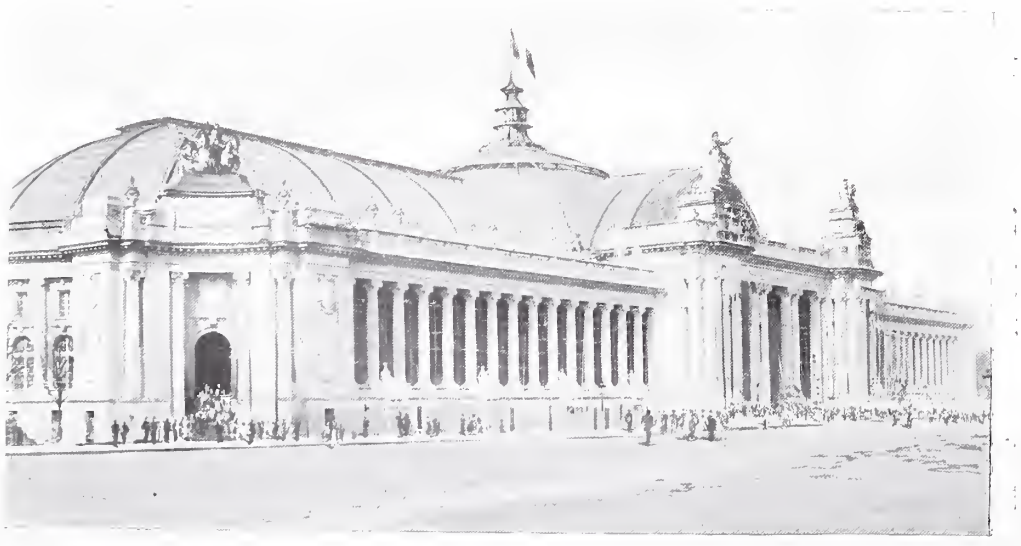
Each group and, so far as possible, each class will be housed in a sort of diminutive museum, where distinctive marks, conveniently selected, will serve to notch off the principal stages of progress achieved since 1800. We venture, in particular, to predict the success at the Centennial Exhibition of the Fine and Decorative Arts' exhibits.

It will be our endeavour to form a series of "salons" in which will be grouped the masterpieces of painting, engraving, sculpture, architecture, furniture, ceramics, glass-ware, jewelry, etc., at the various characteristic epochs of the century.

And as for the art of war, here, in particular, the retrospective display could go back to a date very much earlier than the beginning of the century.

D. C. T.

Social economy, to which have been reserved develop-



Le Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.



Launched in Life. By E. Blair Leighton.

By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, publishers of the large plate.

THE WORK OF E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

MR. BLAIR LEIGHTON can always be counted upon to contribute an important picture to the annual exhibition at Burlington House, and as this is the twenty-second consecutive year he has been represented at the Royal Academy he has a very good record at his back, and one that should stand him in good stead at some future election; for, whatever the critics of the Academy have to say, there can be no doubt that the members of that institution recognise consistent and capable effort. A painter has to prove himself by sending good work time after time, and not merely on a rare occasion, as is the way with some wayward, fitful geniuses, who astonish the world one year, only to grieve it the next by their apparent want of capacity, and their inability to carry through an idea with that completeness and true vision which marks the truly great artist.

There is so much of the flash-in-the-pan art abroad, which startles one by its glamour, and then leaves one blinded, and then in darkness, as though we had been looking at some firework. If one took the trouble to think of pictures which in their day lent distinction to the Royal Academy, contributed by artists unknown to the general public, it would be found that their authors were, too often, successful apparently by chance rather than because they were men of talent, if not of genius, able to follow up the first success by others; for in art as well as in business the worth of a man is shown by the way he follows up his first success rather than by that which gave him his first recognition, and raised him above the shoulders of the crowd.



The Question. By E. Blair Leighton.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

I have to confess that I have been shown work, and have been asked to admire it, and that by those whose opinions were deserving of attention, which seemed to me so inchoate—a mere striving after the unreachable—that I found myself wondering whether it was



In Time of Peril. By E. Blair Leighton.

From the picture in the McKelvie Art Gallery, Auckland. (Copyright.)

a proof that I knew nothing about painting, or whether the work I was asked to admire was foolishly praised, though, of course, I concluded that the latter was the case. Artists suffer from one injustice at the hands of a certain school of critics who take up a dogmatic position and judge all work with a *parti pris*, when their qualification for the function they have assumed could be shown by their ability to see the work under review from the point of view of the worker, and opportunity would then be given to indicate shortcomings, while at the same time the critic could recognise what was of good report, and so do justice to the artist.

In the Palace of Art are many mansions. It is also well to keep clearly before one promise and striving and *achievement*. One can always recall a few pictures at each Academy which one feels deserve generous recognition, and which one would like to admire, instead of only regretting that the carrying out of the idea was so halting and experimental. The loftiest ideas inadequately realised add very little to an artist's renown, and there can be no question that criticism is on safe grounds when it deals with workmanship. And this leads up to the consideration of some of Mr. Blair Leighton's work, for the work itself can speak eloquently for him in the pages of THE ART JOURNAL.

Mr. Blair Leighton's work falls under two heads: domestic *genre*, such as 'Launched in Life' (which forms our headpiece), and the numerous works of this kind made popular by photogravure—for no work is more popular than his among publishers—and his large historical works, good examples of which accompany these notes. In the 1899 Academy Mr. Blair Leighton was represented by 'Elaine,' a large canvas picturing the bringing of the body of the "Lily Maid of Astolat" to Westminster. I had the privilege of viewing this picture during its progress, and it is only by seeing a work of this magnitude brought to completion that one realises what a long, arduous, and expensive business the painting of a big picture is. There is no slurring over difficulties or falling back upon suggestion in Mr. Blair Leighton's pictures: every detail is carefully thought out and painted with all the power and skill the painter possesses. But by this method of work Mr. Blair Leighton falls an easy prey to the sneering, cynical superior young person, who pronounces his opinions with all the assurance of ignorance and self-sufficiency. Where no one quite knows what the painter's intention is, owing to its vague presentment, it is difficult to corner him: there is always a loophole for escape; but where everything is realised with workmanlike thoroughness it requires little perception to point to the shortcomings. Everyone deserves recognition who carries a work through to a successful issue, for the Palace of Art, like a certain other place, is paved with good intentions. Our exhibitions would be fuller of masterpieces were all painters given persistence, or the faculty for taking pains, as well as the imagination and desire to achieve greatness.

Of the open-air subjects, which are among the most popular of Mr. Blair Leighton's works, judging by the way publishers reproduce them, those with just a couple of figures—'Journeys Ending in Lovers' Meetings'—are, speaking personally, among those I most admire. In them, the painter shows his skill in combining landscape with figures, and just hinting at a story without "tearing a

passion to tatters." The painter falls back upon an earlier day for his costumes, an inevitable proceeding it would seem, if one is going to combine grace with picturesqueness, for it is, alas! a well-recognised fact that the well-dressed man of the moment, be he in boating, cycling, or shooting costume, is very difficult to introduce successfully into a picture. Women's dress is far easier to handle pictorially, but even here to date it by a fashion is a mistake. Figures of peasants do not suffer from this defect, as the everyday dress of the toilers in the field can be made to yield the most artistic results, as Mr. Clausen and Mr. Edward Stott so constantly remind us; it is when you paint those who are higher up the social ladder that difficulties begin. Mr. Blair Leighton, very wisely, goes for a certain decorative quality, which he secures, partly by the refinement and elegance with which he invests his figures, and partly by the method of execution and colour scheme. You may call it conventional if you will, but it is at least Mr. Blair Leighton's convention; it hall-marks his work, so that at a glance we know it is a Blair Leighton.



King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. By E. Blair Leighton.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons, owners of the picture and copyright.

Telling a story in paint has ceased to be an artist's chief aim. The painters of an earlier generation were mainly concerned in this squeezing of anecdotes out of tubes—they were novelists and dramatists in turns. Though the story-telling quality will not gloss over a painter's poor equipment, it does not, as some seem to think, stand in the way of a really good piece of work. If the picture is beautiful—something that *will* decorate the walls—then the story-telling quality doesn't matter, as it keeps its place in the general scheme. It is only where the story is everything and the workmanship *une quantité négligeable* that the critic's fine sense is offended; and it too often happens that the painter who has a story to tell becomes too enamoured of his tale and not only over-emphasises it, but troubles far too little about æsthetic charm and capable workmanship. It amuses one, the point of view some critics take, when noticing a modern collection, so exclusive are they: seeing out of two thousand odd works not more than half a dozen that they can single out for modified praise. This surely cannot be a fair way of reviewing the strenuous efforts of some hundreds of trained workmen, who display, in many cases, the results of twelve months' hard work. This exclusiveness comes from putting the efforts of the exhibitors against some of the masterpieces of the world, a very dwarfing proceeding if applied to every department of activity. Were all critics engaged in some productive art-work themselves, instead of reviewing, or rather telling the world what they think about the efforts of others, we should have less sweeping condemnation and more appreciation. There is much of the story-telling element in Mr. Blair Leighton's work, for he feels that the human element in a picture is as important as the laying-on of the colours and other purely technical matters, which partly accounts for his wide popularity; for the public cannot be supposed to enter into all the niceties of technique, nor do they like being given enigmas in paint, which baffle their understanding, and tantalise their perceptions.



The Secret. By E. Blair Leighton.

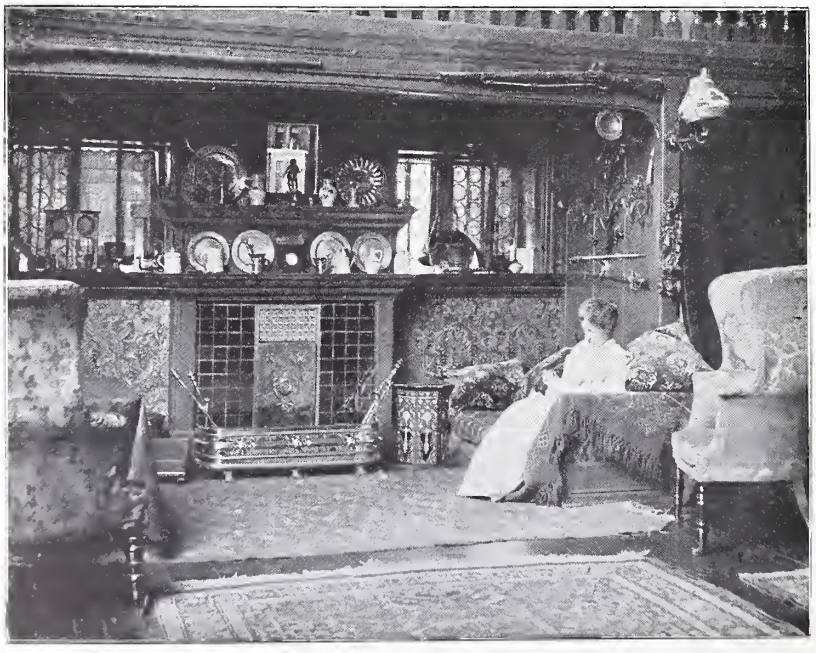
By permission of T. J. Hirst, Esq.

Those critics who condemn on every opportunity pictures with a story in them, must find it difficult at times to know what work to leave out of this category. Any human interest in a picture introduces this element. It is the overdoing of the drama, over-insistence on the literary quality in a picture, that is to be condemned. Yet one hears it said that anything approaching a story in a picture damns it as art. Surely Art is too vague and evasive a thing to allow itself to be caught in a critic's net, pinned, labelled, and pigeon-holed like a museum specimen? That is successful, surely, in which the painter's intention is realised with workmanlike thoroughness: where the hand and eye and mind have all pulled together.

It seems to me that dogma is what is fatal in criticism. A writer gets hold of an idea, and he does his best to prove it on every occasion. It is as bad as going to Shakespeare to prove that he used his plays to develop not character and the play of human emotions — but cryptograms! How can art, the shadow of life, be coffined in a pill-box? which is the proceeding some among us appear to delight in. It is all evasion, as those who handle paint know, and there can, therefore, be no hide-bound axioms to trammel both worker and admirer. Kipling was nearer the mark when he said "there are nine and sixty ways."

Mr. Blair Leighton's father was an artist, though he died when his son was a child, but his family were not at all desirous that the boy should follow a calling which those who have trod the path themselves know to be full of pitfalls. The youth was therefore put into an office where he remained some years, though the artistic instinct was kept alive by work in the evening at Heatherley's. Siller was none too plentiful, and it was not until young Blair Leighton had saved enough money to keep himself while making his first serious effort in art that he could essay to follow the calling to which his inclinations called him. Three months were spent in making his drawing from the antique, in the British Museum, to become a probationer in the Academy Schools, and this being accepted, our student worked hard for a year in the schools; and what a delirious time this was can only be realised by those who have for a while been forced into a line of work quite foreign to their tastes. But the money he had saved now became exhausted, and young Blair Leighton had to face that stern fact of existence, earning a living, and perhaps here his previous business training stood him in good stead; at all events, he started making black-and-white drawings for Cassell's and other publications, confining his work in the schools to the night classes.

It is one thing to follow art as a calling: quite another matter to earn a living at it. The former can, as a rule, only be accomplished by those who have their breakfasts and dinners secured for a time, if not to the



A corner of Mr. Blair Leighton's studio.



Lady Godiva. By E. Blair Leighton.

From the picture in the City Art Gallery, Leeds.

end of the chapter, as they can wait, like Corot, until the world accepts them at their own valuation. If they are Millets, then they must starve for years.

One may remark *en passant*, touching this matter of following art and earning a living by it, which, we will allow, do not necessarily overlap, that though the world has, for a while, passed by the work of those it finally ends in exalting, it is, on the other hand, in the long run, the only sure and therefore just critic, and it will be found, when one comes to enumerate the names of those who have been quite neglected in their life-time, that they are little more than *talked* about now, Chatterton to wit, whose tragic end did more for his name than the works he wrote. Earning one's living is not at all a bad part of one's apprenticeship, as it forces one out of one's prepossession, and compels one to take fresh points of view; and it certainly has to be admitted that the bulk of the good work, in art, in the world has been done for this simplest of all reasons, to pay landlord, butcher, and baker.

But this was the journey-work which most of us have to do if we would reach the goal of our desires, and our student had grit enough in him to use circumstance as a stepping-stone to higher things. He wanted to be a painter, and, meeting with success the first time of sending a picture to the Royal Academy, he determined to throw the whole of his energy into painting, though there were many temptations to continue drawing for magazines, and, since exhibiting twenty-two years ago, Mr. Blair Leighton has devoted himself exclusively to painting in oil. This devotion to one idea marks the man, and if one could sum up the painter in two words, I think they would be persistence and thoroughness. Carlyle's rendering of Goethe's verse is apposite :—

> "The mason's ways are a type of existence,
> And his persistence
> Is as the ways are of man upon earth."

Mr. Blair Leighton lives at Bedford Park, where he has a very pleasant and picturesque studio attached to his house. The large recessed fireplace is a striking feature of the room, and, by letting in two small windows on either side of the fireplace, he has greatly added to the ensemble. The painter has, during his *wander-jähre*, picked up quite a collection of old furniture, arms, metal-work, pottery, and other unique relics of the past, which not only adds greatly to a visitor's interest in looking round the place, but gives the atelier that air of distinction and uncommonness which is so inspiring to the æsthetic sense, and must tell in a man's work.

In looking through the examples of Mr. Blair Leighton's works, given by the courtesy of those who own the originals, one is struck, first of all, by the painstaking, loving quality exhibited in carrying out the idea with the accomplishment characteristic of the artist. There is no tiring as the work progresses, though the painter would tell you, doubtless, that he

felt tired enough before the canvas left his hands; but, like the persistent worker, he sticks to his canvas until it satisfies his sense of workmanship.

There can be no question that we do admire, all of us, that loving absorption in work which tells us that the producer did what he could "to amend what flaws may lurk, what strain i' the stuff, what warpings passed the aim," and though this does not conflict with the Whistlerian dictum that "work should efface the footsteps of work" (our old friend *ars est celare artem*), it does point out what the tyro is apt to lose sight of, that the result, however it be reached, must exhibit the triumph of the worker over his material, which saying includes the love of the material itself, and the using it to the fullest advantage.



Mr. E. Blair Leighton.

Amongst our illustrations will be found 'Launched in Life.' It is one of the painter's suave, and one might also say, genteel efforts, though its popular and pleasing qualities are attested by its success as a publication. The world went very well then, evidently, and that is, after all, what a very large number of us wish to dwell upon rather than search into the human heart and go muck-raking in human nature. The world doesn't, to many, go very well now: hence the desire, kindled by art, "to live in the idea." Those who seem to fail in getting much of the *joie de vivre* in their pilgrimage, are the more ready to catch a scintillation of it by reflection.

'The Question' is a good example of the painter in his more sentimental vein. 'Tis the ever new, but old, old story, where journeys end in lovers' meetings. In painting this class of subject the artist seems inevitably to fall back to other times than ours, owing to the difficulty of making modern costume picturesque. To date a picture by reference to fashion seems fatal, and so painters go back and "stretch a hand through time." Figures in modern costume in a landscape often produce a jarring feeling, for the region of artificiality is then reached, where human passions seem out of place; and a man making love in trousers is apt to look, in paint, like a man making himself ridiculous—as indeed he may be for that matter. There are some who go so far as to say that if one introduces figures into a landscape, one must deal only with those whose only environment is nature in all her pathetic simplicity—François Millet's men and women—but these exacting statements have the same effect as the innocence that protests too much. People like grace and refinement in paint as well as their opposites, and there is no reason why they should not be catered for.

'In Time of Peril' is at the other end of the swing of Mr. Blair Leighton's pendulum. The picture belongs to the school of historical genre, though it is only historical in the sense of being dramatic and costumed, to coin a word to describe those works in which costume plays an important part. Whatever critics may say derogatory of costume pictures, they may make up their minds that such pictures will always be painted, and appreciated, too, for the artist using the word in its generic sense, turns away from the things of the moment and endeavours to lose himself in the past, which "wins such a glory by its being far."

'King Cophetua' is a subject that has often been handled by painters, and visitors to the Burne-Jones Collection will possibly think of that artist's rendering when looking at the present work. They do not challenge comparison, for no two representations could be more opposite in spirit or treatment.

'The Secret' is a little more emotional than the other examples of Mr. Blair Leighton's art. Such pictures, in which the whole of life is focussed in a moment, must always present the greatest difficulties a painter can grapple with. Personally, I question whether these subjects are worth the stress and endeavour necessary to carry them through.

'Lady Godiva' shows another aspect of that oft-painted story, and one not often touched upon, for the subject, it must be admitted, is chosen by most painters to exhibit their skill in treating the nude. It must be said that Mr. Blair Leighton subordinates himself to his subjects, and does not use them to air theories or his skill in using paint or dexterous turns of the brush; and a good many students who just now dwell on such matters, to the exclusion of all else, will, when they have travelled further on the road, let technicalities keep their place in the scheme.

Our Plate Picture, 'The Return of the Regiment,' has an appositeness just now when we have a war of greater magnitude on hand than has ever happened before, if we consider the sending of 200,000 men 7,000 miles. Such a scene as 'The Return of the Regiment' might be painted, we trust, before the year is much older, for the famous regiment here depicted (known now as the 2nd Dragoons) is at present serving in South Africa. But the early nineteenth-century costumes, which the artist has made such use of, would be lacking in an up-to-date rendering of the subject. The Scots Greys are shown bearing the French standard captured at Waterloo, and it will be remembered that this same regiment appears in Lady Butler's popular picture, 'Scotland for Ever.' The women-folk look on the scene from an iron balcony, and the charm with which these figures and the little boy are painted is an admirable example of Mr. Blair Leighton's art.

FRED. MILLER.



Logierait. Birthplace of the late Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, Premier of Canada.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

STRATHTAY.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

AT the extreme end of Strathtay, which is about nine miles in length, where the mountain ridge that divides it from the neighbouring strath of the Tummel comes down to the lowest point, is the ancient village of Logierait. The parish of Logierait is one of the most extensive in the Highlands, and comprehends almost the whole of Strathtay and part of Aberfeldy. It is called Laggan by the inhabitants. Quiet and dull as the village now looks, it was at one time a place of considerable importance. The last part of its name, derived from "rath," a fortified place—a word which is much more common in the place-names of Ireland than in those of Scotland—indicates that in early times it had a stronghold which defended the entrance into the valley of the Tay from the south at this point. About sixty or seventy years ago, there were still remaining on the higher ground behind the village, the ruins of the old court house, in which the Thanes of Athole held their Court of Regality, and administered feudal justice according to the powers delegated to them by the Crown from the twelth century till about eighty years ago. The Hall, where the criminals were tried, was the largest in Perthshire, being seventy feet long, with a gallery at the end, and the Gallow Hill, or Tom-na-croich, where the culprits were hanged, was near at hand, and was seldom left solitary. For in the hands of the fierce chiefs of those barbarous times, the administration of the law was very arbitrary, and the interval between the court house and the Gallow Hill would be as short in time as it was in space.

When the Wolf of Badenoch exercised sovereign powers over all this district, the accused received short shrift indeed. If the acts of this primitive hereditary jurisdiction were ever recorded in writing, no traces of the records now remain. But tradition preserves the memory of the trial and beheading here of Allan McRory, the famous chief of Clanranald, for reaving in the neighbourhood; and also the imprisonment of Rob Roy for a similar offence, although he was fortunate in effecting his escape before his trial came on. After the Battle of Prestonpans, no less than six hundred prisoners taken by the rebels were sent to this spacious court house for safe-guarding until their fate should be decided. During the time of the witch mania in Scotland, a great many old women who were supposed to be connected with the "Black Art" in Athole and Strathtay, were tried at the Court of Logierait and burned to death. As the district around was famous for its game, several of the early Scottish kings occasionally resided in the Castle of Logierait for a brief part of the summer; and history relates that after the abdication of Robert II. in favour of his brother, the Duke of Albany, he retired to this castle, and spent there the rest of his days.

There is still surviving in the garden of the village inn a most interesting memorial of these stirring times, in the shape of an enormous ash-tree, whose girth at the ground is no less than fifty-three and a-half feet, and at three feet above the ground about forty feet; its height being about sixty feet. Its trunk is hollow, and fitted up as a capacious summer house; but the outer shell seems to retain the old vitality, and to nourish a luxuriant cloud of foliage each summer as fresh and full of life as in its first green youth—when it witnessed the pomp of kings and the fell deeds of ruthless barons.

Not far from Logierait, in the same parish, are two ancient monuments of religion, separated from each other by many hundreds of years, and separated still more in sentiment and degree of enlightenment. On the highest part of the moorland between Strathtay and Strathtummel, there is a group of *clachan iobairt*, or "stones of worship," where the Druids of old performed their mysterious rites, going round the circle of standing stones from east to west with the sun, or the *car deasel*, the lucky side, when they wished to invoke a blessing upon

* Continued from p. 54.



Cuildlein.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

their friends, and going round the circle in the opposite direction, from west to east, the *car tuathsel*, or unlucky side, when they wished to pronounce a curse upon their foes.

Further eastward and down the Tummel Valley, at Dunfallandy, in the same parish of Logierait, there is a curious sculptured stone, which belongs to a type found only in the east of Scotland, and north of the Forth. It looks as if it had strayed somehow from the singular group of monuments at Meigle in Perthshire, which comprises a larger number of complete specimens of this kind than are to be found anywhere else. The Dunfallandy monument is a solitary slab of carved stone about five feet high, and two and a-half inches in thickness, with a slightly rounded top. On one side it exhibits a very fine Iona cross, extending the whole length of the stone, with its outlines strongly defined by a raised round edging. Its shaft and transverse limbs are ornamented with interlaced work peculiar to Celtic art of very beautiful patterns, and marked in the shaft with two groups of five raised bosses each, and in the transverse limbs with two groups of three prominent bosses each. On either side of the cross there are panels or divided spaces, two of which contain rude carvings of winged human figures like angels, and the rest of grotesque imaginary animal forms, such as belong to the Divine Bestiary of the early Middle Ages. On the reverse side of the stone, there is a border formed by two long snakes with fish-like tails and large heads, snatching with open mouth at a human face between them. Within this moulding are incised two ecclesiastical figures dressed in long garments which completely cover them from head to foot, seated in chairs with side-arms and high curved backs. There is a cross on a pedestal in the middle, and both figures face it and seem intently gazing at it. In the central part of the stone is incised a man on horseback; and in the lower part a hammer, chisel, and tongs are carved. On this reverse side of the stone may be seen the crescent and double-disk symbols—a series of conventional figures never found on any other monuments in the world than on this one peculiartype, and which, in spite of the most ingenious efforts to explain them, are still involved in impenetrable mystery. It requires a second Daniel to interpret to us the mystic figures which are inscribed on both sides of this ancient stone, upon which the winds and rains of more than a thousand years have beaten as it has stood on its lonely site.

Hegel says that one thought of man is worth the whole of nature; and the beauty of Strathtay is not unconsecrated by human genius. The Tay is not a poet's river, like the Tweed or the Thames; but its own scenic charm has the additional charm of literary memories which are not altogether "writ in water." The touching ballad of Sir James the Rose commemorates the tragedy at Ballechin, and is a much more impressive association than recent ghostly manifestations. At Balnaguard—a rude village on the south side of the Tay, where the guards of the kings of Scotland when they came to this locality resided—is laid the scene of the novel of "Self-control," by Mrs. Brunton, one of the primitive books which solaced the leisure of our great-grandmothers, and was in great vogue in its day. And a very clever living author has recently described in his most interesting story of "The Minister of State," some of the features of the physical and human life of his native strath, in which he has laid the drama, and so has enhanced the charms of the region, and given to them the independent existence of literature, and set free for the delight of all that which only a few could enjoy by a personal visit to the spot.

But it is at the Manse of Logierait chiefly that the present comes most into touch with the clouded forms of past history. On the banks of the Tay, a little west from the village, are the church and manse of Logierait, both plain and unpretending buildings, but deriving a rural charm from their beautiful surroundings reflected in the calm waters of the river. In this manse was born, in 1723, Dr. Adam Ferguson, the author of the well-known "History of the Roman Republic," and the intimate friend of Adam Smith, Hume, Blair, Robertson and Gibbon, his great contemporaries, all of whom he survived. His father was the minister of the parish, and claimed to be descended from one of the fathers of the Reformation. The old man drew up at a very advanced age a manuscript memoir of his life, shedding much interesting light upon the social condition and public history of his country at the end of the seventeenth century.

This autobiography became the property of Principal Lee, of the Edinburgh University; and from it we learn that the famous Earl of Mar, immediately after he had set up the standard of rebellion at Braemar, marched to Athole with his "lads with the philibeg," and paid the Rev. Adam Ferguson a visit at the Manse



Logierait Manse and Church.

From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

of Logierait, and urged him to join the cause of Prince Charlie, which the loyal minister refused to do. His son, after being taught at home, in the parish school and at Perth Academy, went to the University of St. Andrews, being intended for the Church. He became chaplain to the Black Watch, and served with that renowned regiment—many of whose soldiers were his own schoolfellows and friends from Strathtay—in Flanders, till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. At the battle of Fontenoy the spirited young chaplain disobeyed orders, and with a drawn broadsword in his hands occupied the front rank in that famous attack upon the enemy, which is quoted still by military men as one of the bravest and most successful charges in the annals of warfare. When his father's death took place he expected, naturally, owing to his influence with the Athole family, to be presented to the living. But he was too proud to ask for it himself and it was not offered. Much mortified, he abandoned the clerical profession altogether, and soon after found a more congenial sphere in the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University. He accompanied the young Earl of Chesterfield—the nephew of the famous Earl—in his travels over the Continent, during which he visited Voltaire at Ferney and Madame de Staël at Coppet, and wore her miniature round his neck to the end of his life. After this he acted as secretary to the mission sent to America in 1778 to effect a reconciliation between Britain and her revolted colony.

In his youth, while acting as tutor to Lord Lynedoch, one of Wellington's most famous generals, Dr. Ferguson visited his father's manse at Logierait with his pupil. James Macpherson was staying in the manse at the same time, having come to this district to collect any fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry that might still remain. He showed his collection of Ossianic poetry to Ferguson, who afterwards submitted the manuscript to Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, and with his co-operation the volume was published and at once became one of the classics of literature, in spite of the fierce controversy which it provoked by the doubts thrown upon its authenticity. It was owing to the martial ring of the Ossianic poetry as recited in the sonorous tones of Macpherson, during this sojourn in the manse of Logierait, that young Lynedoch imbibed the military ardour which led him afterwards to such heights of renown. It may be added that Sir Walter Scott, who was the friend and companion of Sir Adam Ferguson—the son of the great professor—wrote the inscription that was put upon the tomb of the old man. Another interesting literary association with the manse of Logierait was the birth there, at a later date, of Dr. Robert Bisset, the son of the parish minister, who was well known in his day as the author of a "History of the Reign of George III.," the "Life of Edmund Burke," and an edition of the *Spectator*, with lives of the writers. He died in 1805, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

In one of the humble thatched cottages by the wayside at Logierait was born, in 1823, Alexander Mackenzie, the first Liberal Premier of the Canadian Dominion. He was the son of a mason, and was brought up to that trade, but he emigrated at an early age, with his brothers, to Canada, where he became editor of one of the local newspapers, and a member of Parliament; his great ability, in course of time, raising him to the highest position. His five years' ministry was contemporaneous with Lord Dufferin's tenure of office as Governor-General, and is said to have been "the purest administration which Canada has experienced." When he revisited this country he was entertained by the Queen at Windsor, but he declined the honour of knighthood; and though at the head of several commercial institutions, he died poor. His career is a remarkable illustration of what the force of character and persevering self-culture can do in raising a man from the lowest rank to almost sovereign authority.

Below Logierait is the confluence of the Tummel and the Tay. The Tummel, by its tributaries that rise from Loch Rannoch and Loch Garry, the gathering of hundreds of silver threads of water from a hundred hills, drains immense tracts of country, which contain some of the wildest scenery in Scotland. The Garry comes down from the desolate moors of Drumochter, waters the beautiful vale of Blair Athole, and forces its way through the magnificent Pass of Killiecrankie. The Tummel issues from the east end of Loch Rannoch, and after a most tumultuous course, forming one of the wildest streams in all the Highlands, a constant series of deep pools and foaming cascades, subsides for a while into the calmness of Loch Tummel, then leaping over a splendid waterfall, flows through the green mountain lawns fringed and broken by feathery birch and velvet alder—the Trossachs-like scenery of Bonskeid and Fascally. And the two streams uniting below the Pass of Killiecrankie, under the one name of the Tummel, with augmented volume add greatly to the charms of the richly cultivated Pitlochry valley—before they finally join the Tay at Ballinluig.

The scenery through which these two rivers flow is as varied and magnificent as any in Perthshire. It is haunted by old legends, and is full of historical associations. On the banks of the Ericht, which flows into Loch Rannoch, Arthur Hugh Clough fixed the scene of his famous idyll, "The Bothy of Tobernavuolich," descriptive of the summer experiences of an Oxford reading party. Athole-side is musical with Jacobite songs and romantic memories of the times of Prince Charlie; and the aspens of Killiecrankie seem to keep in continual remembrance the tragedy of "Bonnie Dundee," and the wild rush of the victorious Highlanders, by the trembling of their leaves—a natural circumstance that first gave origin to the name of the Pass, which means the shivering of the woods. From the plateau at the meeting of the waters, on which a fine Celtic cross stands as a monument to the late Duke of Athole, a magnificent view up Strathtummel is obtained. It is a long drawn out vista of lofty mountains and feathering woods, fold upon fold, receding into the very heart of the Grampian solitudes, beyond all human dwellings, giving new and beautiful combinations of landscape at every turn. Ben Vrackie, near at hand, lifts its brown pyramid of rock and moor into the zenith, from which it catches the shadow of some wandering cloud; and beyond, the wild ranges of Ben-y-ghloe and the Sow of Athole fade away upon the far blue horizon. The Highland Railway passes through this extensive region to Inverness, and brings the visitor, in the course of a few hours, through a succession of the most varied scenery, from the green meadows and soft cornfields of the valley of the Tay up to the wild leagues of heath and fir at the foot of the Cairngorm mountains.

(The series to be continued.)



Frieze Panel in the Nave, Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh.
'The Baptism,' 'The Temptation,' and 'Calling the Disciples.' By Mrs. Traquair.

THE ART WORK OF MRS. TRAQUAIR.

IN these days of exhibitions, with their accompanying publicity, the fame attained by the picture-painter is wider and of faster growth than that which attends the worker in mural decoration. While pictures pass from exhibition to exhibition, at home and abroad, in each new place seen and criticised by a new audience, a decoration can be seen and judged truly only in the place for which it is wrought. Yet in this the mural decorator of to-day is no worse off than his predecessor of the early Renaissance, whose contemporary fame was, for the most part, local. Through time, however, this narrow reputation overflowed the boundaries of the district where it originated, and now men journey far to see for themselves what manner of work this is of which rumour tells. So in due course the decorator of to-day, if the work be but good enough, will also enter into his kingdom, while meantime he is saved, at least, from the harsh comparisons and the needless, yet apparently inevitable, competition and emulation which the picture-painter can scarcely escape. A generous meed of contemporary praise and sympathy is then surely due to the worker who, alone in church or hall, breathes visions of life and beauty upon dead walls, and transfigures them in the splendours of action, colour, and design. It is with this in view that I would direct attention to the very interesting, indeed unique, series of decorations which Mrs. Traquair has carried out in Edinburgh during recent years.

The daughter of a Dublin physician, Phœbe Anna Moss spent her youth partly in County Wicklow and partly in the Irish capital, where she studied art in the National Gallery and the School of Art. But marriage with Dr. Ramsay Traquair, F.R.S., the zoologist, led to removal to Edinburgh, where her husband is keeper of the Natural History Museum, and the duties incident to her new position withdrew her, if not from art, from its practice. As soon, however, as she had more leisure, desire to express herself through art reasserted itself. But in portraiture and landscape, to which she then turned, the qualities which have since given her decorative work definite character and charm had too little



Central Panel in the North Aisle, Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh.
'The Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins.' By Mrs. Traquair.



Needle-work Panel.
By Mrs. Traquair.

play, and, her true bent yet unrealised by herself, she found little satisfaction in what she did. It was fortunate therefore that, about this time, Mrs. Traquair met Professor Patrick Geddes and the late Mr. J. M. Gray, for, through the stimulating influence of the one, and the more artistic and practical friendship of the other, she came to find the mediums best suited for the expression of her very individual gifts.

In the early eighties, acting on Mr. Gray's suggestion, she commenced to fill a book with extracts from her favourite poets, and to illustrate them with her own designs. Strictly speaking, the pages of this book are not conceived as a decorative whole. But the designs frequently interpret the spirit of the verse with remarkable force and insight, and, if the execution is uncertain, the colour is often exceedingly rich and beautiful, while the general conception, though fuller of incident and more naturalistic in expression, is wonderfully like fine old missal work. At that time, however, Mrs. Traquair had never seen a missal book. Her method was intuitive, and when Mr. Gray, and later Mr. Ruskin, who had become interested in her work, lent her specimens to study, she quickly perfected her technique. The medium came more under control, the text became more beautiful in letter and mass, what excess of naturalism was foreign to the convention disappeared, and a somewhat lavish use of gold was replaced by one which made it more beautiful because more precious. Perhaps the principal of Mrs. Traquair's illuminations are versions of the Psalms, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Browning's "Saul," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (reproduced in collotype in a limited edition), and Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"; while the last poet's "House of Life" and Dante's "Vita Nuova" are at present in progress. The subjective elements of these offer this artist admirable opportunity for the exercise of her talent, both as illustrator and colourist. Keenly sensitive to the prompting of all kinds of imaginative work, she follows the imagery of such poetry with frankness, and pictures the literary symbolism with a directness which illumines while it charms. And the abstract nature of the ideas, combined with the dignity or the rich sonorous rhythm and harmony of the verbal music, suggests colour schemes full and deep and rich as the rainbow.

In 1884, however, Professor Geddes suggested to Mrs. Traquair that she should decorate the mortuary of the Sick Children's Hospital for the Edinburgh Social Union. Doubtful of her own powers, she was reluctant to embark on an undertaking so much greater in scale and so different in scope from all she had previously done; but at last she consented. The decision was a happy one, for in mural decoration she has found, not only an outlet exactly fitted to stimulate her own powers, but an opportunity to do work of the greatest interest and beauty, easily accessible to all and seen under conditions in which its charm as art and its emotional appeal have free play.

The mortuary was a bare little room, scarcely better than a cellar, but Mrs. Traquair, choosing motherhood and the life beyond this life as subjects, transfigured the walls with beautiful pictures which spoke of love and hope and reunion. Painted in little more than a year, this work showed her art at the moment she was carrying it from vellum pages to plastered walls. As was to be expected, the handling and general treatment bear distinct traces of her missal method. The smallness of the border medallions, overcharged with meaning for their position; the use of elaborately diapered backgrounds in the half lunettes on each side of the centre picture; the excess of detail and the smallness of scale in parts are all indicative of the influence of her previous experience, while the rainbow-hued colour, being used in larger masses than before, is rather patchy in effect. Yet the ideas were noble and touching, the invention was imaginative and significant, the effect of the whole, rich and beautiful. A notable achievement in itself, it gave promise of greater things to come. Some ten years later the hospital was transferred to a new site, and these decorations were cut carefully from the walls and placed in the mortuary there. This was considerably larger than the former one, and, when the old panels had been set in the new walls and the surrounding spaces plastered, the artist took up her labour of love again. She added new pictures and borders, and filled the east and west walls



A page from "Vita Nuova," Dante.
Designed by Mrs. Traquair.



Side Chapel in Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh.
Decorations by Mrs. Traquair.

with six great winged figures, with outstretched arms, standing upon spheres, in which are figured the acts of creation which they typify. Thus her early and more matured styles can there be studied side by side.

Shortly after Mrs. Traquair finished the decoration of the old mortuary, she commenced a work of greater importance in the Song School of St. Mary's Cathedral, Manor Place, Edinburgh. Here, as her practice was and is, she worked in an oil medium, to which some wax is added, on a thickly laid coat of painter's white, which she usually uses in her lights as a water-colourist does his paper. As became the uses of the building the theme she chose was the canticle beginning "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever." On the side walls, where the motives are taken in order, beginning at the east end with the angel choir, the decorations occupy the whole space, some 10½ feet deep by 47 feet long, between the wooden dado and the spring of the roof. Here the artist has introduced, in illustrating the passages which permit of it, portraits of those who have fulfilled the functions mentioned in the canticle, while on the east gable are the clergy of the cathedral and the choir. The greater part of the west gable is filled with the organ, but on each side are the symbols of the four "Living Ones," who continually say



Detail of Roof in North Aisle, Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh.
By Mrs. Traquair.



Side Chapel in Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh.
Decorations by Mrs. Traquair.

"Holy, Holy, Holy," before the throne. A great deal of invention is displayed throughout. Many of the verses are interpreted with much poetic feeling and such invocations as those to the Winds of God, to Fire and Heat, to Light and Darkness, are exceedingly fine in conception. The execution, also, when compared with that of the earlier series, shows a greater grasp of the conditions of mural decoration: the handling is broader, the design simpler, the colour more massed, and, if I may use the phrase, more symphonic. This is evident even in the part first executed, the beautiful panel beneath the east window, the three compartments of which are occupied by the outpouring of tongues on the day of Pentecost, the morning of the Resurrection, and Christ opening the lips of a dumb man.

The decoration of the Song School was considerably advanced before Mrs. Traquair visited Italy. But in many ways her art was already in line with that of the Italian fresco-painters, and her stay in Florence, where she delighted in the work of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, and other of the great mural painters, and in the pictures of Sandro Botticelli and his peers, refreshed and stimulated her. She returned enriched by the experience, and with added knowledge of her art and its possibilities, but with her own inspiration as individual and spontaneous as before. And though there are things in her work which show distinct sympathy with the aftermath of pre-Raphaelitism, as seen in the mature work of Rossetti and in that of Burne-Jones, it is eminently a personal expression.

The work at St. Mary's completed, she commenced, in 1893, the task on which she is still engaged. This, the decoration of the Catholic Apostolic Church in London Street, Edinburgh, is, so far, her *magnum opus*. Designed by Dr. Rowand Anderson, in the late Norman style, the church consists of a very wide and spacious nave and a chancel, with an aisle on one side and a chapel on the other. In the nave, the decorations cover the gables from some twenty feet up to the crown of the roof, nearly eighty feet from the floor, and extend in a broad band or frieze, seven feet deep, along the side walls immediately below the clerestory, the space between the window heads and the roof being decorated also. The plastered walls below the frieze are painted a warm drab white, and form a simple base for the glow of splendid colour, which, when the scheme is completed, will suffuse all above. At present the nave fails of its full effect; the roof decorations, which Mrs. Traquair has planned, are required to connect the colour on side walls and gables, and bind the separate parts into one decorative whole. And besides, they are needed to complete the intellectual conception and spiritual purport which have underlain the entire design.

Upon the great chancel arch the theme is the Worship of Heaven as revealed in Scripture, more especially in the visions of Ezekiel and St. John, and here the artist's colour was to a certain extent determined by the necessity of representing the four great Cherubs and their proper "Living Creatures," winged and with eyes in their wings, in their symbolic colours. No such restriction applied to the west gable, however, and the "Christ in Glory," which is now growing upon it, promises to be one of the finest things in the series. In the frieze are the story of Christ's life upon earth, figured in fifteen typical scenes, beginning with the Annunciation and closing with the Ascension at the chancel end, and twelve Old Testament events, which foreshadowed His coming. The former occupy the north, the latter the south wall. The chancel offered the artist no opportunity for decoration, but the side chapel and aisle contain some of her loveliest work. Beautiful in themselves, the scenes from the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, which here form the motives of the principal

panels, are framed in elaborately-wrought borders, rich in colours and gold, wonderfully inventive in design, and full of massy yet exquisite tracery founded upon natural forms. In the chapel, the roof panels are filled with allegories of angelic service, those above the altar being specially fine; but even these yield in interest to the wonderful polychromatic decoration of the sloping roof of the north aisle, with the line of angel faces which forms a frieze on the wall below. This, with other passages in the same part of the church, possesses certain Celtic elements of peculiar interest; for, unlike almost all modern designers touched with Celtic influence, she uses them in no imitative way, and enriches the result by her own deep sense of beauty and originality of observation.



Photo Crooke, Edinburgh.

Mrs. Traquair.

Throughout this great achievement, as in her previous decorative works, Mrs. Traquair has made no preliminary sketches or designs, but has wrought direct upon the walls, following the promptings of her instinct and mood. She waits until an idea shapes itself in colour and line in her mind's eye, and then transfers it to the wall at once, thus retaining the vividness and freshness of the conception. To one of her temperament, this is indeed the only way. She has discovered that her ardour cools if checked, and has wisely determined to be content with her first clear impression. And the issue bears traces of the defects as well as of the merits of the method, for Mrs. Traquair's technique, and particularly her drawing, is not masterly enough to stand the searching test of *premier coup* execution on all occasions, while a few incidents in the frieze are lacking, perhaps, in continuity or repeat of effect in an architectural sense. Yet her drawing is of that expressive kind, in which correctness is secondary to significance of direction and combination; and the individual incidents are steeped in hues appropriate to their emotion, and, in their untrammelled conception, touch feelings which a more considered, or rather prearranged, procedure would almost certainly fail to reach. Very few figures are used in the frieze subjects, but these are eminently typical, the grouping is significant, the story simply and vividly told. On the west gable, again, she shows her power of marshalling great masses of figures in the Heavenly Choir which surrounds the dignified and quiet figure of Christ. And nowhere are the wealth and variety of her invention and her mastery of expressive design more evident. In the two or three hundred angel figures on this wall, you can hardly find two alike, while the stillness of the white-robed singers and harpers, contrasted with the tumultuous inrushing of the brilliantly-robed trumpeters on



Border with Medallions of 'Feeding the Five Thousand,' 'The Annunciation,' and 'Raising the Widow's Son'—Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh. By Mrs. Traquair.

either side, forms a composition of great power and beauty. Yet it is in the side chapel and north aisle that her work, so far as finished, produces the richest, completest and most harmonious result. Decoration of the roof will no doubt give the nave the homogeneity of effect which it scarcely has at present; but I question if it will ever possess the wonderful harmony and the serene, yet luxuriant, beauty of these auxiliary parts. For there the artist's great gifts as a designer of ornament unite with her exquisite way of telling a story to form a whole of surpassing charm.

The symbolism Mrs. Traquair uses is frank and, for the most part, easily understood. There is no straining after the unusual and esoteric; but while the stories are clearly told, it is in the terms of mural decoration, and with a full sense of their beauty. She abstracts the essentially decorative elements in her ideas, and, varying the surface without destroying the character of the walls, embodies them in wonderfully beautiful colour, expressive line, and significant design. And her highly imaginative conception of incident is heightened by the way in which she weaves landscape into her designs, and makes it an integral part of the emotion. In nothing is her imaginative use of material more evident, and the landscape in itself is often lovely.

No space is left to me in which to describe the minor decorations she has executed, or the figure embroidery in which Mrs. Traquair has attained such superb and beautiful decorative effects. Nor can I do more than refer to her work in beaten brass and tooled leather. Yet interesting as everything she handles is, in these last she is less at home, and, in a sense, more of an amateur. Indeed, the professional painter of stereotyped landscape, conventional genre, and commercial portraiture, whose ideal of professional standing is an annual income from his work and a full quota of pictures in the annual exhibitions, is apt to speak of all Mrs. Traquair's work as amateur. But in illumination, in needle-work, and, above all, in mural painting, Mrs. Traquair's achievements are proof of the truth of Mr. Henley's remark that great amateurs are as rare as great artists; from which, when they are found, they are not easily distinguished. Since the golden age of decoration in Italy mural work more competent in technique has been done time and again, but scarce anything so beautiful and nothing more truly inspired. Her art is the spontaneous efflorescence of her imagination, her religion, and her love of beauty: and these are of no common order. So that despite defects of technique and drawing, her work possesses the elusive yet abiding elements of charm, and the indefinable yet authentic marks of a noble passion and an exalted inspiration.

JAMES L. CAW.



"Binnorie."
From the water-colour drawing by Miss Katharine Cameron.

THE ROMANTIC WATER-COLOURS OF MISS CAMERON.

OF the English romantic movement in painting, it is not too much to say that it has burnt itself out. Hot and intense in its genesis, it has handed down no living flame, the inspiration of almost every young painter of note being the more vital romantic movement in France. Followers there are of the school of Rossetti and Burne-Jones and Morris, but they are, for the most part, followers merely, content to reproduce the manner as well as the ideas of the last generation. Yet there must be many—there are certainly some—to whom this sterility of the English movement is a genuine cause of regret; who grow weary of everlasting *chic* and "impressionism" and slap-dash brilliance; and who would cheerfully dispense with three-fourths of the "New English Art" movement if they could have in its place one or two pictures showing true poetic and dramatic insight, quite little ones perhaps—like the 'Borgia' and the 'Merciless Lady' of Rossetti, or Burne-Jones's 'Sidonia von Bork'—painted with frank, direct, unaffected simplicity, and with a feeling for the *richness* as well as the suggestiveness of colour. Above all, to such lovers of *temps passé*, the poetic choice of subject seems lacking nowadays. Everything is devoted to the manner, little or nothing to the matter of painting. There is no painter of note who handles romantic themes save in an antiquarian and academic way, or who is steeped in the mediæval chivalry and legendary lore which imbued the life-work of the generation that has lately gone from us. All the greater, therefore, is the charm of discovering a young painter full of this gracious legendary tradition, on whom the modern spirit has not descended. Miss Katharine Cameron, whose water-colours have recently been on exhibition in Glasgow, is pre-eminently such a young painter, and her work merits more than ordinary attention. She is a sister of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and her training has been chiefly in Glasgow and in Italy. The intrinsic qualities of her work are, however, not due to training, and therein lies the charm. She paints romantic subjects in a romantic way, because she loves them, and because they are a vital part of her existence. She has the true race feeling of the Celt for love and legend, the feeling which grows amongst heather braes, and in spring woods, and by the side of murmuring water. Old ballads and fairy mysteries furnish most of her themes in this class of work, and the direct simplicity of her painting, her skilful drawing and composition, and rich feeling for colour, are all in accord to give added excellence to her most successful pictures. Those who saw Miss Cameron's work in Glasgow will easily recall to mind in this connection the charming design, reproduced opposite, of 'There were twa sisters sat in a bower,' from the ballad of Binnorie; 'Proud Maisie is in the Woods' (a very different conception from Mr. Sandys's well-known head), and the little fairy picture called 'Golden Rowan of Menalowan.' The drawing illustrated here, of a maiden bending to drive away the tiny goblins who are pulling at her hair, is another eminently pleasant and characteristic piece of Miss Cameron's work, painted in deep rose-pink and pale rose-yellow, which are a favourite combination of hers. Had one space, there is much to tell of Miss Cameron's other work, of her exquisite flower pictures, her studies of broad, yellow-banded bumble-bees, than which nothing more delicate in colour and draughtsmanship was ever produced outside of Japan, her miniatures, and occasional portraits, all showing the same poetic feeling and the same fine originality of treatment. For Miss Cameron's strongest point is this, that inheriting from the romantic school of England her preferences in art, she in no way copies or slavishly imitates the masters of that school, but infuses their traditions and the poetry of life with as much fresh thought and character as they themselves first did.

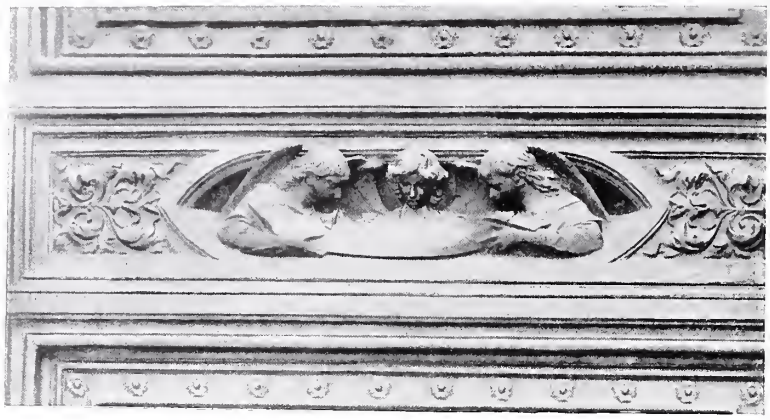


"*Entangled.*"
From the water-colour drawing by Miss Katharine Cameron.

H. C. MARILLIER.



In the Grip of Destiny—detail of Cassioli's Gate.
From a photograph by Mr. H. Burton.



Detail of Passaglia's Gate.
From a photograph by Mr. H. Burton.

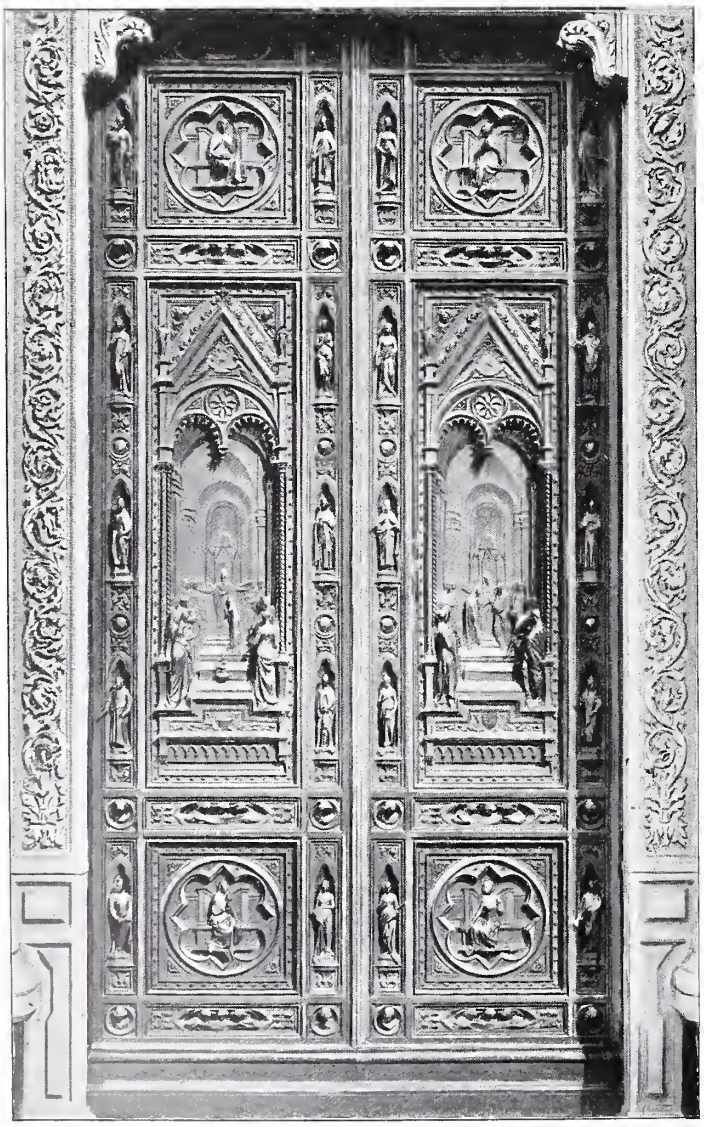
THE NEW GATES OF FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

WHEN the façade of the Duomo of Florence was finished, in 1887, it was decided to complete the work by having new bronze gates made for the three portals of the west front, in place of the ancient wooden ones till now in use.

Three years ago the gates of the lesser portal on the left of the great central one, were set in their place. These were designed by Professor Passaglia, a well-known sculptor, who has also the commission for the central portal, a colossal piece of work, which it is expected will be ready about two years hence.

Last year the gates of the lesser portal on the right of the façade were completed by Professor Giuseppe Cassioli, and were hung in their place on the 24th of June.

These gates of the right portal are a very beautiful piece of work, of which we are able, by kind permission of Messrs. Alinari, to give a reproduction. Giuseppe Cassioli, the son of a former President of the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts, is among the younger Italian sculptors of whom great things are expected by his fellow-workers. The excellent design and really fine technique of these bronzes more than justifies that expectation.



The Gates of the Left Portal. By Prof. A. Passaglia.
From a photograph by Messrs. Alinari

The general style of his design accords, as does that of Passaglia, with the rich Gothic front of the Duomo, but Cassioli's design is as superior to Passaglia's in the fine finish of the rich detail, as it is remarkable for elevation of conception and seriousness of aim. Cassioli has emulated the great masters of old time, Ghiberti, Cellini, and others, in casting the whole of the work himself. He devoted some seven years to the designing and execution of the gates.

Three years ago we saw the models nearly completed, in the sculptor's studio; since then the casting and preparations for founding have occupied a great deal of time, and although the modern arrangements for founding made it a less tedious task now than in old times, it requires no less skill.

In Cassioli's work each gate consists of

an oblong storied panel, surmounted by a raised Gothic canopy, whilst above and below this chief feature of the design is a smaller panel, set in a quatrefoil of plain, good moulding, set in a quadrangular moulding, with conventional ornament, beyond which are borders of conventional foliage. Amid this foliage, unobtrusively placed, are here and there a lizard, a snail, an adder, or such "small deer," realistically rendered. At intervals these borders are interrupted by niches, with statuettes of saints and apostles (twelve in all), and heads in full relief to the number of twenty-four. These heads are set at a particularly happy angle, and are many of them highly-finished portraits of great force and individuality of expression.

According to tradition, Ghiberti, who spent twenty-two years over the making of the Baptistery bronze gates, introduced his own and his father's portraits into the border of the East gates. Amongst the portrait heads in Cassioli's beautiful work is one, the second upon the extreme right, here illustrated, representing a comely youth with dishevelled locks, and a serpent twined about his neck. A popular legend is already in course of formation, that this snake-strangled youth represents the artist himself. As a matter of fact this is an ideal head, and, according to the artist's confession, it represents his tortured condition of mind, oppressed by untoward circumstances, during the last few years of the ten that passed between his beginning and completion of the work. Near this is a female head which represents the lady Cassioli has recently married.



The Flight into Egypt—detail of Cassioli's Gate.
From a photograph by Messrs. Alinari.

In the storied panels Professor Cassioli has followed the Florentine tradition of fifteenth-century art, by making pictures in bronze; giving perspective effects by means of delicate modelling of graduated low relief in the backgrounds of his highly relieved history-groups; as did Ghiberti, who initiated the "beautiful hybrid art," and many a great sculptor after him.

The large panels exhibit in relief the 'Birth of the Virgin' and the 'Assumption of the Virgin' respectively; the former is a dignified composition. Among the smaller panels, representing 'The Expulsion from Eden,' 'The Visitation,' 'The Annunciation,' and 'The Flight into Egypt,' the two last are especially good, the seated figures of the Holy Family, at the resting-place in the 'Flight,' are full of beauty and repose.



The Gates of the Right Portal. By Prof. G. Cassioli.
From a photograph by Messrs. Alinari.

Professor Cassioli's work revives the best tradition of the early Renaissance style, for whilst the whole design, with its rich variety of detail and simple general proportions, lies well within the classic conventions of the Florentine Renaissance, it contains distinctly original renderings of nature in some of the figures, and a modern note is struck where modern types are used in some of the heads in the borders.

The effect of both of the side portals from a little distance is very beautiful, the greenish gold of the bronze, set in the snowy marble of the front of the Duomo, completes the fine colouring of the whole façade.

A. R. EVANS.



Finnigan's Point, Alaska.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

ART IN ALASKA.

AMONGST the crowds of human beings, their hearts filled with but one emotion—a sordid avariciousness, a quenchless thirst for gold—the artist stands out prominent and alone: a man to be wondered at, if indeed there be time for wonder, scoffed at, inwardly mayhap, but none the less reviled.

To these men, the gold-fevered blood coursing through their veins, hurrying on to Dawson, the goal of their hopes, alas! how often the consummation of their despair, struggling onward to a fortuitous wealth, a more probable death, the natural surroundings can appeal only on their darker side; the declivities ever ready to lure them to destruction, the hills to retard their eager longing to proceed; these only can they realise, and that with all the intensity of frustrated effort.

Yet, to a disciple of the palette, if such an one there be, all that is great and grand and beautiful in Art may here be found in the undisturbed luxury of a natural perfection; nay! it needs no discovery; for it meets him and overwhelms his very soul at every point to which chance or effort leads his wondering gaze.

Here in these grandly desolate regions of Alaska, far away from the corrupting vanities, the vapid conventionalities of an effete civilisation, Nature asserts her every characteristic, from the soft flitting evanescent lights and shadows coquetting sweetly with the frondescent outburst of the young and tender underbush and relieving the fuscous hue of the earth beneath, to the rush and roar of the mighty avalanche sweeping grandly on in its devastating course to the valleys beneath.

Face to face with an appalling grandeur apparently as unlimited as it is unaided by the artificialities of man, the artist trembles with an apprehension vague and unreasonable.

His heart bounds within him; here in this land of distance, space itself seems but a detail!

Once more he gazes at the lofty snow-capped mountains, glaciers, and gloomy canyons. Naught but a great and solemn silence greets him from afar; an awe-inspiring desolation!

Nearer, a faint rippling of the slowly running streamlet, making the tiny leaflets scintillate in its humectatious course.

A wild longing seizes him, an unconquerable desire to depict the *tout ensemble* complete in all its broad magnificence and its vast splendour, in minute detail upon his miserable canvas.

A mighty effort, and a striving for the absolute domination of a mind saturated and benumbed with hitherto undreamt-of glories, o'er the vagaries of his pencil; and he essays the task.

He, an artist hitherto unconquered in the carrying out of a noble ambition, that of translating for sweet mortals' sake all that the world could afford him in its physical charms or eccentricities, here finds defeat!

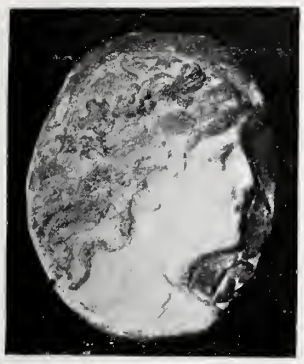
He almost weeps with disappointment.

Once more he takes brush in hand, admiration, passion, mortification—all urge him on.

Helas! He falls back overpowered, despairing. The baby cloudlets floating far above his head smile pityingly as they pass; the distant pinnacles of stone standing firm and immovable in all their pride of power seem to point at his feeble efforts with a grim irony; he realises then his own helplessness and impotence; and bows to Mother Nature in a meek acknowledgment of her indubitable superiority.

REGINALD AYLEN.

THE CROS FAMILY.



Head in pâte de verre.
By Henry Cros.

THE topic of this article is an interesting one. It concerns an extraordinary family called Cros, a name which is held in high esteem among the *élite* of the French world of Art and Letters. It is owing to the high order of their separate productions in any number of scientific, artistic, and literary fields, that the different members of this gifted family have become famous. Not one of them would leave his studio, or library, during an hour's time, in order to further his worldly interests. They all work because they cannot help it. They have the genius of production, and little do they care what the remuneration may be, so long as they can continue tangibly translating their remarkable inspirations.

A few lines, quoted from the several pages devoted to them in the "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," will give some idea of the position of the Cros family in French literary circles.

"In the Cros family intellectual energy is concentrated in the highest and most obscure spheres of science. No name speaks louder in honour of, and for the future, of the French race. The Cros family does not even lack the honour of being poor in the midst of a world which each member has enriched, and is enriching, with future sources of wealth. One of them has, without exaggeration, been compared to Edison."

This extraordinary family is a curious instance of the heredity of genius. The father of the three Cros brothers, Antoine, Charles, and Henry, was a Doctor of Law, a philosopher, and the author of a "Théorie de l'Homme intellectuel et moral." He was the son of Antoine Cros, grammarian, philosopher, Greek scholar, and professor of history in the Paris Conservatoire.

Charles Cros, the second son, who died in 1888, was a versatile, brilliant, and erratic genius, and a conspicuous illustration of the old saying that "genius is akin to folly." But one element was wanting to make him a colossal success, and unfortunately a very necessary one, common sense—the utter lack of it was, and is, the glory and misfortune of the whole family.

Charles was an astonishingly precocious child. At eleven he spoke Hebrew fluently, and at sixteen he taught Sanskrit. In 1876 he sent a sealed paper to the Academy of Sciences, containing the theory of the paleophone, an invention identical with Edison's phonograph, which the latter patented a year later.

When Charles Cros took his plans and designs to Breguet to be patented, he was told that "people of the greatest reputation were working upon the same lines." His invention would have complicated lucrative negotiations, so, being poor, he was set aside. Nothing daunted, he turned his efforts in another direction, and in 1867, twenty-four years before Lippmann, he discovered the secret of photographing colours. This latter fact has been denied, but the proofs exist. They were exhibited in the Palace of Liberal Arts in the Exhibition of 1889. There is a world between the æsthetic, animated, coloured reproductions of pictures, portraits, flowers, and stuffs of Charles Cros, and the experiments made by Lippmann which have not gone beyond the production of the seven colours of the spectrum.

Charles Cros also conceived, and realised, the artificial synthesis of precious stones. In his "Mécanique Cérébrale" he specified the conditions of the radiometre, with which Crookes "gauges emptiness and measures the imponderable."

Cros was the inventor of a chronometer. He wrote a "Study of the means of Communication between the Planets," and a "General Solution of the Problem of Photographing Colours."

He also wrote verses of a high order. His friend, the poet Verlaine, published a biography of him at the time of his death, in which he spoke of him even more highly as a poet than as a *savant*. In his gayer moods—and no one could be more entertaining than Charles Cros when he wished—he composed a series of the most witty monologues. One of them, the "Hareng Saur," figures among Coquelin's favourite recitations, and has contributed not a little to that actor's reputation. How many know that this delightful bit of humorous verse is from the pen of the brilliant, sympathetic, but reckless and unlucky genius Charles Cros?

Antoine and Henry Cros are as extraordinary in their way as Charles. Both are justly proud of him, and of each other, and not a vestige of jealousy mars the perfect harmony of this exceptional group.

Antoine, the eldest of the family, is a distinguished physician and philosopher. The list of his scientific, philosophical, dramatic, and poetical works would fill a column.

The "Problem and New Hypothesis upon the



Statue of Circe in pâte de verre.
In the Sèvres Museum.
By Henry Cros.

Destiny of Humanity" won him well-deserved philosophical fame, and, so far, the doctrines therein developed have met with no refutation.

Antoine Cros is scarcely more practical than his brothers.

His medical skill should guarantee him a fortune, but he is too absorbed in philosophical speculations to pay undivided attention to his patients. He works until three or four o'clock in the morning, and, since even the most philosophical human being must sleep, it is not unjust to suspect that the morning patients may be a trifle neglected.

With all his occupations, and preoccupations, he has always time for an hour's chat with a sympathetic friend. He loves to explain his theories, and to clear away any obscure point you may have found in his books, and is a perfect master of ancient and modern philosophy.

Among his many works of art the ones he justly prizes the most are those of his brother Henry. They are indeed very fine. There are four life-sized busts by him in his study. A splendid bronze portrait of their father, an equally fine marble one of Antoine, and two wax polychrome busts of Doctor Antoine's daughter, which are startling in their perfection of colour, form, and expression. The mantelpiece is filled with medallions in bronze, wax, and marble, among them a portrait of Alexander Dumas's daughter Jeannine, when she was a little girl. The most curious, perhaps, of all, are the beautiful reproductions of the ancient *pâte de verre*.

The history of the various artistic discoveries made by Henry Cros is most interesting.

The beaten paths of art soon lost their attraction for him, and at the outset of his career he began to cast about for methods of his own. He soon became fascinated by the wonderfully preserved Egyptian panels, in the Egyptian department of the Louvre, and set to work studying the old methods, which resulted in his writing a book upon the "Technical History of Encaustic and other Methods of Ancient Painting." His paintings in encaustic are of rare artistic value. Encaustic is a mixture of wax and colour; it is laid on the canvas, stone, or wood with a brush and then worked in with hot irons. Portraits done in this way have a consistency, and depth of colour, and form which cannot be given by paint alone. A number of stone tablets painted in light tones, to be seen in the studio of Henry Cros, give the exact effect of the frescoes in Pompeii.



Bas Relief in polychrome pâte de verre
By Henry Cros

After producing superb works in terra-cotta, coloured marble, and polychrome wax, he began searching for a new material which would unite the resisting qualities of marble with the softness of colour of tinted wax. *Pâte de verre* combined all these requisites. The idea of reconstructing the art was inspired by the Portland Vase in the British Museum. It is in *pâte de verre*, of two colours. The figures are white, and the background blue. It was discovered towards the end of the sixteenth century in a sarcophagus which was supposed to be that of the Emperor Septimus Severus. Before belonging to the British Museum, this rare specimen was known as the Barberini Vase. In the Museum of the Louvre there are two medallions of the same blue-and-white *pâte de verre*. They are to be seen among a few glass and crystal curiosities bought from the famous Campana collection. The reproduction of this unique material was fraught with all sorts of difficulties, but undaunting perseverance and the unfailing accuracy of artistic intuition were rewarded with success.

At first only small medallions could be successfully produced, but in 1891 Henry Cros had become sufficiently master of his secret to send a bas-relief, a metre in height, representing Circe, to the Salon. Two years later every obstacle was overcome, and he exhibited an entire fountain, representing the "History of Water," which created a sensation in the art world. The introduction to several columns of praise which was published at the time in the *Figaro*, shows the appreciation with which this discovery was greeted. Under the title "The discovery of *Pâte de Verre*," Albert Troude said:—"An artist of the first order, a *savant*, a *fin lettré*, of sagacious and clever mind, a man of great dignity and modesty of character, has produced a work whose success will compensate him for his labour, the annoyances, the ferocious jealousies, and the obstacles of every nature which he has had to overcome."

This fountain was at once bought by the State, and is now to be seen in the Luxembourg Museum.

The most remarkable thing about the *ensemble* of this monument, since there is not space for a full description of it, is that the scale of colour resembles that of a painting and varies according to the character and nature of the personages and objects represented.

At the time the fountain was bought by the State a studio and furnace, in the Musée de Sèvres, were placed at the disposal of Henry Cros, so that he should continue his experiments at the expense of the Government. Here he designs his models, casts his statues, and bakes his mysterious pastes himself.

In this studio a large table is covered with exquisite medallions in *pâte de verre*. Queen Semiramis, with a purple jewelled head-dress, is one of those little *chef d'œuvres* that make one seriously contemplate theft. Henry Cros has no time to occupy himself with the question of "filthy lucre," so he is browbeaten by the art dealers, who buy his exquisite productions at relatively low prices, and dispose of them, with large profit, to art collectors. They naturally keep the artist, who is not rich enough to hold out until his work brings the proper reward, as much in the background as they can.

Henry Cros is a great lover of classical literature.

In reading over the Latin authors, several years ago, he was struck with the numerous references to the Murrhine vases, which were brought from Parthia, and bought for such exorbitant prices in old Rome.

A description by Pliny, one of Martial's amiable epigrams, and a word upon the subject scattered here and there amoug his favourite works, gave him an accurate conception of what they must have been, and

it was soon followed by execution.

After three years of experimenting, Henry Cros has been able to produce a material which answers exactly to the descriptions of the Murrhine vases.

They vary in size, and are opaque and mottled, like jade—in fact, they somewhat resemble the finest specimens of this precious stone. The colour is produced by different oxides, which penetrate through and through the paste until the colours seem to be inherent to it. The shades are exquisitely graded, often forming series of lines like the circles of Saturn. Wrapped in a bit of paper, Henry Cros has a collection of delicately-tinted opal coloured sea-shells, and among them facsimiles he made with the paste used for the Murrhine vases — it is impossible to tell them apart.



Bust of Gitane des Pyrénées in coloured terra-cotta. By Henry Cros. In the Sèvres Museum.

In house decorations both discoveries could be used with marvellous effect. French architects will probably awaken to this fact when it is too late for it to be of practical use to Henry Cros. In his work there is a mine of beauty and possibilities which it is a great pleasure to make known to Anglo-Saxon enterprise.

Two or three exquisite samples of the *pâte de verre* medallions are in the Sèvres Museum. Those who wish to judge for themselves could find no better samples of Henry Cros's genius, and genius is the word used by the famous sculptor Rodin when he saw the medallions for the first time. They are worth the journey to Sèvres, and those who make it simply for their sake will be amply repaid for their trouble.

A. T. GIBERT.

RECENT INDUSTRIAL ART.

MESSRS. DE MORGAN & CO. excel in Persian and in lustre pottery. The latter is most difficult to secure a perfect result in, which anyone with even a superficial knowledge of pottery must know, and many are the failures which may and actually do occur, even under the experienced hands employed, before pieces are turned out of a sufficient grade of excellence to satisfy the requirements of Messrs. De Morgan's high standard in their manufactory or at their West-end depôts. One great thing to be avoided is to have the colours hard and distinct, and Messrs. De Morgan consider their best pieces are those that tone into the background indistinctly, almost forming a haze of colour—a bowl ornamented with golden fish was a fine example. Tiles are also made in this kind of ware, often with a raised design. Many of the pieces of Persian pottery were charming in colour, the intense blues almost rivalling the old Persian colour. A frieze of these tiles, representing quaint parrots, was made for the Woburn dairy, belonging to the Duke of Bedford; the walls under it covered with pale-blue tiles. A mantelpiece had been produced with great trouble and labour by a different process, the design being moulded and the ground-work cut away before the clay was allowed to dry.

The pottery is all designed by Mr. William de Morgan, and a great deal of the painting is done in Florence by Italians, and brought to England to be put in the kiln. The difference in the painting can easily be seen, that of the Italians being much freer than that done by the English artists.

The Della Robbia Pottery Company, at Birkenhead, divide their work into two distinct departments—domestic and architectural. Their great aim is to obtain diversity and originality in design, as well as richness in colour, and with this aim in view, the same pattern is not repeated to any large extent. Bowls and jugs are to be seen richly decorated in many quaint and simple shapes. There is, among the ornamental panels of the architectural department, a charming reproduction of Anning Bell's 'Music and Dancing,' which was exhibited at the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition. This reproduction shows to great advantage in an inner court, where it has been placed with other works. We should



Small Font. Executed by the Della Robbia Pottery Company.

wish to congratulate Conrad Dressler on his designs for wall fountains—a delightful one with sea-horses, which is to be in one of the Liverpool parks, and another for some technical schools. This pottery seems to be particularly well adapted for fountains, a very attractive and pretty one being placed in the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel.



Children Bathing. Designed and modelled by Miss E. M. Rope. Executed by the Della Robbia Pottery Company.

The Annual Sale of the Irish Industries Association was held, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor, on the 16th and 17th March, at the Mansion House, and proved a brilliant success. It was opened on the first day by the Princess of Wales. Each year this sale gets larger and more important, and the exhibits prove the growing industry of the Irish people. The lace stall was particularly good, showing a variety of kinds, and amongst them a splendid bridal veil, flounce, and berthe of Carrickmacross, valued at £150, which was to be sent to the Paris Exhibition. At the stall of the Meath Industry a number of tins of tobacco were for sale; this tobacco has been experimentally grown by Col. Everard, who has brought it under the notice of Government, hoping it may be a new and profitable industry if the exceeding stringency of the law may be relaxed.

These specimens were from Virginian plants, and produce a strongly-flavoured tobacco resembling cut-cavendish; but this season they hope to make further trials of some of the choicer varieties. The Autumn Exhibition will be held next November in Manchester.



Some of the newest designs executed by the Della Robbia Pottery Company.

The Home Art and Industries Association will hold their Sixteenth Annual Exhibition in the gallery of the Royal Albert Hall, from the 24th to the 28th of May. This Exhibition, which increases in interest each time, will include wood-carving, inlay, metal repoussé, embossed leather, baskets, spinning and weaving, toy-making, and other applied arts. It is an exhibition which ought to be visited by everyone interested in the real welfare of the country, as represented by industries which give good occupation to those living away from towns.

E. F. V.



The Churchyard Steps.
By Mrs. Mary Davis.

SOME LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

SEVERAL interesting works were to be found at the 14th Exhibition of the Ridley Art Club, which for a brief time occupied the Grafton Galleries. The new Associate, Mr. Henry S. Tuke, contributed pictures both realistic and of the idyllic kind. The large 'Lamp Cleaners' is a faithful and vigorous essay in the manner of one of his Chantrey pictures; 'Cupid and Sea Nymphs,' a rendering of green-blue waters, bound by precipitous rocks, the flesh-tones of the bathers serving to carry out the colour scheme. Mr. William Padgett shows seldom in London. If his presentment of a river-side windmill in Holland is over-reminiscent in certain respects of the late James Maris, he is himself alone in 'The Mountain Peak,' the summit only visible by reason of the grey mist which, with fine feeling for atmosphere, he has wrapped round the lower levels. Both Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mrs. Stokes—particularly the latter in her presentment of a Dutch woman, in lovely coif, mending nets in a cottage—sent delightful pictures; and Mr. Robert Anning Bell's 'Rude Boreas' is a spirited and able study of the Wind-God. Mrs. Mary Davis, to whom the Ridley Art Club owes much, contributed three pictures, one of which 'The Churchyard Steps,' was specially notable for its excellent tone and colour, and is reproduced as our head-piece.



The Inception of a Song.
By E. J. Gregory, R.A., P.R.I.

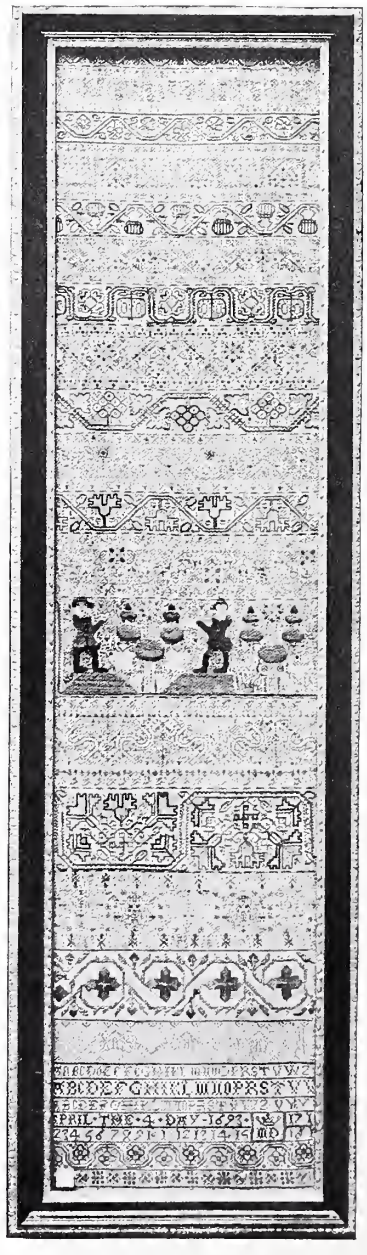
The 84th Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours comprises 597 drawings. Happily there is no need to allude in detail to the lamentably large number of works destitute of any kind of distinction, feeble, commonplace, without so much as a touch of vividness. I am glad to be able to reproduce, on this page, the president, Mr. E. J. Gregory's, 'Inception of a Song.' As an example of accomplished technique, the treatment of the lute-player's richly-embroidered red robe stands out not only as an object lesson in Piccadilly, but as an instance of how, in certain cases, an accessory such as a robe may quite properly spring into prominence. Something, too, Mr. Gregory conveys of that old-time sentiment which we



The Stream at Valmondes. By Daubigny.

associate with the lute—an instrument superb in contour, with a voice more sweet, perhaps, than that of any other. The 'Holyhead Mountain' of Mr. Leslie Thomson, with tide-swept flat lands, the haunt of gulls, lying between the point of observation and the conical-shaped hill in the distance, is freely handled, and gives a sense of space, atmosphere. Mr. R. B. Nisbet sees nature across the angle of an imaginative temperament, and his lone moorland pieces, at times too obviously romantic it may be, now with lingering snow in the background, or, again, under the soft light of the moon, are welcome exhibits. Another Scotsman, Mr. MacBride, essays, in his treatment of leafage, to follow Corot; but he has not laid with sufficient surety his structural foundations. Mr. H. M. Livens continues to find material for his brush in the farmyard: 'Fowls Preening' is free from littleness, and gives pleasure in part because the artist himself evidently found pleasure in its execution. The cocks with their fine red combs, the rich notes of colour in their plumage, provide excellent opportunity for the display of light and shade. Delightful in quite a different way is Mr. Gideon Fidler's small 'Spring on a Wiltshire Knoll'—vivid and persuasively beautiful as an impression of youth and sunshine and flowers. For the rest, we find many exhibitors concerned with Dutch scenes, particularly in the 'Volendam' of Nico Jungmann, well-known contributors send water-colours of a familiar kind, and in the East Gallery space is given to 315 examples by members of the Society of Miniaturists, amongst whom Mrs. Emslie is distinguished.

The annual outbreak in early summer of what not ineptly has been called the picture pest, was foreshadowed during March by the opening of many exhibitions. That at the Goupil Gallery of works by British, French, and Dutch artists was at once the smallest and, on the whole, the most instructive. The largest canvas, Mr. Whistler's 'Arrangement in Green and Gold,' a grotesque, dates back to the eighties, I believe. The undeniable charm of its colour scheme—soft blue-greens and golds and greys related with exquisite cunning—is minimised, to a great extent extinguished, by what strikes the spectator as venom in the satire. At a certain distance, before form is clearly distinguishable, there is nothing to lessen pleasurable emotion; but nearer, when the scaly legs, the demon face, the clawed hands hammering out on the piano keys the score of "The Gold Scab Eruption in Frilthy Lucre" come within range, the subject obtrudes. It is different with the small 'Off Scheveningen' of Corot. Seldom has one the opportunity to see the Barbizon master in this manner, and those who treasure in their minds fine examples of his art would do well closely to study this little rendering of sandy waters breaking upon the beach beneath a blue, white-clouded sky, a single black figure in the right foreground, red-sailed boats to the left. As it seems to me, the lover of beauty must fare far before he encounters anything in its kind more perfect. On either side of a picture by Diaz of a pool in the forest of Fontainebleau, hang examples by Daubigny. Two are in his accustomed solid manner, so apparently simple, so unerringly structural. A third, here reproduced, shows that Daubigny had his own vision of sunlight and shadow in a wood of tall, slender trees. The narrow stream, spanned mid-way by a plank, is in shadow by reason of the perpendicular trees on either side, but a break in the wood allows the light to flood the foliage in the background, where every suggested leaf is alive, quivering. The impression is true and vivid and fresh, the composition and handling masterly. It is a severe test for Mr. A. D. Peppercorn to have examples of his work hung near fine Corots and Daubignys; nevertheless, 'The Shaded



Tapestry in Silks on Linen. Dated 1693.

Pool,' treated in sober tones, enforces our respect if only for its quiet dignity. The austere 'Shepherd and Flock in the Snow,' of Anton Mauve, and Mr. Swan's study of a serval playing with a tortoise, are among other excellent things here.

The 18th Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers contained a proportion of works of genuine merit. Mr. Oliver Hall, an artist of individual outlook, recognises that to achieve success it is necessary, first of all, to determine what are the legitimate aims of the etcher. The balanced beauty of his 'Durham'—the cathedral rising on its hill above a timbered dell in the mid-distance—is handled scrupulously as to detail, yet every part has been executed with the unity of the whole in mind. Other exhibits of his are only less noteworthy. The dexterous Frenchman, Mons. Heleu, is familiar in Pall Mall by his annual contributions of women's portraits in dry point. His slender sweeping lines, emphasised here and there by masses of black, have a tendency to lapse into mannerism, but in 'Le Violon' we have a fresh observation which has resulted in a welcome and distinctive essay.

The representative collection of old tapestry pictures and samplers at the Fine Art Society's, directed attention afresh to a forgotten and fascinating craft. The samplers, hung in chronological order round the walls, ranged in date from 1648 to the early Victorian period. Decoratively, they were a surprise and a delight. How far time has mellowed into harmony the many coloured silks, it is difficult to guess. At any rate, some of the intricate designs, executed with infinite heed, are lovely, and the quaintly treated figures of men and animals, the inclined houses, the curious legends and rhymes, give to these relics of a past, whose leisurely spirit can never be revived, a claim on the attention of the art lover. The sampler reproduced opposite, signed "M.D.," is in silks on linen, and dates from the year 1693. The two droll figures, in raised work with lace collars, show one of the earliest extant examples of the kind.

FRANK RINDER.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE endeavour has been made from time to time in the House of Commons to elicit precise information as to the duties of the lately-appointed Committee of Advice in connexion with purchases for the South Kensington Museum. It appears that, in future, this Committee will act in a similar capacity to the Trustees of the National Gallery. That is to say, the Director will suggest the acquisition of art objects, and the Committee will veto or sanction the purchase of the same.

WITH regard to the new Victoria and Albert Museum, it is intended to use wood in the least possible quantity for the new structure. It is estimated that the foundations of the buildings will occupy two years in laying, and that another five years will elapse before the superstructure is completed. By that time it is safe to prophesy that the £800,000 estimated for the completion of the fine scheme will have been exceeded.

SIR FREDERICK BURTON, who passed away on March 16th, held the responsible position of Director of the National Gallery during a very important period in the history of the Trafalgar Square institution. For twenty years (1874-1894) he was the responsible head, and if, at times, he seemed to lack the pushful initiative of some of his Continental contemporaries, he displayed much soundness of judgment, and the list of important acquisitions made during his tenure of office is, indeed, his best monument.

"CALL no man happy until he is dead" has often a grim interpretation when applied to a painter. It is not long ago since the French impressionist, Albert Sisley, died in poverty. Just recently his 'L'Inondation' fetched £1,720 at a Paris auction. Yet the artist sold it, in the first instance, for forty francs.

IN the House of Lords, the Select Committee charged with the consideration of the Artistic Copyright Bill consists of The Lord Chancellor, Lord Selborne, Lord Knutsford, Lord Balfour, Lord Hatherton, Lord Monkswell, Lord Thring, Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, Lord Davey, and Lord Avebury. The Bill has been framed by Lord Monkswell, with the intention of removing the glaring anomalies of the various artistic copyright statutes. Under its terms a sculptor, painter, or photographer is granted a period of protection during his life and thirty years afterwards. The tangle into which artistic copyright has been thrown by contradictory laws has now an excellent chance of being unravelled, and the promoters of the Bill have been very wise in separating artistic from literary copyright.

IN a former number, the suggestion was made that enterprising artists should betake themselves to the seat of war, with a view to trying their luck in the treatment of war subjects, for which there would assuredly be a great demand if successfully treated. Proprietors of illustrated papers report that the public are rapidly buying up the original black-and-white drawings made by their war artists, and already the idea has been mooted of holding a representative exhibition of this class of work in aid of the national patriotic funds. A loan exhibition of this kind would be sure to meet with popular favour and support.

MR. JAMES ORROCK'S further gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum consists of twenty-six works, of which twenty-two are in water-colour. As well-selected examples of the development and scope of water-colour painting, these drawings possess value and interest in addition to their intrinsic worth as works of art. The landscapes range from the restricted colouring and simply-laid washes of 'At the Nore,' by George Chambers, to the brilliancy of hue and facility of execution in a drawing such as Mr. Fulleylove's 'San Cumiguano.' In figure subjects, greater diversity of aim and treatment could hardly be expressed than is noticeable between the directness and facile handling of 'Weighing the Deer,' by Frederick Taylor, and the cunningly wrought completeness of realisation of the three figures painted by Sir J. D. Linton.



Ravenshcugh Castle. By Thomson of Duddingston.
In the Collection of Lockhart Thomson, Esq.

ARTISTIC BOOKS.

THE eminent landscape painter of the early half of the century who became known as "the Scottish Turner," has never been properly appreciated by connoisseurs outside his own country. "JOHN THOMSON, OF DUDDINGSTON, PASTOR AND PAINTER," published in Edinburgh by Mr. Andrew Elliot, in 1895, is a portly volume, which more than justifies the reputation of the reverend artist in Scotland, and will do much to place him in his real position in the artistic history of the world. This volume, written by Mr. William Baird, F.S A.Scot., combines a memoir, critical review, and catalogue of his work. The Rev. John Thomson was, in fact, a skilful and attractive painter, not really on Turner's level, but imbued with similar feeling to Turner's earlier manner, and painting often in compositions and tones akin to Claude, although nearly always representing Scottish subjects. Thomson was a friend and comrade of Christopher North (Prof. Wilson), Lord Eldon, Sir Walter Scott, and others who have made the "stern and wild" country famous in song and story. He was gifted with a fine sense of colour, and his composition was usually well chosen. Like many of his Scottish artistic brethren he was, however, deficient in drawing, and this defect has militated against his reputation. Mr. Baird's volume, a labour of love, is amply illustrated, and it forms a record such as will greatly add to the artist's reputation.

Sir David Wilkie is another Scottish painter, but one whose fame has travelled far beyond the Border. Mr. Edward Pinnington has written a short and satisfactory account of the artist, under the title, "SIR DAVID WILKIE AND THE SCOTS SCHOOL OF PAINTERS" (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh). It is too small in size to be illustrated, and it is, nowadays, a poor biography of an artist which has no reproductions of his work; but the literary skill of the writer is great, and a clear idea of Wilkie's day and generation is to be obtained from his pages.

The story of the rise and progress of Gothic Art in this country is one of the most interesting in any phase of artistic labour, and although much has been written on particular buildings, there is ample space for a work such as Mr. Edward Prior has prepared. "A HISTORY OF GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND" (Bell and Son), with illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley, deals with the entire subject of English Gothic work in the 13th and 14th centuries, chiefly ecclesiastic of course, but always keeping in view the quick development and gradual progress of Gothic Art in our buildings. Immense labour is necessarily involved in such a volume, and Mr. Prior and Mr. Horsley have spared no pains to describe and illustrate everything that will help to make clear the interesting and instructive Gothic work of the finest time.

"JOHN RUSKIN," by M. H. Spielmann (Cassell), contains everything that the ordinary admirer of Ruskin will require. Probably it will not satisfy the ardent hero-worship of the Ruskin devotee, for Mr. Spielmann is too sane not to recognise the weakness of the lately deceased critic. But for this reason the book will commend itself to the admirer of one of the finest English authors of the century, who somewhat unfortunately took to art criticism, but who will be known to history only as a splendid writer of prose, which very often ascended to real and great poetry.



Puma and Macaw (p. 183). By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons. The property of George McCulloch, Esq.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1900.

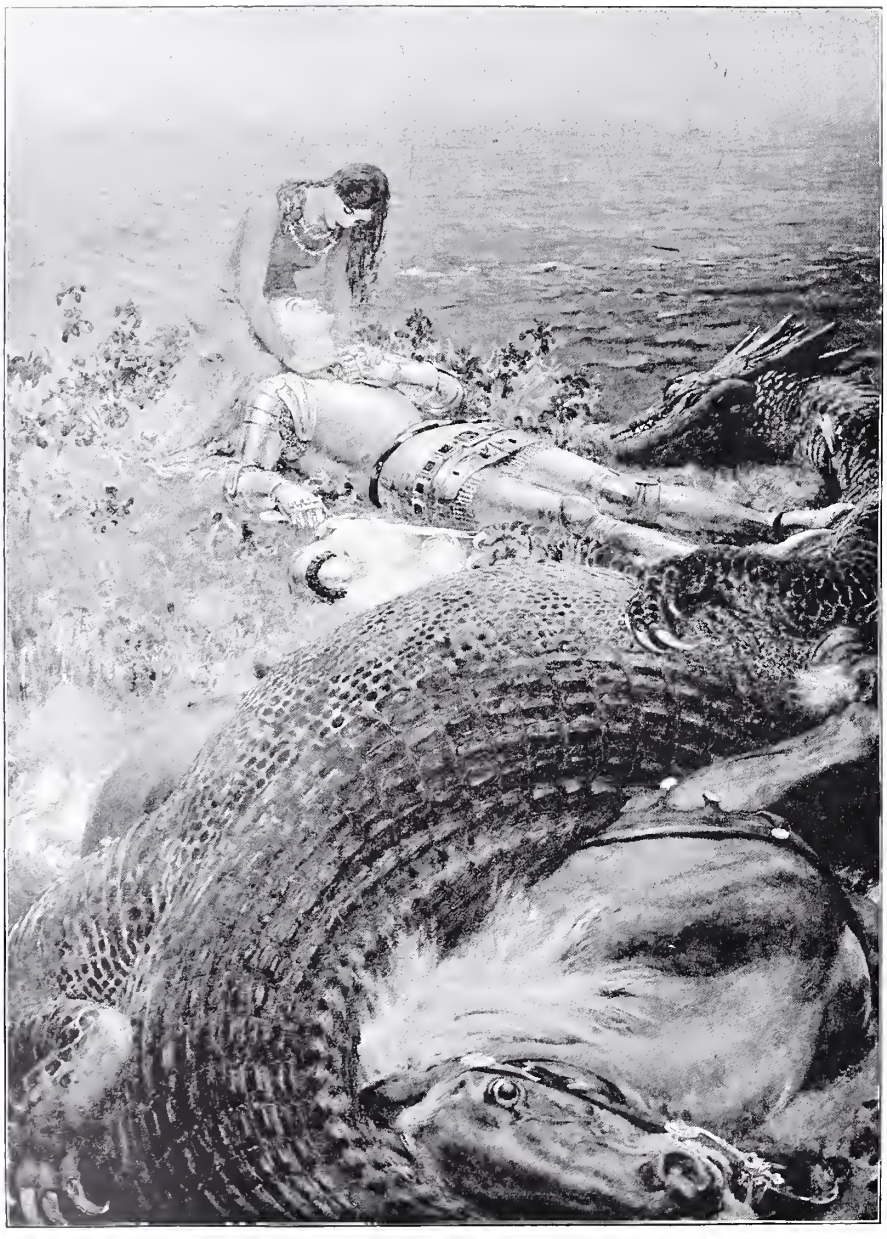
FOR more than a century and a quarter the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy have attracted widespread attention. As to the artistic importance of these summer assemblages at the present time, opinion varies within very wide limits. If Mr. Balfour's man in the street be interrogated, he will affirm, without hesitation, that each of the two thousand odd exhibits is a work of art, by virtue of having gained the approval at any rate of the majority of the selectors, and afterwards having been hung instead of crowded out. Such a view has this, at any rate, in its favour—or should we say disfavour?—that it sets up an absolute and easily-applied standard, satisfactory to the mass of folk, if not to the critic. At the other extreme are the irreconcilables, who hold that, apart from work by a few of its younger members, and here and there a picture by an outsider of individual outlook, hung by chance rather than of intent, the Royal Academy is dull and profoundly unprofitable. The general body of opinion seems to run midway between these conflicting views. It maintains that practically all that is best in the art output of the year is offered to the Academy, and in most cases accepted. In addition, so that quantity as well as quality shall be given to the visitor who pays his shilling, a proportion of wall space has of necessity to be filled by works of no more than average merit. Many Academicians, if we mistake not, take this view, honestly believing that were the exhibits cut down by a half, not the unsuccessful contributors alone but public opinion would condemn the change. It may be so, but the question remains how far the most powerful art body in this country should consciously sacrifice a none too high standard to mere popularity. The two exhibitions of the International Society at Knightsbridge have served to demonstrate the advantage of at any rate an inch or two of wall space round each exhibit; and at the winter shows at Burlington House some of those wonderful pictures by Rembrandt and his dissimilar contemporary, Van Dyck, appealed more potently by reason of the sufficient space allotted to each. If it be impossible to achieve hanging of this kind, at any rate such an ideal should operate towards diminishing the number of accepted contributions. Thus and thus only can in the slightest degree be lifted that sense of overwhelming oppression, which becomes almost insupportable as we



Mrs. Murray Guthrie (p. 164).
By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

enter the last of the galleries, whose walls, from wainscoting to loftiest skying-line—and that is high enough—are hung with coloured things.

The summer exhibitions at Burlington House reflect very faithfully, it seems to me, the demands made by the average man upon the painter. We are a slow-moving people; we do not give eager welcome, in whatever branch of activity, to new ideas and forces. A majority of the exhibits at Burlington House find favour because they repeat, with just sufficient variation to warrant a new title, works already familiar to the public, either in original or reproduction. So it is, and apparently must be, with all successful bodies of the kind. Æsthetic circulation, however, if the phrase be permissible, is to a certain extent maintained by the hanging of work by men of individual outlook and acknowledged talent, whose hold on the public, as distinct from a limited circle of genuine admirers, is still of the most slender kind—mainly of the parrot-cry order, reiterated because it is supposed to be "the correct thing." Yet it is these meaningless repetitions more than aught else, perhaps, that finally win wide acknowledgment for works of merit. At first that which is fresh, vivid, personal, that which is quiet or austere, winsome or gay, if treated from an unfamiliar standpoint, is probably overlooked or dubbed worthless. After a hundred essays from the same brush of more or less sincerity, there is a chance that the public may awaken and outbid one another in their desire to obtain that which in first bloom they had condemned.



St. George (p. 168). By Briton Riviere, R.A.

In any collection of modern art, works which will stand the test of severe critical examination must of necessity be relatively few. A century may pass without giving birth to a great artist; how foolishly optimistic, then, is it to expect many excellent things at a single Academy exhibition. The connoisseur must be content if here he find a picture to stir in him some pleasurable emotion, there a work with which he would be well content to live, or again a beautiful bit of modelling. The collector of catholic taste will undeniably find at this 1900 Academy a proportion of exhibits to give him pause, exhibits that atone in generous degree for hundreds of feeble, insincere, profitless, and, from the point of view of art, worse than worthless efforts. When severest criticism has done its worst, however, when every adverse epithet in the dictionary has been hurled at the Royal Academy as an institution—and little short of this takes place every summer—how many authoritative pens would refuse to endorse the view that the 1900 show is in large part justified by the presence of works, to name but two, like Mr. Sargent's group and Mr. Swan's 'Puma.'

Coleridge has well said that a painting is of "a middle quality between a thought and a thing—the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human." It is a suggestive definition, and one that leaves the acceptor of it free to admire what is good at once in the literalist and the idealist, in the painter who is mainly objective, and he who works for the most part from within. What we have a right to demand in a picture is that it shall be stamped by the artist's individuality, not be a mere echo of what has been said before; that whatever be the convention adopted—and conventions are necessary things—it shall not obtrude, but serve, as it were, as an unseen scaffolding; that the work shall be unified both as to form and colour; beyond

The Art Journal London Hy Graves & Co Ltd



Copyright by Stanhope A. Forbes, 1900.

THE DRINKING-PLACE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more" (p. 181). *By Seymour Lucas, R.A.*

and above all that, whether by virtue of skilled technique, colour-charm, glory of conception, or some other perhaps indefinable quality, it shall have the power to call up a sense of pleasure. Just in so far as the artist relinquishes the earnest pursuit of that which to him is best, just in so far as he permits mere facility to oust original impulse or first-hand observation, must his appeal become weaker and weaker. The story-teller in paint, relatively easy as it is for him to gain applause, should remember that his work must primarily be judged from a pictorial standpoint; and the man who still contentedly works on in a style which a couple of decades ago, perhaps, had some claims to freshness, would be well advised to rub his clouded spectacles and to attempt once again to get the appearance of nature in his canvases. To apply to the present or any summer exhibition at the Royal Academy a standard of criticism based on the great works bequeathed to us by the centuries, would be as inappropriate as it would be hopeless. Rather than attempt anything of the kind,



Saturday Night (p. 182). By Edward Stott.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons. The property of W. A. Darbishire, Esq.

we may pass in brief review here some of the pictures by well-known men, or by those whose claims have as yet been recognised in part only.

Sir Edward Poynter's principal exhibit is a life-size portrait of Mrs. Murray Guthrie, page 161, in an evening dress of white satin. She is seated in a lovely Empire chair, whose every detail is rendered with scholarly heed. With her light hair and blue eyes, her gown backed by the green of the chair, the lady makes a distinguished and welcome sitter. Besides a little classical study in oils—two Greek girls at a fountain, happy in an old-world way with the splash of water in this peaceful courtyard—the President is represented by a water-colour drawing. In the foreground, firmly and conscientiously rendered, are the picturesque, huddled buildings of the still unspoiled town on the lake of Orta, in the mid-distance is the island with its dwellings and boat-houses, surrounded by quiet blue waters, and beyond the beautiful hillside rising from the opposite shore. The pleasure-provoking scene is eminently pleasant to look upon in this drawing by the President.

As has been said, Mr. Sargent's life-size portrait of the three sisters of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.—Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane — stands high among the pictures of the year. I would go further and hazard the opinion that as a vital and brilliant work in this kind it will be accounted in the future as one of the noteworthy products of the last quarter of the century. That which is great in literature or in pictorial art does not readily yield up the secret of its spell, and as a whole this canvas by Mr. Sargent eludes analysis. We note the happy disposition of the three figures, as fresh and apparently unpremeditated as could well be, yet so unerringly right. Consciously we derive pleasure from the composition, as distinct from the grouping, with the white brocade-covered couch in the foreground against a wall of soft green, on which, besides Mr. Watts' portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, the mother of the sitters, two oval canvases in old gilt frames are suggested. We observe the rare effect with which the magnolia blooms are introduced to the right, the blue-green cushion placed on the sofa, a happy balance of light and shade achieved by the secretaire in deep shadow to the left. Above all we see the life-like pose of the sitters, in particular the naïvely attractive and momentary attitude of Mrs. Tennant, and the way in which the artist has suited his brushwork to the needs of the texture of this white satin, that dress veiled with lace, to the brocade of the sofa, to the delicately-wrought notes of blue in the bodice of the youngest sister, to the quiet greens and golds of the background, lit by one or two shafts of sunlight. When we have got thus far, however, and weighed the sum of the pleasure so accounted for, we find that the greater part refuses to be caught in the analytical net. But this surely remains: we are conscious that satisfaction of a rare kind is found in this fine portrait group, so gracious, so sure in its characterisation, so able in its technique, may it not be said, as a whole, great? Apart from this large canvas, Mr. Sargent sends some noteworthy things. His every exhibit this year goes



In View of Windsor (p. 172).
By David Murray, A.R.A.



The Sisters (p. 182).
By Ralph Peacock.



Over the Sea from Skye (p. 172).
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

beyond a mere *tour de force*. As a series, they bear witness to controlled skill, to a resolution not to trifle with the eccentric, to an equally strong resolution to wring the utmost pictorial significance, simply and straightforwardly, out of his themes. Of the two portraits of Lord Russell of Killowen, the half-length in particular attracts. It is a speaking likeness of the Lord Chief Justice, in ermine-trimmed black robe, crossed by a red sash, the head ably modelled, a true expression caught—in a word, the man as he is, unidealised, forceful, looks out at us from a beautiful picture. The presentment of young Lord Dalhousie, in



After the Heat of the Day: near Cairo (p. 170).
By F. Goodall, R.A.



Lake Bourget, from Mont Revard, Savoy (p. 172).
By Alfred East, A.R.A.

white flannel suit and red tie, standing against a grey pillar, enables Mr. Sargent to prove his mastery in the treatment of whites; the gradations in tone caused by inequalities of surface or light and shade, as here rendered, give the maximum of pleasure. The slanting line high up on the forehead of the young man's deeply tanned face shows the protection from the sun afforded by his military cap.

In 'St. George,' illustrated on page 162, Mr. Briton Riviere gives us a striking work. As here represented, the tutelary saint of England vanquished the great despoiler, not on Dragon Hill, in Berkshire, but on the edge of an indented cliff, washed by deep blue waters. Moreover, instead of standing triumphantly by the side of released Sabra, the armoured knight, his white plumed helmet thrown aside, lies, exhausted, with his head on the lap of a succouring princess. The dragon, however, forms the central motive. His immense body makes a sinuous line from the immediate foreground to the edge of the cliff, and a sense of weight and of strength that has ebbed are emphasised by the chestnut horse, lying, crushed, with dilated nostrils and glassy blue eyes. It is a daring composition, treated with vigour, in particular as to the dragon, whose clawed hind foot, strongly emphasised, has an uncanny appearance in death. The blue of the sea finds its correspondence in the blue scales of the dragon, and purple irises stud the vivid green of the foreground grass.



The Gap in the Hedge (p. 174).
By George Clausen, A.R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.



The Plough Boy (p. 176).
By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.

'The Heron,' from the same brush, is in effect a study of cumulus clouds, whither the eye is directed by a high-soaring heron silhouetted against the white. In the landscape below is my lady on horseback, about to release her peregrine falcon. The worlds of floating white overhead form a fascinating study for the artist; and we find too few serious attempts to render their fleeting beauties in pictures of to-day; but the sky, which many regard as a mere accessory in a landscape, guards closely its rhythmic secrets.

Of classically-inspired exhibits, a prominent place must be given to the small, in many respects beautiful, too, 'Gold Fish' of Sir Alma Tadema. This is no complicated and ambitious study like the 'Thermæ Antonianæ' of last year, crowded with gay figures, but a pillared and tesselated court with a gold fish pool in its centre. The minutiæ are wrought with no whit less surety and dexterity than usual. The pale green robe of the girl, lying, a cushion under her arms, at full length in front of the pool, her red hair, her clear-cut features; the laced sandals through whose interstices we see the flesh tones of her feet; the delicate veins of the marble; the vase of flowers with its happy colour note; every inlaid stone and lofty column, no less than the almost imperceptible figure, whose crossing of a distant bridge is watched by a girl on the terrace without—everywhere



"God Speed" (p. 181).
By E. Blair Leighton.



London from the Tower Bridge (p. 177).
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

By permission of Sir Donald Currie, the owner of the picture and copyright.

are evidences of scholarly research, of skilled technique. Of the several contributions of Mr. G. A. Storey, including one or two portraits, 'The Lost Labour of the Danaides' is the most important. The nine-and-forty daughters of Danaus, who married and murdered the sons of Ægyptus, and were doomed to ceaseless and unproductive labour, have repeatedly formed the theme of literary and pictorial artists.

No contributor to the Academy, probably, is more intimately familiar with Egypt, its characteristic landscape and atmospheric effects, the life and costume of the people, than Mr. Frederick Goodall. His Eastern pictures are anticipated by so many visitors to Burlington House, that a summer show without them would seem something of an anomaly. This year he sends three canvases representing scenes in the vicinity of Cairo. In 'The Market Cart' we are looking at early morning towards the two pyramids of Ghizeh, standing, pink, against the sky. To the left is a group of tall palms, green now as always, and in the foreground a blue-robed woman is dipping her jug in one of the hundred pools left, happily, by the overflow of the Nile. The title suggests the central interest: a primitively-made cart, with clumsy wooden wheels, whereon a woman is taking to the Cairo market her poultry. Tied to the top of the uppermost crate, made of split palm, are turkeys, and below, in two layers, are heedfully-painted birds. In order to make an effective *tout ensemble*, Mr. Goodall has introduced a flock of sheep following their guardian, and a goat and kid, in the wake of the cart. The treatment of the harnessed ass—a close-clipped, supple creature—is a feature not to be overlooked. From the same brush is 'After the Heat of the Day,' reproduced on page 166, where men and women of Cairo have come in separate groups to carry water from the pools on the outskirts of the city, whose citadel and tombs glow with light behind. A third essay in this kind is 'Wool for the Cargo Boat.' The point of observation here is on the river bank opposite Cairo, the upstanding spars of two craft seen against the buildings and the sky. In front a busy and picturesque scene is in pro-



Blake's Great Naval Engagement with Van Tromp, 1653 (p. 177).
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.



"Through the mist of past years."—*Keats.* *(p. 183.)*
By Frank Bramley, A.R.A.

gress. Masses of white wool have been borne hither on the backs of camels, and bags are being filled prior to loading the boats. The quaint little copper-coloured baby, a scrap of wool in its upheld hand, has been happily observed. As a portraitist Mr. Goodall may be studied in 'Mr. J. C. Deverell,' with his bulldog, Chloe, and an Aberdeen terrier.

In no department of pictorial art are differences of temperament, of attitude, more clearly marked than in the domain of landscape-painting. The aim of one man is to keep as close to nature as is practicable, not to outrage her forms and colours by so much as a hair's-breadth, only to compose, re-arrange, sift the suitable from the unsuitable. Another has his dream, an extravagant dream perhaps, which he would fain interpret, and he goes to nature for no more than the raw material, feeling at liberty to fashion it as he wills, even if this involve some outrage. There is the man who paints wholly or chiefly out of doors, and he who works from sketches in the studio. Again, an artist may find pleasure in the rendering of this or that detail, while yet another concerns himself paramountly with the general sentiment of a scene. For all these and many more there is room if they but work earnestly and with sincere intent. A carefully-balanced colour scheme, a subtle atmospheric effect, a vivid impression of sunlight brilliantly handled, a transcript with little of subjectivity in it: each and every one the person of catholic taste should be able to admire.

Landscape exhibits invariably form a large part of the



Lord Kitchener of Khartoum (p. 177).
By A. S. Cope, A.R.A.
By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford St., who are publishing a photogravure reproduction.

summer shows at Burlington House. We may note a few of these, confining ourselves at first to examples by members or associates.

The choice of theme in Mr. David Murray's 'A Fair Land is England' alone would suffice to indicate the man of taste. It is spring-time at Dittisham, and we are looking seaward, across the orchard of a fisherman, along the blue waters of the tidal Dart. There is a glad, exultant note, a spontaneity about its conception, that merit congratulation. The three other canvases from the same brush show the famous Brig o' Balgownie, when autumn tints are at their richest, and at the moment when the sunset-glow reaches its greatest splendour before ebbing away in the west; a peaceful reach of the seldom painted river Colne, flanked by willows, the detail of whose delicate foliage diminishes as the eye travels backward to the mist-wrapped bend a quarter-of-a-mile away; and 'In View of Windsor' (which we reproduce on page 164), showing a sluggish dyke overgrown with green, and a hayfield, bounded by oak, elm, and other trees in full leafage, conscientiously and firmly handled.

At his best—and we have a right to judge every man by his best—it is a dream, a vision, a sentiment, expressed in landscape, rather than a carefully-arranged, heedfully-executed transcript from nature, that Mr. Alfred East gives us. To him a work of art is a work of art in the main by virtue of the extent to which its maker stamps it with his or her personality, and so succeeds in appealing to the emotions of the spectator. This artist's most ambitious canvas is an upright, 'Lake Bourget, from Mont Revard,' reproduced on page 167. It is in a high key of colour, this grass-grown avenue, leading down to the water, dotted with purple crocuses and flanked by tall, slender trees—silver birches, elms, dark cypresses, and others. The broadly-painted pasturing sheep, the figures under the trees, the blue of the lake behind, the notes of strong purple and green in the foreground—or perhaps one should rather say the dignity of the conception as a whole—give to this canvas, which is not without its blemishes, a certain religious sentiment. Were landscape altar-pieces in vogue, it might fitly have been painted with such an end in view. Less obviously decorative in aim, but again bearing witness to the care with which Mr. East draughts this contour of a branch against the sky, arranges that interstice, and so uses his colour as to give the sense now of a resonant, again of a subdued chord, are 'Morning in the Nene Valley,' treated in cool greys and greens, from which the mists are just rising; and 'The Morning Moon,' a deep-toned landscape with dark cedars on a foreground hillock, a sweep of bay behind.

Each of Mr. MacWhirter's four pictures carries us to his native land, Scotland. In 'Over the Sea from Skye,' illustrated on page 166, we are looking across the narrow channel, a shimmer of silver by reason of the sun-flood, towards Scalpa to the left, and that exquisite line of peaks on the mainland which, observed from this point, is as a vision of some remote and beautiful other-world. No need for painter to alter their forms, but only to



The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.
Painting in Enamel (p. 177). By H. Herkomer, R.A.



Autumn on the Wye (p. 182).
By C. E. Johnson.

wrap them in the atmosphere whereon so much of pictorial appeal depends. Intersecting the sloping cliff of the foreground is a rocky gorge, down which dashes a hill stream, spanned at the shore by a bridge. The threads of the rich colour-scheme, so far as the immediate landscape is concerned, are drawn together in a tangle of bushes to the right. On the moor are pasturing sheep, and on a rock in mid-stream sits a kilted herd-lad. Mr. Mac Whirter's second large canvas aims to express in picture the silence that falls on nature when the already sunken sun suffuses with a mellow glow the sky, and when the distant landscape stretches away as a haze of blue. The river Findhorn winds its way seaward behind the fir-wood, across which we look. Scotland, in September, is full of fascination, and here an evening effect is rendered in a way to charm Mr. MacWhirter's many admirers. From the same brush we have 'Golden Leaves,' an upright study of autumnal birches and ferns, and its companion, 'A Nameless Dell.'



The Evening Hymn (p. 183).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

By a certain, and by no means small, section of the public, the landscapes of Mr. Leader are anticipated with keener pleasure than aught else at the Academy. If we can discern in 'A November Evening in a Worcestershire Village' no new impulse, if, whether judged from a decorative or from an interpretative point of view, it leaves where they were this artist's claims as a landscapist, yet there can be no doubt that, for good or ill, this moorland piece, with a line of picturesque thatched cottages, the smoke from their chimneys rising almost perpendicularly, shadowed by tall trees, ivy-clad in some instances, will call up to many, as few things have the power to do, the repose of an autumn evening in the country. Again on a considerable scale is 'The Conway at Bettws-y-Coed,' the winding river ramparted to the right by an abruptly rising timbered hill, on whose higher levels rocks break through the green grass, and on whose slopes, from top to bottom, the sun casts a sheeny light.

From these landscapes proper, we may pass to the work of a few men who concern themselves with what we may call subject-landscapes. The art of Mr. George Clausen tells of clarity of vision, unexhausted pleasure in the observation and expression of certain brilliant colour-effects, spontaneity, and a sense of style. We cannot look at his beautiful 'Solitude' or at his study of a waggon being laden with newly-mowed hay without a sense of exhilaration. He gives us pleasure, too, in his rendering of a harvest-field, where bronzed labourers are gathering into sheaves the golden-eared grain. More subtle—on the whole more delightful, perhaps—is 'The Dark Barn.' Little light penetrates into this rickety timbered structure, where figures are at work, and it is in the partial diffusion of this light, the partial illumination of the barn, that Mr. Clausen triumphs. His largest picture, 'The Gap in the Hedge,' illustrated on page 168, is unusual. The tangled lines in the foreground present great difficulties in the way of



Horses bathing in the Sea (p. 181).
By Miss L. E. Kemp-Welch.



"Musicienne du Silence" (p. 178). By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

composition, and the colour-scheme does not permit of any of Mr. Clausen's vivid notes. It is, nevertheless, an interesting picture.

Mr. La Thangue belongs, of course, to the *plein-air* school. His principal picture, 'The Plough Boy,' of which a reproduction appears on page 168, has been observed with undimmed eyes, and it possesses quickening, life-enhancing qualities. The lad, in white shirt-sleeves, turned-up trousers and heavy farm boots, is walking along a high-banked country lane, followed by his team. The sun, within an hour or so of sinking, is shedding here and here that peculiarly warm glow which denotes late afternoon, and the rendering of this quality of the sunshine, whether on the boy's head and shoulders, on the rich leafage, or on the red roof of the cottage a hundred yards down the lane, fills us with pleasure. As he moves along, the lad strips circular pieces of bark from a willow-wand, giving to it the appearance of a whip banded with brass. Two more canvases, besides a portrait, come from the same studio: 'The Water Plash,' a sun-dappled effect with reddish-beaked geese excitedly scurrying towards a running stream which crosses the immediate foreground; and 'Dawn,' where we see a couple of children gathering pearl-grey mushrooms into big brown baskets before the sun has risen to disperse the morning mists. The sentiment of opening day, something between solemnity and serenity, lies upon the meadow and the farmstead behind.

Of the several contributions of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who again is an open-air worker, 'The Basque Team' is a direct and strenuous transcript from life, a vivid impression faithfully rendered. In front of the primitive waggon, with its solid wooden wheels, drawn by bullocks, marches stolidly a Basque peasant in pink shirt, a blue coat slung over his left shoulder, his long, rough staff over his right. The sense of sun-flood in this poplared country, dotted with red-roofed hamlets, is conveyed with great surety. The same peasant, this time stopping his team by standing in front of them with raised stick, is introduced in 'The Old Bridge,' a picturesque stone structure not far from Ascain. Mr. Forbes sends, too, a couple of Cornish pieces: 'Tree-woof,' a front view of an old Cornish cottage, whose carved porch may well date back to Norman times; and 'The Drinking Place,' reproduced here as an extra plate. One has but to glance at the animals in the foreground to be assured that the canvas is the result of fresh and careful observation. The grey horse, with head stretched down to slake his thirst, breath from his nostrils causing a series of extending circular ripples on the water; the bay horse standing, with weight on three legs only, behind; the waggoner, in blue jacket and corduroy trousers, his legs dangling in that characteristic fashion which in part is the result of heavy boots: each of these features is near to actuality.



Watercress (p. 183).
By Edgar Bundy.

As is their wont, two Scotsmen go to the coast for their subjects. Mr. Peter Graham possesses qualities that have attracted a hundred times before and will continue to attract. Dark, precipitous rocks form the cliff to the right, and blue-green waters break into foam against the mussel or barnacle-covered basaltic formations which rise out of the sea in the immediate foreground. The aim is to render the translucent spell of these waters that wash eternally against the rugged coast, to convey to the spectator the delight that the artist himself has felt in watching the rock formations get blacker as the eye travels to greater depths, to render the endlessly fascinating swing of the waves, the plumage and characteristics of gull and guillemot and cormorant.



The Billiard Players (p. 183).
By the Honble. John Collier.

One of Mr. Colin Hunter's oblongs is destined, I believe, to decorate the cabin of a Castle Liner. 'London from the Tower Bridge,' reproduced on page 170, is an evening effect looking up the river in a slightly northerly direction, with the Monument, St. Paul's, and other landmarks of the smoky city suffused by the sunset glow. From 'The Battle of the Nile,' purchased last year under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, Mr. W. L. Wyllie has turned his attention to that earlier sea-fight between Admiral Blake and Van Tromp, illustrated on page 170. He has studied heedfully the scant details recorded of this three days' struggle, which began off Portland and finished near Calais.

In 'Lord Kitchener,' illustrated on page 172, Mr. A. S. Cope gives us at once a presentment of one of the most popular men of the moment, and a serious example of his art. The Sirdar is standing in his tent, clad in the khaki uniform which he used throughout the Egyptian campaign. The colour scheme is of the simplest, least obtrusive: the grey of the tent, the faded uniform, the light brown high boots, the dark brown leathern strap round the waist, the green central pole, the helmet, lying on the ground, lined with red and green, and finally the deeply-tanned face of Lord Kitchener, whose blue eyes look out at us from a well-modelled head. It is a faithful and vigorous bit of work, free from any touch of the meritricious. Of Professor von Herkomer's many exhibits, one is a three-quarter length, life-size presentment in uniform of the Duke of Connaught, another shows us Lady Tate in an evening dress of grey, with a pink-lined cloak, a third, illustrated on page 172, in enamel, for the most part translucent, represents the Bishop of London, wearing richly ornamented vestments.



Mrs. Alexander Kleinwort (p. 177).
By Luke Fildes, R.A.

Mr. Luke Fildes has been busy, too, in the domain of portraiture. Miss Wolf Harris, seated amid greenery on a garden seat; Mrs. Elmer Speed, in black evening dress, a yellow tearose in her breast, in an Empire chair; Mrs. Alexander Kleinwort, illustrated on this page, wearing a gown of cream-coloured satin, standing with a red rose in her right hand; and Mrs. Tom Craven, in a pink dress veiled with lace—these have been Mr. Fildes' sitters, and he has depicted them in the popularly attractive way with which we are familiar. His hand is stronger this year than it has been for some time. If he would only once more devote his great talents to pictures like 'The Doctor,' he would speedily regain his position as the best-known painter in the

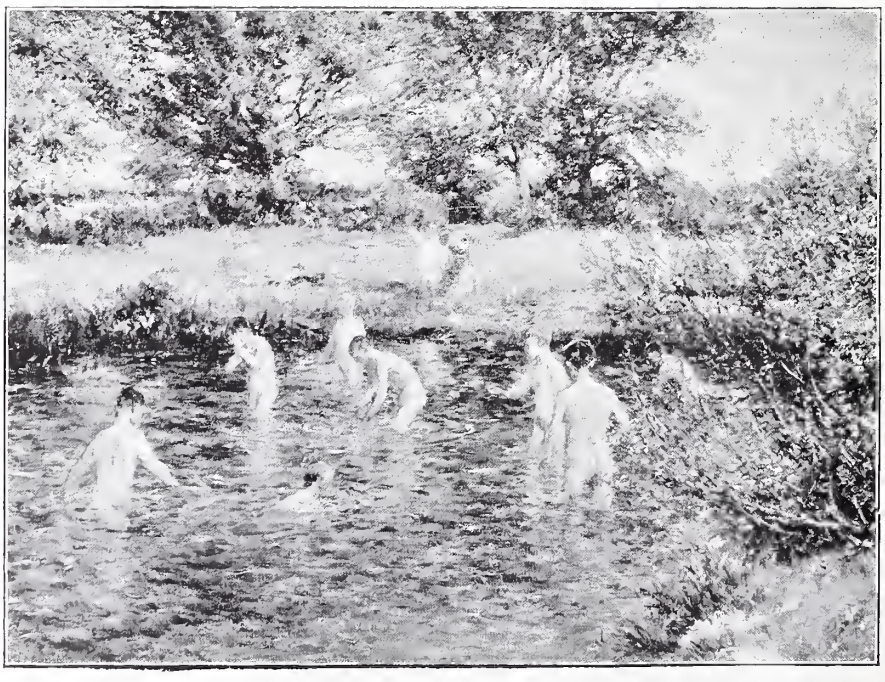


Breakers Ahead! 'Ware Manacles (p. 181).
By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

Academy. Several portraits come from the studio of Mr. Arthur Hacker, but more interesting is his 'Musicienne du Silence,' reproduced on page 175. Here he finds scope for his colour-sense in the juxtaposition, a happy feature, of the yellow and strong orange of the violin player's robe, in the deep green of the cypresses, the grey-greens of the firmly-handled, carved well-head, the reds of the second figure's embroidered robe and the crocuses in the foreground. The picture is not free from the atmosphere of the studio, yet there are several pleasant passages in it; it calls up, too, a memory of music-haunted silence in an old-world spot.

It is matter for congratulation that at last we have a royal group limned by a British painter. Mr. Orchardson's picture, the largest in the Academy, is a commission from the Royal Agricultural Society, and commemorates the Prince of Wales' presidency of that body. This fourteen-feet canvas holds a unique place in the art of the year. It represents the corridor at Windsor Castle, with a massive couch covered with red and gold in the centre. The wall is of that yellowish buff in which Mr. Orchardson delights, and on it hang several pictures, including a famous Sir Joshua, while it forms the background for several portrait-busts. To the left of the sofa the Queen is seated in side face, her feet on a green foot-stool. She wears a plain black dress and the familiar white cap, the most emphatic note in the picture, that we have come closely to associate with her dignified mien, shall always associate with the loss sustained by her in the long-ago, which still shadows her life. To the right of the central piece of furniture are three figures: the Heir-Apparent, in full face, stands behind a fine old chair; little Prince Edward of York, as he was two years ago, in white frock, white socks and white shoes, a wide blue sailor collar over his shoulders, is about to offer to his great-grandmother a big posy of roses, their colours suggestive of the Yorks and the Lancasters; lastly, the Duke of York is bending forward with outstretched arms towards his little son, as if to give him a slight onward push. The artist is to be cordially congratulated on his composition, so far removed from the stilted formalism of many royal groups. While he has not lost sight of that sense of aloofness, properly given to the principal figure in a picture of this kind, he has broken down the convention which too frequently robs such representations of all humanity. If the personages have been idealised somewhat, if the characterisation has not been carried to its utmost limit, we have here a group of historically interesting folk disposed, in particular when the difficulties of the case be remembered, with undoubted skill, with a feeling for the pictorially fitting. Mr. Orchardson's refined taste, his distinction of touch, are throughout evidenced, and this picture, with the lovely old carved fireplace to the right, and other accessories felicitously introduced, is likely to be more widely discussed than any other.

Mr. Abbey remains loyal to Shakespearian themes, and if in actual accomplishment he falls short of the 'King Lear' of 1897, now to be seen at the Guildhall, the two canvases by which he is represented are still noteworthy. In the larger we find him concerned with a poignant



The Fathers (p. 181).
By Mark Fisher.



The Dawn of Womanhood (p. 183).
By T. C. Gotch.

moment in the history of that unhappy woman, Catherine of Aragon. Mr. Abbey's smaller canvas represents 'The Penance of the Duchess of Gloucester.' Barefooted, carrying a lighted taper, wrapped only in a white sheet, she moves over the rough stones, followed by Sir John Stanley, her conductor to the Isle of Man.

Mr. Frank Dicksee sends one picture only, but it again will attract much attention at the Academy, and later at the Tate Gallery, for it is one of the Chantrey purchases. 'The Two Crowns' differs widely from the 'Harmony,' which served to bring his name into prominence twenty-three years ago. The earlier work, already at Millbank, strikes a note of quietude; it has but two figures, its colour is subdued, if rich. The present large upright is an imaginary pageant piece, every available space crowded with moving figures, the women gaily apparelled. An old-time king is making a triumphal entry into his capital after the wars. The white steed on which he rides, with fine arched neck, seems proud of the plumes set between the ears, and conscious of the honour done to itself as well as to its rider by the garlanded girls who press round on all sides, and scatter rose-petals as they shout their welcome. The clean-shaven king, in gilded armour and orange-lined cloak, is in the full-tide of manhood, strong, conscious of the potency of his sway. At the moment depicted he has passed beneath the shadow of a cross, which supports a life-size effigy, in bronze, of the Christ. The crown of thorns, not of gold, the bended head, the nailed hands and feet; the sight of these has interrupted, for a moment at any rate, the current of the earthly king's thoughts, and, for this brief fraction of a second, he is unconscious of the waving flags, of the hundred lancers that follow in his wake, of the garlanded women, of the decked balconies, of all the emblems of his success. The idea of contrasting the figure of a triumphant earthly monarch with that of the crucified Christ in a scene such as this is an excellent, if not an original, one.



Joan of Arc (p. 181).
By Wolfram Onslow Ford.

On the south wall of Gallery I. hangs Mr. Niels Lund's 'Durham,' which we reproduce as our second extra plate. He is to be congratulated on the theme of his picture. If here is little of inward vision, the artist has arranged his lines with considerable effect. Shafts of sunlight pierce the driving storm-clouds: an apt dramatic note to introduce into a view of this hauntingly beautiful



Wishford Bridge on the Wily River—Autumn Manœuvres, 1898, with the Northern Army (p. 181).
By J. Prinsep Beadle.



Copyright by Messrs Mawson, Swan & Morgan 1900.

THE CITY OF DURHAM.

FROM THE PICTURE BY NIELS M. LUND

northern town, dominated by its cathedral and castle, the emblems of spiritual and temporal power. A fiercely dramatic scene is treated by Mr. C. Napier Hemy in 'Breakers Ahead!' reproduced on page 178. He has understood aright, more, he has conveyed with surety the turmoil of these angry waters, bearing onward with hazardous swiftness towards the Manacles, just sighted to the left, the single sailing boat. We are made to feel the rush of the gale, the sway of the waters. It is actuality pictorialised. The sea is but an accessory in Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's 'Horses Bathing,' illustrated on page 174. The horses, rearing and trampling or standing in staid maturity in the waters breaking on this sunlit Dorsetshire coast, mark a further progressive step in this skilful animal-painter's career. From Miss Kemp-Welch's horses we may pass to the more subjective art of Mr. Arthur Lemon. His 'Day's Work Done,' illustrated on the next page, shows two powerful greys being unyoked from the blue plough when the last furrow has been turned. It is because he has expressed the solemnity of this common but to him not commonplace incident—expressed it in the figure of the labourer as in the autumn landscape — that we find restful pleasure in the work.



The Denial (Dante and Beatrice) (p. 183).
By Mrs. Young Hunter.

The 'God Speed,' of Mr. Blair Leighton, illustrated on page 169, is concerned with those chivalrous days, before the epoch of general peace, when it was highest honour for a man to champion in combat his lady fair. Again, it is to the romance of yesterday rather than to the actualities of today that Mr. Seymour Lucas directs our attention in his picture, reproduced on page 163. Mr. J. Prinsep Beadle gives a military flavour to 'Wishford Bridge on the Wily River,' reproduced opposite. It is a hot afternoon during the progress of the 1898 manœuvres, and the horses being watered in the shallow river are happily grouped. Mr. Wolfram Onslow Ford, the modelled portrait of whose head by Mr. Onslow Ford is a feature in the Lecture Room, sends the 'Joan of Arc' reproduced opposite. It is dignified, well composed, sincere.

No exhibit at the Academy possesses more of blithe charm than Mr. Mark Fisher's 'The Bathers,' illustrated on page 178. If he had painted no other picture, this small work would put him in the forefront of



Rings and Things and Fine Array' (p. 183).
By J. Young Hunter.

our artists. It is no years-old impression, but an impression of yesterday. The quality of quivering sunlight is in every touch: in the vivid green of the summer leafage, in the limpid, translucent waters of the pool in which these boys are bathing — how natural, how pictorially just are their attitudes — in the grass and in the sky. Indeed, it is as if a shaft of sunlight had been broken up on Mr. Fisher's palette, and as if from the sun he had learned in what way its secret could be conveyed in picture. Of an entirely different order, but again possessing qualities which capture and hold the spectator in spell, is the 'Saturday Night' of Mr. Edward Stott, reproduced on page 164. He has wrought to rare beauty this moonlit landscape, beneath a deep blue sky, with here and there a white star. In the foreground shadow, a toil-worn woman in a black shawl is carrying her little child, whose chubby face, framed in soft red, peers over her shoulder, and the treatment of this head alone suffices to make the picture remarkable. Behind is the girl with a red-print bundle, moving in slovenly fashion, and the lad with the market basket and the untidy umbrella. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Stott has expressed among other things that real—and no less real because so elusive—link which binds the peasant to his environment, the subtle correspondence between human life and nature. Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove's 'Night's Awakening' is another landscape with the moon upon it. He has wedded solemnity and quietude of treatment to solemnity and dignity of theme. The olive-greens, the silvers, the notes almost of black and those of blue, are associated with fine feeling for quiet effect. We reproduce on this page Mr. E. A. Waterlow's 'Pastorale Provençale,' one of several essays from the same brush, genuinely interpretative of that delightful country. Economy of colour, unity of feeling, sympathy of touch, make of this an acceptable picture. Another landscape, which we illustrate on page 173, is Mr. C. E. Johnson's 'Autumn on the Wye,' observed when the timbered banks of this lovely river have taken on the rich tints of the falling year. Not a few pictures in the same kind call for cordial recognition. I would particularly point to one or two works by Mr. José Weiss: his atmospheric 'Wild Sussex,' for instance, and his view of sunlit chalk cliffs, entitled 'September on the Arun,' so true to the sentiment of the scene. Mr. Harry W. Adams' 'Winter's Sleep' is the second picture purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. Little more can be said of it than that the snow-clad landscape, intersected by a winding river, with the afternoon sunlight falling on the scene, has been observed and handled with care.



Pastorale Provençale (p. 182).
By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A.



The Day's Work Done (p. 181).
By Arthur Lemon.

Our full-page illustration on page 165 shows 'The Sisters' of Mr. Ralph Peacock, a young artist who is one of our most promising painters, and who treats his sitters, and above all his accessories, in well-considered decorative fashion.

Of the other attractive subject pictures at the

Academy we can allude to one or two only. Mr. T. C. Gotch's 'Dawn of Womanhood,' reproduced on page 179, is handled with utmost daintiness. The spirit of childhood, a winged figure, is taking leave for ever of the throned girl, as Womanhood, in opalescent drapery, the face partially hidden by a gauze veil, approaches on the left. The 'Rings and Things and Fine Array' of Mr. Young Hunter, illustrated on page 181, shows the sunflooded front of a cottage, ablaze with rose blooms, where the young lady, in rich blue brocade, ample cloak and picturesque hat, is curtseying in stately way for the benefit of the old woman on the doorstep. From the brush of Mrs. Young Hunter comes 'The Denial,' reproduced on page 181. Six centuries and more have gone since Beatrice passed by without sign of recognition her poet-slave, Dante; and six centuries hence that story will still retain its glamour. If only for the freshness of subject, the freshness of observation, Mr. Hugh Riviere's 'In the Golden Days,' reproduced on this page, is welcome. The play of sunlight on the faces of the Magdalen eight, being coached on the Upper Thames, the sense of movement and of vigorous youth, give to the work, however, a further claim to attention. In the Hon. John Collier's 'Billiard Players,' reproduced on page 177, we encounter a really interesting effort. The fascinating green of the cloth, with the light upon it, the portrait studies, and everywhere the heedful technique, give importance to the canvas. In Mr. Edgar Bundy's 'Watercress,' illustrated on page 176, spring mists envelop the leafless trees, and the attitudes of the men and women cutting and carrying the cress—the whole scene, indeed, bears the mark of verisimilitude. Mr. Frank Bramley's 'Through the Mist of Past Years,' illustrated on page 171, suggests how contented and fair is age, when age is spent in a quiet cottage, with a lovely garden, by the side of one who for years has shared the joys and sorrows of life. Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Evening Hymn,' see page 174, strikes a sad-sweet note. The rhythmic sounds which pierce the old walls soothe the sensitive girl, cause her to ponder, as she stands, bundle on gravestone, alone in the quiet churchyard.



The late Maharajah of Mysore (p. 183).
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

Of the four diploma works, now for the first time seen, respectively by Sir W. B. Richmond, Messrs. E. J. Gregory, E. A. Abbey, and J. S. Sargent, the 'An Interior of Venice,' by the latter, will henceforth rank as one of the precious possessions of the Royal Academy.

In the sculpture hall are worthy examples by men of power and distinction like Messrs. Onslow Ford, Alfred Gilbert, George Frampton, and others. We give as our headpiece Mr. J. M. Swan's life-size 'Puma and Macaw.' Long study alone would not have sufficed to give that tensity to the back, that sense of rhythm to the stealthy motion of the creature, that untamed poetry to the head, that essentialised beauty to every line, which lift this work into the realm of creation. It is the creation of a man of power, of a stylist. In the courtyard outside, no visitor should fail to observe the fine equestrian statue of Mr. Onslow Ford, reproduced on this page. Nor are Mr. Onslow Ford's modelled portraits within less indicative of his distinctive gifts as a sculptor.



In the Golden Days (p. 183).
By Hugh G. Riviere.

FRANK RINDER.



Watering Cattle. By Bertram Priestman.
From the collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE thirteenth summer exhibition in Regent Street contains excellent things in several domains of pictorial art: in landscape, now imaginatively, now more literally interpreted, in portraiture, in decorative arrangements. If the average of merit in the 498 exhibits could be arrived at—and this is an impossible task, happily—it would not be very high; but so it is, and inevitably must be, where hundreds of works produced in a single year by scores of men and women are brought together. To follow in the path which Burne-Jones trod with poetic dignity is all but impossible; unless, that is, the disciple be content to exaggerate what was obvious in the work of the master, be content with the measure of achievement there is in uninspired imitation. What in Burne-Jones himself possesses a dreamy charm, in the hands of less finely-strung men working under his spell becomes crude, unimaginative, destitute of that indefinable quality which compels respect. An artist's outlook, his methods, are his very own: the more individual, the nearer to life as he sees it, the more remote from life as is his world of dream, the less easy is it for others profitably to linger for more than a brief space under his influence. At the New Gallery there are faint echoes not alone of Burne-Jones, but of living artists whose work is more vital, surer in its pictorial appeal. Instead, however, of dwelling on the inanities, we may pass to some of those exhibits with impulse and purpose behind them.



A Water-Baby
By H. J. Draper.
By permission of Messrs. Clifford & Co., 21, Haymarket, S.W., the owners of the copyright and publishers of an important engraving.

Mr. Edward Stott, who has long and patiently sought to perfect his vehicle of expression, is at his best extraordinarily fascinating. In his quiet home at Amberley he sees day by day the same peasant faces, observes series upon series of characteristic groups, gives ear to the sweet-sounding dialect of these rural folk, looks on the thatched cottages silhouetted against clear, starlit skies in summer, and these things sink deep into his sensitive nature. Two qualities distinguish many of his pictures from those of almost any other artist: his poetic, yet unerringly faithful—for much of poetry lies but just beneath the real—rendering of the men, women, and children of the country-side; and his dream of colour. His 'Little Apple Gatherer' is one of the most joy-giving pictures here. Would it be an exaggeration to say that, if not immortalised, at



O'er Hill and Moor.
By Albert Kinsley.

any rate this blue-eyed peasant lass will live long in picture to add to our sense of elation, winsomely to appeal to eye and heart? She stands, up-looking, with full lips slightly parted, plucking, with her left hand, fruit from the apple-tree above. The sun falls upon her red pinafore, gathered up at the bottom to hold the apples. Her round, open face, free from the shadow of care, yet with something of unconscious yearning in it, a single sun-dapple resting on the forehead, is indicative of the artist's sympathetic insight. Behind, the calves in the orchard, and the cottage to the right, fall into their proper pictorial places. What pre-eminently delights is the treatment of the red drapery. Brilliant in the sunflood, it is not in the least harsh; rich, with a liquid quality, it is vivified, so essentially is it an expression of the artist's own feeling in this particular mood. Less simple, as a whole less successful, too, is 'The Widow's Acre.' Several of its parts possess appeal: the grey-walled, snugly-thatched cottages, a deep orange light issuing from one small square window; the three figures thus late in the day carrying potatoes from the garden, in particular that of the foremost girl, in deep blue frock, bearing a great basket in front of her; the expanse of delicate green sky, the crescent moon there, beneath a great tinged cloud. The same artist sends 'Sundown,' a small landscape, behind whose clump of trees, where cattle rest, the sun is setting in flamelike exultation. How often sunsets are painted, how seldom do we derive from such essays the pleasure given here by Mr. Stott.

Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Summer Gold' is a fine accomplishment. By far the greater part of this unusually tall upright is given to the sky. Below, the sand-bank, whence girls are bathing in the blue waters, whose surface is skimmed by a flight of grey seabirds, glows with golden light; the blues and golds are happily associated, but this does not explain all our pleasure. It is in the sense he conveys of atmosphere, of illimitably spacious sky, that Mr. Leslie Thomson triumphs. This is an exquisite picture in its kind, one we would not alter in any particular. Mr. Frank Brangwyn is an individual artist who, heedless of what other men do, goes his own way. His 'Charity,' reproduced here, is excellent as a decorative arrangement of figures, lines, and colours. Much less sombre in tone than his pastel, 'The Needle,' whose elusive subject was a bewildering factor, it possesses, too, more of harmonious beauty. Subject is of no importance—a blue-robed woman dispensing alms to the crippled and the sick. But observe with what felicity the heads are disposed beneath the horizontal pole, how each line contributes to the rhythm of the composition, how the broad brushwork enhances the total effect. From a little distance the picture might well be an old-time tapestry wrought of blues and golds, greens and faint reds.

Three men at least send portraits of genuine merit.



Charity. By Frank Brangwyn.
From the collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

Mr. Watts, the eldest of the trio, remains at eighty and more what many men of five-and-thirty vainly think they have outgrown. He is still a student. In his portrait of Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, dressed in a rough grey suit, his head, with its long hair, so well realised, Mr. Watts shows us what a veteran can do who to the end is single-minded, patient, sympathetic. The canvas is beautiful in its reserve. From the same studio we have, again, the less serious 'Miss Lina Duff Gordon,' in orange draperies, and a landscape of supreme order of merit, with its unapproachable tones of blue, 'Loch Ness.'

We may next allude to the two exhibits of Sir George Reid. He is covetous of the gifts of no other man, relinquishes all desire for obvious brilliancy, is well content firmly, with unpretentious certitude, pictorially to impress his personality on his direct, straightforward portraits. Whether we study the presentment of Andrew Martin Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, in his doctor's robe, an open folio book in his hands, or the MacLeod of MacLeod in the plaid kilt of his clan, the sporran and the Scottish bonnet; in both we discern the same dignity of treatment, the same forcefulness, the same scholarly brush. Thirdly, there is Mr. Sargent. Who but he could paint as we have them here the scarlet jacket and the white frock of the Hon. Victoria Stanley, a little girl of some six summers, standing in childish and unrestrained attitude, a whip in her hands, against an indeterminate background? The broad brushwork of the white, the fine texture of the scarlet, to say nothing of other qualities, mark the picture out for notice.



By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons. *The Little Apple Gatherer.*
By Edward Stott.
From the collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

After portraits by this trio of earnest workers, other exhibits in the same kind at the New Gallery are for the most part disappointing. The two pictures of Mr. J. J. Shannon are clever feats of bravura, it may be, but they bear marks of hurry, of lack of thoughtful endeavour. Neither Professor Herkomer nor Sir W. B. Richmond have succeeded in pictorialising what is profound or essential in their sitters, and Mr. Robert Brough is in danger of falling a victim to brushwork whose breadth has no underlying significance. Again, the 'Peggy,' of Mr. Ralph Peacock—a little white-frocked girl, seated on a low stool, against a background of Indian embroidery—is a pleasing arrangement, very daintily treated, yet it does not bear us far beneath the surface of things.

Two pictures, the one well, the other ill-hung, exert a bracing influence. Mr. E. Matthew Hale has a sure imaginative grip of his subject, 'The Sea Wolves Raid.' In these days of bewilderingly varied moral codes, of endless discussions as to right and wrong, of undue introspection and apprehension, our primitive self rejoices to be borne back to those times when the desired was obtained, if stout hearts, clear heads, and a sure eye could obtain it. Civilisation crumbles as we look at Mr. Matthew Hale's canvas, and temporarily this is a relief. How virile is his conception, how direct and simple his interpretation of this old-time scene. Soon the coracle, laden with captive women, will be rowed rapidly by their fiercely exultant captors away from this surf-beaten shore. The pictorial qualities of the work—the moving blue waters, the strenuous figures of the wild men, and the women whose fate is sealed, the sense of unity—have in no way been sacrificed to literary requirements. A second bracing picture, but with more of ideal romance in it, is Mr. Arthur Lemon's little study of semi-barbaric horsemen galloping round a point in a rocky gorge. The Kipling lines he quotes as title are peculiarly apt:—

"They rode the pale moon out of the sky,
Their hoofs drummed in the dawn."

No living painter can render like Mr. Arthur Lemon these rough, underbred horses. The warriors, their rich cloaks of red and blue flying behind them as they gallop, armed with spear and shield, and astride rough steeds, are of the long-ago. As in all that is best by Mr. Lemon, we have here, too, the work of a stylist.

Mr. Alfred East is sensitive to poetic moods of nature; or perhaps in this connection it would be more correct to say that he imposes a sentiment from within on a landscape that lends itself thereto. His 'Lago Maggiore' is an early morning effect interpreted by a man of poetic temperament. Under the red cedars, with

their leafage of deep green, white goats browse on the grass, dotted with purple crocuses. In the hollow beyond lies the lake, from whose further side the hills, still wrapped in the blue mists of dawn, rise till their peaks are warmed by the early sun. This stately landscape stands out as a beautiful thing at the New Gallery.

There is the joyousness of sunshine, of youth, in Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Water Frolic.' The limpid pool, the centre of a little world of summer greenery whose every leaf palpitates with life, in which these lads bathe, and on whose banks they have left their pink shirts, is very near to reality; but it is reality synthesised, made rhythmical by the brush of an able artist. Merit of individual kind is to be found, again, in Mr. Bertram Priestman's 'Watering Cattle,' illustrated on page 184. This young artist is not the first to come under the spell of our English pastoral scenery, but he has approached its study from a thoughtful and dignified point of view. He aims at no sensational effects, he is content to paint his cattle —and some of Mr. Priestman's cattle remind us of the wonderful work of Troyon—in an atmospheric landscape. This he does in his New Gallery picture. Few nature effects are more elusive than a night through whose haze the glimmering stars overhead, each with a halo, are discernible. A prominent place is given to Mr. T. Austen Brown's 'Wayside Pasture.' The aim here is a decorative one, and we derive pleasure from the colour notes—the blue and red of the peasant woman's dress, the sunlit red roofs on the rising ground, and the correspondences in the sky and in the cattle.



The Wizard's Daughter.
By Harry Van der Weyden.



A Sylvan Stream.
By George Wetherbee.

Mr. Arthur Tomson gives us pause. His 'In the Down Country' is built up of vital and significant lines. With great economy, true instinct, he renders those rhythmical sweeps, dipping into valley or springing into hill, which are a source of keen delight to the lover of nature in her large, simple aspects.

The sentiment of spring, of the virginal earth, of glad innocence, is interpreted with the utmost daintiness by Mr. G. H. Boughton in 'A Song of Spring.' A girl in slight white draperies is kneeling on a bank picking wild flowers in the grey sheen of morning. The white apple blossom, the delicate yellows and greys and pinks, are so used as to give pleasure of a fresh, joyous kind. In 'Ashes of Roses' the artist expresses a dissimilar sentiment. The dark-haired figure who is here keeping alive with rose-leaves the mouldering fire at her feet, albeit she is yet young, has lived her life. Towards the saddened sky the rose-smoke ascends, and everywhere is emphasised, but not unduly emphasised, the sense of departed summer, of vanished hopes ebbing away into the greyness of winter.

Although as a whole academic to the point of stifling the personal note, one feature of Mr. Herbert Draper's 'Water-Baby,' here illustrated, gives the work a claim to attention. A black-haired sea-nymph, knee deep in

clear, green water, has chanced upon a big shell lying on a rock. She has lifted its upper half, to discover in its little house of mother-of-pearl a chubby child, curled up in an attitude at once simple and graceful. A suggestion more of actuality, a shade less of unconscious abandon, and the spell would have been broken. As it is, this pretty fancy of the birth of a water-baby, whose mother-of-pearl-lined home strikes a cool note against the sunlit cliffs and sea to the right, is welcome.

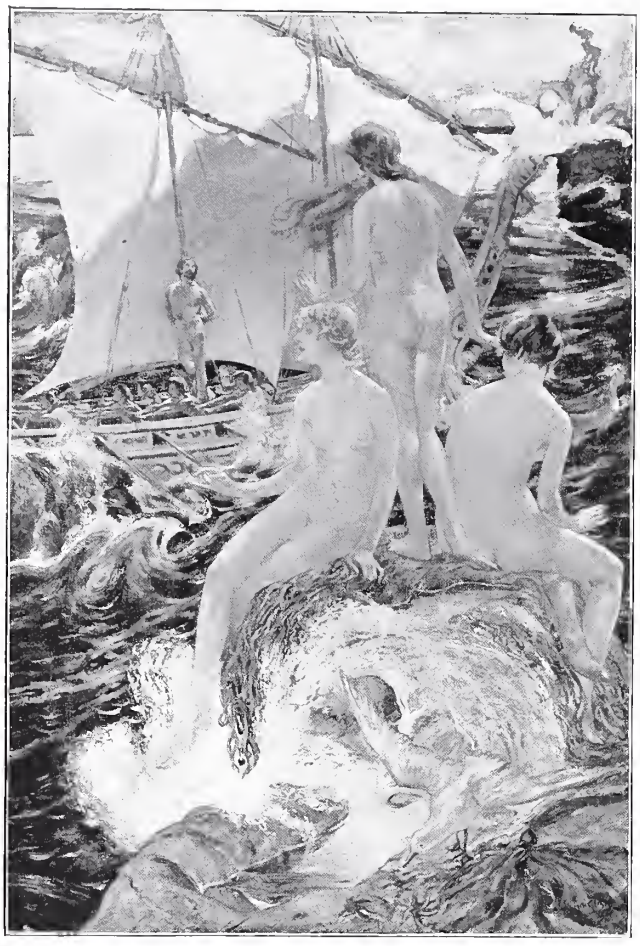
Mr. Von Glehn has brought little of imaginative justice, from the classical standpoint at any rate, to bear upon his rendering of 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' of which we give an illustration, but then all his work has something of the perverse in it. Apart, however, from the ineptness of the flesh tones even here, where the aim is decorative, and still more the obtrusiveness of the wave that breaks on the foreground rock—this lower part of the canvas must be cut off, indeed, if pleasure be sought—the lines above have grace and are deftly arranged; what is more, the picture bears the stamp of an individuality. Mr. George Wetherbee seldom fails to lead us in the direction of that realm of romance where he finds inspiration. It is equally true, unfortunately, that he hardly ever succeeds in bearing us to any one of the thousand exquisite spots in the heart of that country. His 'The Siren,' and in particular his 'Sylvan Stream,' with boys



Peggy, Daughter of D. L. Lewis, Esq.
By Ralph Peacock.

bathing in the high-banked river, are the outcome of a rhythmical emotion expressed somewhat haltingly.

The primitives or pseudo-primitives are this year in considerable numbers, but in hardly a single instance



The Song of the Sea, Ulysses and the Sirens.
By W. G. Von Glehn.

do they succeed in convincing us of absolute sincerity. It may be that Burne-Jones would have sacrificed with gladness many years of his life if only he could have been transported to that Florence of his dream when Sandro Botticelli was at work there—creating, perhaps, that wonderful 'Nativity of Christ,' than which our National Gallery possesses nothing more exquisite of its kind. But few men have that temperamental affinity with fifteenth-century Italy that Burne-Jones had, and this is why many of the pictures at the New Gallery, painted under the influence of one or other of the artists of the Italian Renaissance, fail in their appeal. Fundamentally they are insincere, or, at any rate, the superstructure has but a slight foundation. Mr. Byam Shaw works markedly better on a small than on a large scale. Despite points of great similarity between his little picture and Millais' celebrated 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' welcome may be given to this clever young artist's presentment of a feast, spread for revellers under green leafage, with the ghost of yesterday's vanished pleasures standing as a silent reminder to pluck from the hearts of these gay ones the fleeting satisfaction of the moment. The literary element is here skilfully adapted to the requirements of picture. On either side the door of the south room hang a couple of exhibits which call for mention: Mr. Henry A. Payne's weird 'Enchanted Sea,' where a throned queen floats on a sea beset with the heads in death of former monarchs; and Mr. Walter Crane's 'A Stranger'—in effect an angel descending to earth, olive branch in hand.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB AND THE BRITISH ARTISTS' EXHIBITIONS.

A FIRST glance round the 24th Exhibition of the New English Art Club gives a welcome sense of freshness of outlook on the part of contributors, of fearless spontaneity. When, however, a careful circuit of the walls has been made, the little gallery visited perchance twice or thrice, one is conscious of disappointment. Experimentalism is one of the bases of pictorial art. If the painter be content ever to till one small plot, what was once natural becomes artificial, what initially may have given keen pleasure comes to depend solely upon external trappings. In the main the exhibits of the New English Art Club tell of uncontrolled experimentalism, of a riot of the mannered; and, to make matters worse, these more or less unsatisfactory essays find echoes in the work of imitators. Happily, among the 145 exhibits there are things of real worth. The invited exhibits are by Claude Monet and Holman Hunt. The Frenchman's snow effect is synthetic as well as broad in its brushwork, his 'Ve' theuil' a sane and beautiful study of irregularly-built, picturesque houses overlooking a river. Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which dates from the fifties, is a miniature-like presentment, in full face, of the dreamer of sumptuous dreams, the man whose big, glassy eyes looked out on a world all his own. The art of Claude Monet and Holman Hunt has almost nothing in common. For this very reason, and in two dissimilar directions, their exhibits serve as excellent object lessons to members and contributors. One of the most beautiful exhibits—a mere sketch—is a view of the end of Hastings Pier, by Mr. Francis E. James. For the rest, allusion may be made to Mr. Henry Tonks' clever 'Sleepless Night,' and his strange 'Rosamond and the Purple Jar,' by no means lacking in individuality of a mannered kind; to the in some respects brilliant portrait group by Mr. P. Wilson Steer; to one or two finely-felt and interpreted pastorals by Mr. Arthur Tomson; to Mr. Mark Fisher's 'The Farmer,' one of the most vivid canvases here; and to Mr. W. W. Russell's orchard pieces in brilliant sunlight.

To judge by the 113th Exhibition in Suffolk Street, the British Artists have settled down into the somnolence of old age. Here and there only is an exhibit which stirs us to faint interest, or breaks that sleepy spell under which, starting however earnestly, we finish a round of the rooms. In the central gallery hangs Sir Wyke Bayliss' 'Sailors' Chapel, St. Valery-sur-Somme,' a good example of his art. On the west wall is Mr. Hal Hurst's life-size portrait of Mrs. J. B. Robinson, in cream-coloured satin. There is intention behind Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong's 'Lake of the Mournful Cry,' with its foreground of mighty boulders, its menacing cloud shrouding the hills behind. Mr. R. Gemmell-Hutchison's 'Hot Tatties'—three children grouped round a cauldron—is particularly pleasant as to tone, with its notes of mellow red, and a little further on is the spring-like study of white blossom-time by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove. One of the best landscapes in Suffolk Street is 'The Bridge over the Marsh,' by Mr. Walter Fowler. Pleasant as it is to meet in this place the sunlit poultry studies of Mr. Livens, none of his four exhibits shows him at quite his best, and the same holds good with regard to Mr. Montague Smyth, albeit there is a winsome charm about his picture of a blue-frocked peasant girl gathering yellow wild flowers. We reproduce here Mr. Arthur Stewart's 'For the Front,' a view of the platform at Waterloo on the departure of the Grenadier Guards and the Army Medical Corps in October last. The disposition of the figures, the arrangement of the long lines of the train and glass roof, the directness and simplicity of treatment, warrant commendation.



For the Front. By Arthur Stewart.



Old French Bedstead, with hangings of English brocaded silk.
(Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.)

INDUSTRIAL ART.

MOST people, on trying to furnish a house, experience, after the first light-hearted excursion into the necessary shops, a sense of dismayed bewilderment. The things that at the outset seemed so tasteful and fitting to their requirements, gradually assume a more and more doubtful complexion. The curtains we admire refuse to suit with the carpet we yearn for; the paper that was beautiful in the piece is hideous on the walls; our most cherished selections look utterly different to what we expected and imagined when once they are placed in our rooms, and we come to the conclusion that furnishing a house is worse than driving a jibbing team. The only way out of such a dilemma is to consult some authority, in whose taste and experience one can put implicit trust, and I think such an authority may most satisfactorily be found in the person of Mr. J. Manning Cooper, whose delightful premises, in Great Pulteney Street, I was visiting the other day, and who most obligingly showed me some (not all, indeed that would have taken too much time) of the interesting artistic things that are in his showrooms.



Hammered Iron Grille Screen.
(Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.)

It was with much pleasure I again saw the "Sainton" room, which has already been described

some short time since, and which gave me the same feeling of charm and harmony that it did on first inspection.

The Women's Exhibition at Earl's Court, which opened in May, has claimed some of the firm's attention. Messrs. Cooper are exhibiting, in the English silk section, a charming old French bedstead (shown in our headpiece), with hangings of English brocaded silk of rich rose colour; a golden cupid hovers under the canopy, and the pillows are of white broché silk, embroidered with the motto, "Sleep, gentle sleep," "Nature's sweet nurse." The bedstead itself is white, and handsomely carved with one of Mr. Charles Sainton's decorative drawings, let in as a medallion at the foot.

There are some fine pieces of old Flemish tapestry to be seen in one of Mr. Cooper's rooms, additionally interesting as coming from Mostyn Hall. Below these, some old oak French panelling (removed from a chateau) is shown with good effect, which is best seen in the accompanying illustration; the oak panelling has already been secured by Lady Rothschild, for Tring. The amateur of house decoration was beginning to tire of the pierced wood screens, which have begun to fall into disrepute through the all-pervading blight of cheap imitation, and the introduction of hammered iron screens is a pleasing departure in this line, and most effective; one of these was a good replica of old German work. In order to be useful as well as ornamental for an entrance hall, heavy portière hangings are employed, which effectually exclude all draughts; or again, these screens would look well dividing a billiard or music room. While on the topic of screens, I must mention a delightfully original one was made out of an old Brittany carved bedstead, so cunningly arranged that it looked perfect, and one could hardly believe it had ever been a bedstead; this was to screen an entrance to a lift, which is usually a very unsightly feature in a pretty hall or room. Messrs. Cooper are particularly happy in adapting and arranging these old specimens in some new way, and somehow contrive that, whilst retaining their quaintness intact, they are shown to greater advantage and are more suitable to our present ideas and fashion. Another handsome old piece of carving was a walnut wood mantelpiece (originally in an old refectory in a monastery), representing the Ascension, and carved in very high relief; this was to be placed in a dining room panelled with walnut. The thunders elicited from the modern Bechstein or Steinway grand pianos could never certainly have been produced from the old-fashioned spinet, or more correctly speaking, square piano, such as Bach played on over a hundred years ago; one is tempted sometimes to question whether the increase of tone is in itself so very desirable a thing, and in any case the loss of beauty as to form is very considerable. The dainty proportions and quaint decoration of the spinet evolves the gracious and graceful image of the dead and gone performers on its delicate keys, and while one agrees, with a sigh, that the massive bulk of the present grand is more suitable to the actual race of executors, with their unlovely black swallow-tails and punishing action, one is glad to look back for a moment and conjure up the concerts that may have been performed with the help of a lovely little instrument shown me by Mr. Cooper, marked with the maker's name, Clementi, and called "new patent." The tone has remained very good, and these delightful instruments are much sought after now for the performance of the old-world music that has been so prominently brought forward by the efforts of Mr. Dolmetsch. E. F. V.



Old Oak French panelling and Flemish Wall Tapestry from Mostyn Hall, at Messrs. H. & J. Cooper's Show-rooms.

EMSLIE COLLECTION, EGYPTIAN HALL.

THE "GOD IS LOVE" SERIES.

THE nine large religious pictures by Mr. A. E. Emslie, now on view in Piccadilly, have as primary aim, if we understand aright, the bearing of a message to the public. This being so, we can do no better than quote a few words from the artist's own introduction to the catalogue. The pictures are not the outcome of a sudden inspiration, but are "the efforts to represent the deliberate convictions of many years of observation and thought, that the cause for which all things are and were created and sustained, both animate and inanimate, is from Love, and we can come to no other conclusion however we may be drawn aside at times by the apparent contradictions. The great law and foundation of all Creation is Love, and from that alone is the fundamental basis of all. To endeavour to advance such an idea in the great centres, where the human families congregate, seems a direct contradiction of the truth, especially in our own metropolis; where is drawn and brought together in a complex mass the greatest gathering the world has even seen—where truly wealth accumulates and men decay." Five-and-twenty years ago, in America, Mr. Emslie became conscious of a desire "to paint from love what I love, to rise as the lark above the earth and break forth into songs of praise and give thanks to the Giver of all good. Although it has been a pretty long song [this is doubtless an allusion to the four years of labour which have gone to the making of this series], it will not take long to listen to, and I have thoroughly enjoyed the privilege, and in a way regret its close. . . . I must now bring my wares to the city and face the music of publicity, or obscurity, and perhaps of praise or abuse, or quiet contumely." The first picture of the series, 'The Call,' was conceived, we learn, some thirteen years ago. On the upper level, in full light, is the Christ, with an angel on either side. Chisel and mallet have been laid aside by the Carpenter, the Crown of Thorns placed on His head, and what, in shadow at His feet, were once shavings, are transformed into a mass of writhing humanity, calling insistently for release from sin. Next in order comes 'The Fasting and Temptation,' where the emaciated figure of Jesus is seen seated in the desert, set with thistles, ministered to by white-winged angels and a messenger who bears towards Him purple grapes. A golden light suffuses the upper portion of 'The Sermon on the Mount'; with right hand uplifted, Christ is preaching to the multitude. From the pictorial point of view one of the most successful canvases is that entitled 'He Heals our Diseases and Bears our Sins,'—a procession of the disciples headed by Christ, again with the light focussed upon them, moving through a crowd of maimed, sick, and sinful folk. To give an idea of his method of approach, Mr. Emslie has been good enough to make a sketch of a portion of his fifth large canvas, 'His Forgiveness.' In the part to the right, not seen in the reproduction, is Christ, robed in white, who, having thrown open the golden door of forgiveness, stands looking with love upon the figures. The remainder of this series—comprises 'The Agony in the Garden,' the 'Final Conflict With and Victory Over the Hells,' showing the writhed body on the cross, towards which a hundred fingers are pointing in scorn; 'He Descended into Hell,' represented here as a world half in flame, half submerged; and, finally, 'He Ascended into Heaven,' this triumphal incident watched by a few faithful disciples from a field ablaze with poppy blooms.



A Study for the picture, 'His Forgiveness,' in the series of God is Love.
By A. E. Emslie



Moonrise on the Dunes.
By Adrian Stokes.

MR. AND MRS. ADRIAN STOKES.

MR. ADRIAN SCOTT STOKES was born in 1854; the son of a father whose talents, great as they were, had little kinship with the arts. Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes was an official whose capacity was not seasoned with ambition. He was one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, a colleague of Matthew Arnold. The duties of that post are not such as win wide recognition; but, in Mr. Stokes's case they brought from Lord Lingen the unwonted-tribute: "I never worked with any man who justified greater confidence. No Inspector could, in my judgment, put before himself a better example than he has set." Going a generation further back, one of the painter's great uncles, a friend of Cowper, carried the MS. of "John Gilpin" to the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, where it first appeared. The Stokes' and the Scotts of Netley inter-married, and Major Scott-Waring, the painter's great-great-uncle, who sat in Parliament for Cricklade, had two daughters, of whom one married George Stanley Faber — a voluminous writer against the Romanism that so many of his kinsmen were afterwards to adopt — while the other became the wife of John Reade, of Ipsden, and the mother of Charles Reade, one of whose stories Mr. Adrian Stokes was to illustrate as almost his first commission.



St. John.
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

But the days that preceded commissions were days of doubt. At first Mr. Adrian Stokes thought of the navy, and a nomination was procured by his father's old Cambridge friend, Lord Denbigh; but, before it took effect, a change of Government came. A few months were then spent in an office in Liverpool—long enough to convince the future artist that he was not a born cotton-broker. The sketches grew in his portfolio; Mr. Herbert, R.A., saw them, and you are to suppose he



Morning Milking.
By Adrian Stokes.

understood them, for, on his advice, Mr. Adrian Stokes entered the Royal Academy Schools.

The delights of studentship are with the studious; of whose fortunate number was Mr. Adrian Stokes. Say what people may against Academies in general, against this Academy in particular, by means of such institutions is the beginner brought into touch with here and there a master. To-day "the dear young men," as Henri Perreyve always called them, have their work supervised, at Burlington House, if only for the moment, by Sargent, by Swan, by Stanhope Forbes, by Bramley and Clausen. In the days of the earlier generation, Leighton and Millais brought great personalities to the painting-class. Nobody who knew Leighton's all-round kindness will be surprised to hear that he told the young student to come to see him with his drawings, and to say to the servant that he came by appointment, lest he should hear the necessary but forbidding "not at home" formula, by which alone Leighton could preserve his time for the service of those who really occupied it with profit. "I went one day," Mr. Stokes recalls, "a raw and awkward lad, and was duly ushered into the sumptuous studio where Leighton was engaged on what, to my mind, is the most beautiful of his pictures, 'Summer Moon.' Leighton was busy, yet looked patiently through the dozen or two drawings and sketches, criticising each one with apparent interest. I cannot now recall much that he said, for what made the most vivid impression on me was the difficulty I found in taking leave. I knew I was a bore, and yet could find no pretext for going, so kind, so courteous was the host, evidently as anxious not to make me feel *de trop* as I was to rid him of his nuisance. I stayed on and on, and was so overcome with shame at my own awkwardness, that for years I never ventured into his studio alone again. When it was his turn to be visitor to the life-class at the Academy schools, he came every night of his month, and sat in the place of each student each night, sacrificing all other engagements in this effort to help us on. The usual thing was for a visitor to come twice or thrice a week. In those days we students all had our gods, and Leighton was one of them. Others were



Mother and Child.
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.



A Council.
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

Millais, Watts, Walker, Mason, Orchardson, and Whistler. A select few spoke mysteriously of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but of them most of us knew nothing. At any rate, the first were a fine set, and worthy of the enthusiastic admiration they received from us."

Not a wholly constant worker at the Academy schools, Mr. Stokes went to France in 1876, and had his first spell at landscape-painting. There, too, he had the fortune to meet a kindred spirit —Picknell. Life at Pont Aven was a very delightful experience in the 'seventies. Besides Picknell and Stokes, there were Hovenden, an Irish-American, who was to die heroically at home; Augustus Burke, brother of the Phœnix Park victim; Baron Liancourt; and Wyly, also an American, popular with all and especially with the peasants. It was certainly very alluring; but was it business? The home-voices and the practicalities, perhaps, called Mr. Stokes back to England, and to a Kensington studio. Three canvases were accepted for the Academy, and one of them was sold at the Private View. A visit to Uttoxeter supplied the local accessories for a picture of Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the market-place there as a penance for long past undutifulness to his father. It was hung; it was liked; all the same the future painter of 'The Lonely Road,' and of 'Mountain Tops' had not yet found himself. A competition for the gold medal took the young painter into figures again—this time it was Elijah, with Ahab and Jezebel, in the vineyard of Naboth. About a fortnight before the sending-in day, Percy Macquoid came to the studio and said: "You



The Road from the Heath.
By Adrian Stokes.



The Accident.
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

won't get it in. Why don't you cut out Ahab and call it 'The Prodigal Son'?" Cut out he was, and finally the picture went to the exhibition labelled: 'O, coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!' It was hung pretty well; the painter was complimented by a critic on his characterisation of Richard III., and a purchaser was found. A little work in black-and-white helped, at this time, to keep the pot boiling. It was excellent work of its kind; but the artist had still the principal discovery of his life to make—that of his own art-soul.

Another visit to France helped him to that happy and triumphant discovery. Pont Aven seemed partly empty this time, for Wyly was dead. But Picknell, who had received Salon honours, was still there, and the simple life among fellow painters went on. There, too, and at Concarneau, a little fortified town ten or twelve miles away, new faces were to be seen; some of them memorable ones. Edward Symons and Alexander Harrison were there—Americans; and Blanche Willis Howard was busy on that task, than which no man or woman can achieve a greater—the production of a greatly beloved book. "Guenn" was growing under her hands, and, as she has told the story of life in that little community, there it must abide. Stokes has a mention in the book as Staunton, and the reader is all with Staunton when he says to the foreign girl, also an art-student, that Hamor might stop his prosing to look for a moment at Guenn, who is dancing her life out for him. The foreign girl in question was then Miss Marianne Preindelsberger; she became Mrs. Adrian Stokes (the name under which she has established her fame) in 1884. Meanwhile, the Academy had contained five of Mr. Stokes's pictures in one year's exhibition. 'A Winter Afternoon in the South of France' (bought by Mr. Pochin, and reproduced in the Salon catalogue of 1884) and 'The Lonely Road' (bought by Mr. Arthur Lewis, and so much admired by Sir Henry Irving that he gave the artist a commission for two pictures out of hand) gave to the public, at last, a pledge of the painter's powers—gave the promise of that which has since been generously fulfilled.

Not yet, however, were the student days over. In 1885 and 1886 Mr. Stokes spent months in the schools in Paris under Dagnan. A visit to Denmark at this period was memorable because at Skagen Mr. Stokes painted his first picture of sheep, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. Then, little later, at Pont Aven, another stage of a cattle-painting was entered upon, with 'An Afternoon in February.' Little by little Mr. Stokes had entered into his kingdom, and as a ruler in it he was easily recognised when he settled at St. Ives in Cornwall, and there produced 'The Harbour Bar,' 'The Wet West Wind,' and the 'Upland and Sky' which is now the possession of the nation in the Tate Gallery. Much time has been spent in Cornwall by Mr. Stokes, at St. Ives or thereabouts, with excellent results, witnessed as lately as last year, when his picture of a Cornish dyke, with a bright cloud in the sky, had no rival, in its class, at Burlington House. But other painting fields have been his. Once the south-east of Spain had yielded him, after continuous wet weather in France, seven weeks of sun shining on the Escurial and also some canals and tanks as subjects. Once Ireland had been a brief sketching ground; at Capri and Naples pictures were painted. Later, and for a longer space, the Tyrol was memorably visited, for the artist came back with the canvas he called 'Mountain and Hill.'

Last of all, Holland has been the scene of an artistic sojourn of many months, each day, as it were, having its record in paint. The representative exhibition of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes's Dutch work, brought together early this year by the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, allows us a little space for the consideration of its technical qualities. A preliminary paragraph will be expected, however, in which is given a brief reminder of the stages through which Mrs. Adrian Stokes herself has passed before arriving at the methods and subjects now definitely associated with her name.

Born in Styria, whose woods and mountains are dearer to her than anything discovered by her subsequent wanderings, Miss Marianne Preindelsberger studied in the Academy of Gratz. There she had the luck to win a prize, devised a hundred years earlier by the Academy's master, who, when he died, left a little sum of money to

bear interest, that interest to be given a century later to the best work done in the school. The young girl, drawn to the past by so many sympathies, seemed to have her first actual helping hand held out to her from a long-forgotten grave. To Munich she went, living in a little old Gothic palace with an aunt, and being the pupil of Prof. W. Von Lindschmidt. Four or five years had passed, and Miss Preindelsberger was saying good-bye to her teens, when she was called upon to say good-bye also to supplies from a home that had suddenly modified its prosperity. With something of despair she took a specimen of her work to the humblest dealer in the town, and he did not want it. On an impulse she took it to the best dealer; he bought it, and not it only, but everything she did. A spell of work in Paris under Colin and Courtois preceded the stay at Concarneau and Pont Aven already noted. There 'A Parting' was painted, which got a mention at the Salon, and which the Liverpool Corporation now possesses. Another picture, 'The Dead Child,' won her a second medal from Munich. None that saw the work in London is likely to forget it. Then Mrs. Adrian Stokes began to develop that more primitive choice of subject and style of treatment—though not yet using the *gesso-grosso* medium—giving it expression in 'The Annunciation,' in the 'St. Elizabeth,' bought by Mr. Leopold Hirsch, and on a yet larger scale in 'The Queen and the Page,' which also found a ready purchaser in Mr. George McCulloch. As in her husband's case, so in hers, the recent exhibition of work done in Holland dispenses with the need for any attempt at a critical estimate; such being best indicated in the course of notes made in the presence of the brilliant little array of pictures then brought together.



The Page.
In the collection of George McCulloch, Esq. *By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.*

Mr. Adrian Stokes's most important Dutch landscape is the 'Moonrise on the Dunes' (which we illustrate) a work in which the artist's science is joined to great sweetness and poetry of feeling in place of the brisk temper and high daylight (not unpoetic, either, but of what Wordsworth calls the "common day") of the majority of his landscapes. The subtle drawing of the pine-trees, the exquisite peacefulness with which the distant sand-hills are painted—it is a peacefulness of the very execution—and the slight and restrained variety of a large sky, are all so many delicacies, boldly withstood by the strong drawing and colour of the cattle, with their splendid and arbitrary patches.



Fishing Boats Leaving Port.
By Adrian Stokes.

Cattle-painters may thank Nature for the fact that cows are coloured as Ruskin wished to see architecture coloured—that is, the colour has a plan of its own, and does not follow the construction. If a building gets a peculiar look of strength from this, so does the cow. Ruskin liked to see the Byzantine windows look as though they had been hewn out of the wall after that wall was built; and even so secure in their construction of bony form, unaffected by the shapes of the colour, look the two calm eyes of cattle, the one from a white patch and the other from a brown. And all the symmetry of their bones seems greater from the asymmetry of their rich colour. In 'Morning Milking' (given here) Mr. Stokes shows his full power of drawing these solid forms with their quiet but incessant vitality. His great beauty of surface is here also at its best, and the whole picture is full of freshness.

Freshness stirred and further freshened

with a little gloom, is in 'The Road from the Heath' (which we reproduce), with its translucent trees and cloudy sky in movement, while 'Fishing Boats Leaving Port' (also illustrated) is a bouquet of colour equally fresh and rich. The dyes in which the fishermen of so many nations dip their sails are amongst the last lingering traces of the once lucky colouring of human industries. They are still bright in Venice and on the Zuyder Zee, softened, but beautiful, on our East Coast, dimmed at Dover, grimed almost to extinction below bridge on the sooty Thames. Mr. Stokes has them in splendid variety of red, soft and gorgeous in the clear northern light.

Mrs. Stokes studied the villagers, meanwhile, and produced some charming pictures, chiefly of the children taken, as it were, by surprise in the unconsciousness of their daily lives, or shown in all the quaint consciousness and weariness of a "sitting"—in any case just as they are seen by a most artistic as well as sympathetic eye. In one of our illustrations will be seen a group of little girls—'In Council'—clad principally in their mother's knitting, and especially capped thereby, show the most charming little backs of necks and innocent heads. There are decidedly the dowdy races and the elegant, and the peasants of each are the best examples of either character; but of the two, the dowdy races—and the Dutch at their head—are, perhaps, the most taking and touching in their manner of equipping their children. Mrs. Stokes appreciates the charm very exquisitely. In 'The Accident' (reproduced here) she has another little Hollander, and this time one in grief over a broken jug, with the provisions of her village shopping in her little thick hand, and her dress all over a queer pattern of spots and clusters. Profusely speckled, also, is the well-washed frock of the baby in 'Mother and Child' (given here), and the mother's face has more than usual regularity. 'St. John' (which we reproduce) has evidently been studied from a Dutch boy, a little shepherd lad carrying his lamb. Mrs. Stokes unites perfect drawing with a great sincerity and symplicity of painting, and her re-discovery of the *gesso-grosso*, whereon some "primitive" work was done, gives her a material and method of singular directness and purity. What is done upon this ground, is done singly and at once; and it has a kind of daylight honesty and clarity which suit Mrs. Stokes's learned simplicity and straightforwardness to great perfection. Purity of colour and height of tone are in her hands, as it were, *removals* of veils and clouds between us and nature in a picture. She has done well to make this brilliant yet unsensational material her own.

In 'The Page' (which we illustrate) Mrs. Stokes has illustrated the lightly sad old ballad which condemns to early death the young queen and the young page, because they hold each other too dear. In the *grêle* lady the artist has drawn a clear, round-browed Pier della Francesca profile, with delicately hollow eyes, expressive of some threat of evil destiny. The feeling in the design of the figure has sweetness and distinction, although the contrast between the thin shoulders and the enormous folds of the mantle is perhaps a little emphatic; but if this is a fault, it is one that is quickly forgotten in the beauty and character of the exquisite head.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

'THE PIANO.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER, IN THE COLLECTION OF EDMUND DAVIS, ESQ.

THERE is no more interesting personality in the whole artistic world than the celebrated painter, who, while happily still in the full vigour of his work, is probably the most discussed of all living artists. Although there may be a remnant to whom the productions of Mr. Whistler are still unwelcome, the bulk of the small coteries who make up the artistic community have now agreed that as an etcher, and also as a painter, no one deserves higher respect and admiration.

As an etcher Mr. Whistler long since became acknowledged as a master, and several of his scarcer proofs have reached the round hundred pounds in money value. It is a considerable time since Mr. Whistler has employed his etching needle, but those who know the versatility and latent power of the man will never be surprised if he again becomes devoted to the plate.

It took much longer to convince the public that Mr. Whistler is equally great and conscientious as a painter in oils. Mr. Ruskin's libel and the Baronet's discussions have suggested doubts in some unknowing minds, and it is only within recent years that the painter has been everywhere allowed to be the great master he really is. Should anyone feel uncertain still, let him visit the gallery of the Luxembourg, and without prejudice endeavour to place the painter of 'My Mother' in his proper position. If he does not find this great canvas one of the most serious, in fact the most serious picture in the collection, he has not yet grasped what is really great in Art.

'The Piano' is one of Mr. Whistler's earlier pictures, and became known to the present-day public on its being exhibited at the first Knightsbridge Exhibition two years ago. It is one of the few pictures Mr. Whistler ever sent to the Royal Academy, where it was exhibited in 1860. John Phillip, R.A., the painter of Spanish pictures, bought it in the Exhibition, and thus showed his hearty appreciation of the young painter.

The charm of the picture lies in the masterly simplicity of the lines of the piano and the pictures on the wall, as contrasted with the flowing lines of the two opposing figures—the mother, gravely seated at the piano, the little girl absorbed in her listening. This child's figure, in its gauzy white dress and folded feet, looking intently to the player, is one of the most perfect creations of modern art. It is only a portrait, but it sums up all that is finest in a young girl, and renders the composition one of the most satisfactory of any. Let this picture be placed beside a Gainsborough, a Vandyck, or even a Rembrandt, and it will at once be seen to what a high level it attains.

The Art Journal. London. J. Virtue & Co.rs Ltd.



The Piano.

From the picture in the Collection of Edmund Davis, Esq.



Group from 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné.'
By Munkacsy.

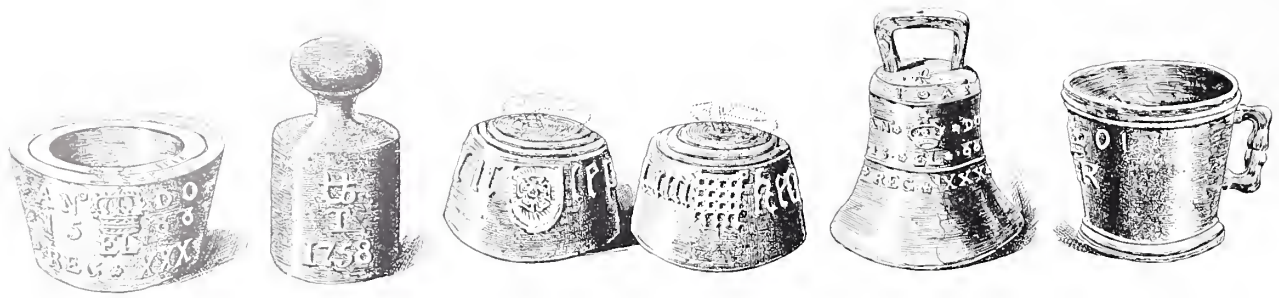
MUNKACSY.

WITHDRAWN from the world by a distressing malady, Michel de Munkacsy was, for some years before his death, at the end of his artistic career. Born at Munkacs, in Hungary, fifty-six years ago, he experienced all the vicissitudes and privations which most of his fellow-countrymen must have endured during the Russian invasion. His "Souvenirs," published about ten years ago, bring out in vivid colours his early struggles, although perhaps many an unknown peasant suffered more. But in emphasizing the obstacles and difficulties of his life, Michel Lieb (to give him his proper name) showed that pardonable pride in having surmounted them, common to the self-made man of genius. The conditions of his boyhood exercised the strongest influence over his art. The stern actualities through which he passed left a permanent impression, and he saw life, and imagined it, as a poignant drama.

As an apprentice to a carpenter, he worked, ate, and slept with the rest of the staff in a den a few yards square. By the time he was eighteen he had been a tailor and a farmer's labourer, and had learnt to mix colours for a house painter. Chance threw him in the way of a portrait painter named Szamossy, from whom Michel derived the method of painting his subjects altogether in grey and adding colour by glazings.

After a while Munkacsy was able to proceed to Buda Pesth, and the Art Society there made him a small grant which gave him the means of studying for a year in Vienna. Thence he proceeded to Munich, and came under the influence of Franz Adam, the military painter, and he also studied under Knaus and Vautier at Düsseldorf. During this period he was constantly showing evidence of his strong predilections for subjects appealing to the dramatic or scenic sense. Steeped in memories of oppression and trouble, he felt impelled to give expression in his art to themes which quickly stir the emotions and sympathies of the people.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have chosen, as the subject of his first important picture, a condemned man in his prison cell steeling himself against the agony of parting with his wife and friends. At the age of twenty-six he threw himself heart and soul into the dramatic picturing of such a scene, and 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' a group from which is reproduced at the head of this page, literally took Paris by storm. His future forthwith was assured, and, taking up his residence in Paris, he painted year by year some demonstrative theme of scenic grandeur or melodramatic force. It was not, however, until 1881 that he reached his own ideal. The occasion was provided by the completion of the world-famous 'Christ before Pilate,' which has, perhaps, been the most widely discussed picture of modern times. In its uncompromising realism and self-conscious power Munkacsy's bent was fully illustrated; and an even more exaggerated display of these qualities was given in the 'Ecce Homo,' which he was just able to complete before being struck down by that mental disease which slowly brought about his death. Up to the end of his working career his enthusiasm for his art was united to a generous and simple disposition, that endeared him in the hearts of his countrymen and friends.



Old Standards in Jewel Tower Museum.

THE STORY OF A TOWER.

I.—ITS AGE AND ASSOCIATIONS.—THE NATIONAL RECORDS.

BEHIND one of the houses in Old Palace Yard stands an ancient stone tower, with a history that is worth the telling. You might walk from Millbank to Parliament Street and back morning and evening for a lifetime and be unaware of its existence, so completely masked is it by the buildings standing on the west side of Abingdon Street and South of Palace Yard, but if you will turn from College Street into the mews running parallel to and almost the whole length of Abingdon Street—a way probably as old as the tower itself—you may get quite close to, and, indeed, see the whole of the upper part of its south front. It is now one of the few remains of that ancient Palace of Westminster which was for centuries an abode of English royalty, which saw the rise of English representative government, and was the scene of a thousand stirring events; it is said to have been a monastic prison; it was by turns a royal jewel house, containing the royal plate and regalia, and a depository for records; it has now, apart from its historic and archæological associations, a modern interest, in that it is used for the purpose of the Imperial Standards Department. Walcott says that it may be of the age of Rufus, and it is mentioned in an instrument for the sale either of the tower itself, or of a close of land adjoining it, or both, by the Abbot and convent of Westminster to Edward III., in 1377, the consideration being a royal licence permitting the vendors to purchase land to the extent of £40 a year, notwithstanding the Statute of Mortmain.



Victoria Tower from Lambeth Bridge.

Dean Stanley, who greatly interested himself in the Tower, and took many private friends to visit it, says it bears in its architecture the marks of the great builder of that time, Abbot Littlington; he who, largely no doubt with the means provided by his immediate predecessor, Langham, set up the great wall now to be seen, though not quite as we now see it, in College Street—a thoroughfare which so

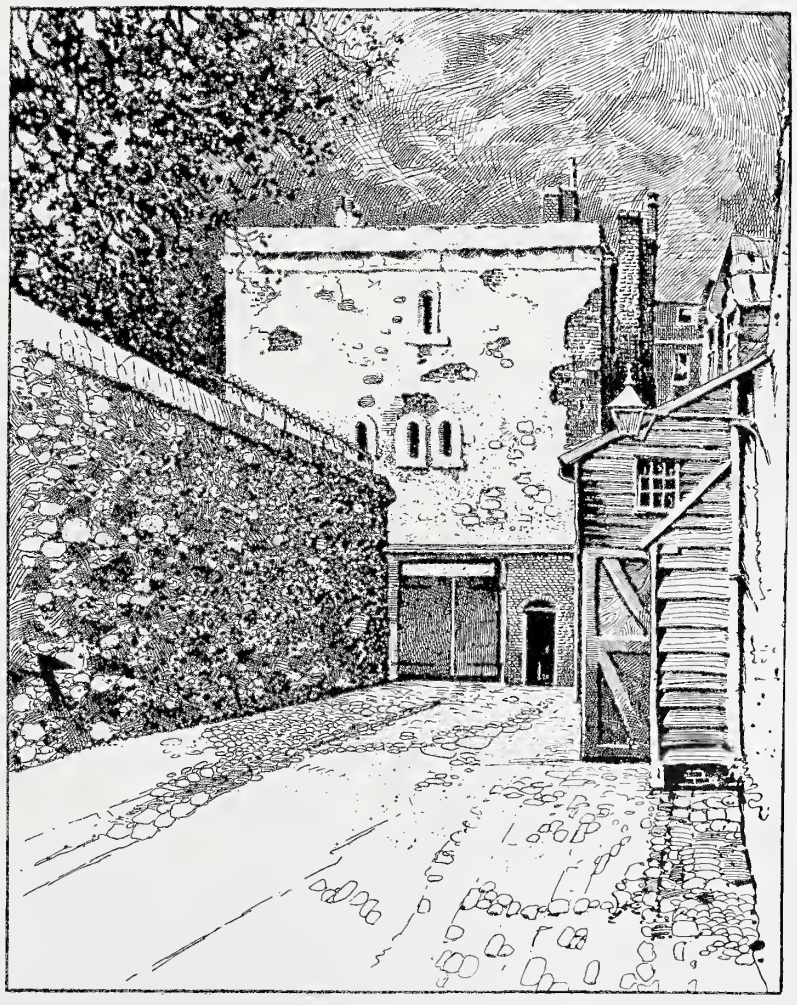
recently as the last century was itself known as the Dead Wall—and College Mews, bounding the Abbey Garden, built at the Great Ditch, which still runs as a sewer beneath College Street, the watermill after which Millbank was named, and erected the Jerusalem Chamber, the present College Hall, the Abbot's House (now the Deanery), and much other work. The walls of the Tower, as we now see them, externally present a mass of ancient irregular rubble masonry, but the windows have been inserted afresh, probably in the last century.

For a long, but uncertain, period, the edifice was used as a royal wardrobe—a word which had long a fuller meaning than is now associated with it. There is extant among the collection of MSS. made by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and now in the British Museum, an inventory taken in the reign of Edward VI., by a commission under the Great Seal, of the wardrobes at the various palaces of the late King Henry VIII. This inventory, though it is only a part of the record, fills two largish folio volumes, of which seventeen pages are devoted to a statement of what was contained in the Jewel House. The contents include various articles of dress, which may have belonged to one of his royal consorts, besides coats and doublets, hangings, chairs and cushions, beds, bedsteads, pillows, and "pillow beeres," sheets, "borders of gold for shirtes," shirtes wrought with black silk and shirtes trimmed with black and white silk, shirte bands of silver, with ruffles to the same, whereof one is "perled with gold."

In the Pell Records, temp. James I., we find payments made (1605 and 1609) of £1,350, and £1,645, to the Master of the King's Jewel House (the Jewel Tower), for divers parcels of plate delivered into the office of the Jewel House. At some subsequent date, the Tower was given over to Parliamentary uses, and in the days of the first Charles it was the scene of an interesting episode in connection with and following upon that momentous epoch in English history, the atttempt to arrest the five members. Charles, seated in the Speaker's chair, had observed Rushworth, assistant clerk to the House of Commons, taking shorthand notes of the proceedings; that same evening, His Majesty sent the Usher of the House of Peers down to the House of Commons, and when Rushworth was brought to him he commanded him to give him a copy of the speech His Majesty had made to the House. Rushworth humbly represented the danger he might incur by reporting to His Majesty anything that had been spoken in the House, whereupon Charles rejoined, "I do not ask you to tell me what was said by any member of the House, but what I said myself." Rushworth at once complied which the royal command, and in His Majesty's presence in the Jewel House transcribed the royal speech, His Majesty staying in the room the while, and then and there presented the same to the king.

II.—THE PRAYER BOOK.

Less than twenty years later there is definite evidence that the Jewel House had become a treasury for records, and that the building then adjoining it had been allocated to the Clerk of the Parliaments as an official residence. The Tower was restored in 1621, and new iron doors fixed. In a plan, dated 1670, it is marked as the Tower of Records, and in many official entries it appears as the Parliament Office. Its situation being comparatively near to the old House of Lords, or Parliament Chamber, made it a conveniently placed store-house for their archives. Most important of these were the journals of the proceeding of the Houses and the original Acts of Parliament. Early in the last century, William Cowper, Clerk of the Parliaments, and an uncle of the poet, petitioned, representing that the tower or building where the records of Parliament are deposited and kept, is in so ruinous a condition that the said records could not be safely preserved therein in respect of the injuries of weather or otherwise. The building was, in due course, substantially repaired, though with insufficient regard to its own architectural style. Amongst the original ingrossments of bills with amendments, if any, showing the form in which they had passed both Houses, was the Act of Uniformity passed in the reign of the second Charles, with the original MS. of the annexed Book of Common Prayer; literally "annexed',' seeing that it was actually laced or fastened to the roll of parchment on which the statute was ingrossed. Doubtless it remained here from the time of its deposit until some time, which cannot be exactly fixed, in the present century. The editor of the folio statutes of the realm, published in 1819 by the Commissioners of Public Records, states that the book was in the Parliament Office



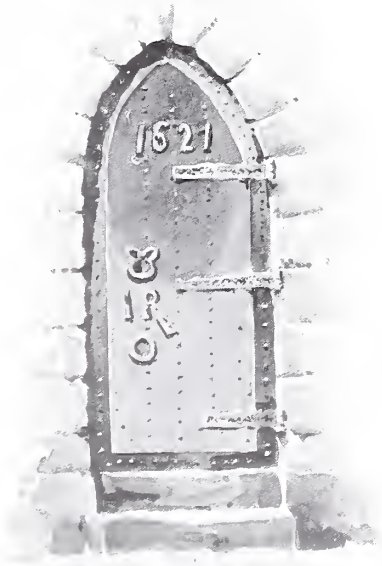
Exterior view of Jewel Tower



Ground Floor, Jewel Tower.

and in the same press, but not in the same division of the press, with the Acts of 1662. It appears to have been detached by a clergyman, who cut the string which bound it to the Act for greater convenience of perusal. Repeated inquiries were made in later years for the volume by gentlemen who were writing upon the English liturgy or interested in questions of ritual, but it was more than once officially reported that the book was not to be found; and it really looked as if the volume had either been removed from the Tower to some part of the old Houses and had perished in the great fire of 1834, or had gone the way of the various books attached to the earlier statutes of Edward and Elizabeth, for one of which the revisers of Charles's days had instituted a fruitless search.

The ingrossments and other records belonging to the House of Lords were transferred from the Jewel Tower to the Victoria Tower in 1864, and it was not until three years afterwards, on further inquiries being made, that it transpired that the annexed Book had actually been taken over with them, and for greater security had been locked away in a closet in the Peers' Library by an official of the House. With it was the Black Letter volume, in which the corrections and additions by Convocation had been made, and the very existence of which had, says Dean Stanley, been before unknown. This book was, in 1871, reproduced in photo-zinco photography, and as a result of applications made seventeen or eighteen years later, its companion, the Annexed Book, was brought out in facsimile, under the joint direction of H.M. Printers and the Cambridge University Press, by photo-lithograph process, precautions being taken against possible injury, which were in strong contrast with the neglect with which the volume had formerly been treated, and to which its covers, once handsomely gilt, bear sad testimony. But the stout calf skin has saved the book itself; its every page is sound and clean, the caligraphy plain, the ink still jet black. It is wholly in manuscript. After the title-page there appears Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity, and following the Consecration Service is inscribed the formal sanction given to the book by Convocation with the attesting signatures of the members of the Upper and Lower Houses of Canterbury and York. It is preserved with the most scrupulous care at the House of Lords, and the author of this paper is one of the few not of the Baronage who have been permitted to examine it. In concluding this part of the narrative it may be added that there hung for many years in the Parliament Office what was called "the warrant for the murder of King Charles," as framed by Cowper, according to his own handwriting on the back of the frame.



Door in Jewel Tower.

III.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOWER—HISTORICAL STANDARDS.

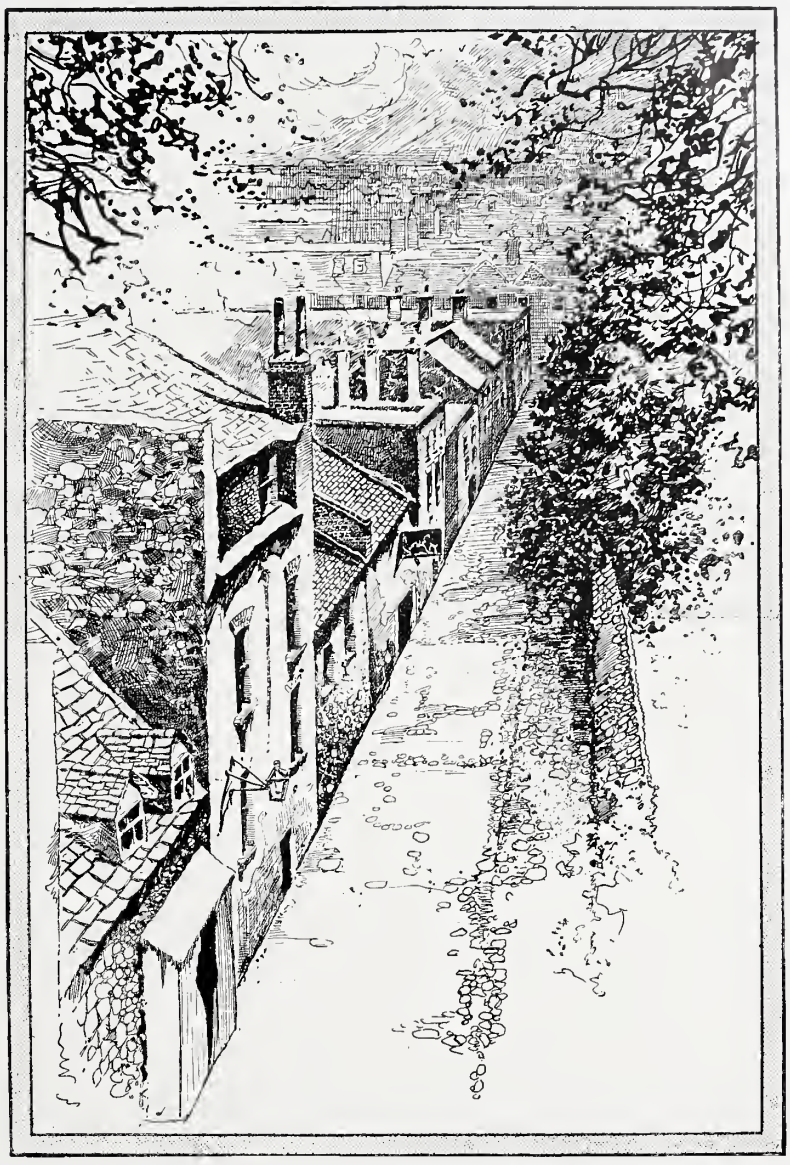
The Pyx Chapel.

Before adverting to the uses to which the Tower has for some thirty years been appropriated, something may be said as to its present appearance and condition. It is situated nearly abreast of the Victoria Tower, with Abingdon Street between them. Though about on a level with College Mews, the ground rooms are as low as the basement of the houses in Old Palace Yard, and you pass directly through one of these houses into the first floor of the Tower. The building has three floors, each containing two different sized rooms, the larger being 24 feet by 14 feet in area, and at the angle nearest the corner of Abingdon Street is an octagonal turret, with stairs from basement floor to roof. The walls are very thick, and of stone up to the parapet, but this and the upper part of the turret, though of course originally stone, were outwardly repaired in brickwork early in the last century. The windows must have been modernised at or about the same time, but notwithstanding all this, the exterior, the rubble black with age and weather, presents a striking and interesting picture.

From the roof there is an excellent view of the ancient college garden, retired, silent, and picturesque, with its trees and fresh green sward; in the background is the famous school, joining the line of the Abbey buildings, towers, nave, south transept, and chapter house. Internally, the four upper rooms have been greatly modernised, though the doorways appear to be ancient, one of them bearing, in the unmistakable lettering of the time, the date of 1621. The ground rooms are in excellent condition, excepting always in the larger apartment the inevitable whitewash with which the decorative work, especially the grotesque carving in the bosses, is a little clogged, and that the vaulting of the adjoining room is blackened for the purposes to which it is now applied. Mr. I. H.

Parker, F.S.A., writing in 1861, since when no material change has been made in the structure, says these lower rooms "have been preserved intact, with their original groined vaults with moulded ribs and carved bosses, evidently a part of the same work as the cloisters and other vaulted substructures of Littlington."* Sir G. Scott once described this lower storey as "very handsome."

After the removal of the records the Tower remained unused for a year or two. But one of the houses in front of it was now the Standards Department of the Board of Trade, which had been created under the Standards Act of 1866, and to which the duties formerly discharged by the Weights and Measures Department of the old Exchequer had been transferred. A Royal Commission was, after the passing of this Act, appointed to consider the whole question of the standard weights and measures, and the local inspection of weights and measures throughout the whole kingdom. Under the several recommendations of this Commission a large increase of the duties of the officers and in the quantity of apparatus in use took place, and further accommodation was required for them. Attention was naturally turned to the Jewel Tower, and from the great stability of the buildings, and the thickness of the walls, it appeared particularly suitable for the principal business of the Department; the very accurate comparison of standards requiring absence of vibration and constancy of temperature, and on the recommendation of the Commission it was in 1869 added to the Standards Office, the ground floor being fitted for the comparison of standard weights, and the first floor for standard measures of length, whilst the upper floor was made into a museum of old Exchequer standards, and other historical standards and apparatus.



View from Jewel Tower, looking southwards.

A considerable number of specimens of weights and measures, and instruments connected with them, both of this country and other countries, has also been collected, and many additions have from time to time been made, so that the collection is now of a most interesting and valuable character.

* "Gleanings."

(*To be concluded.*)

S. FISHER.



Old Standards in Jewel Tower Museum.



Group of Angels. By Benozzo Gozzoli.
In the Chapel of the Medici Palace, Florence.

FRA ANGELICO IN ROME.

THERE is a sweet halo of mystery round the painter Fra Angelico, a mystery which writers seem to have tried rather to foster than to dispel.

We see him first on the distant heights of Fiesole, and then, through the olive masses which hang "like cloud on cloud" about her shoulders, he comes down: to walk visible for a while within the plain courts and beneath the clear-cut arches of the Florentine St. Mark's. There we know him: focus our ideas upon him, crystallise the vague, beautiful personality into a living human thing. But as he came down from the solitude of a mountain into the silence of a monastery, so he descended again, if it be a descent, to a noisy, bustling, growing city, where he moved unchecked among men of every kind. Yet, in this last situation, where we think of him least, his gift of art to us is the greatest. From Fiesole he is named; at Florence he is known; but in Rome he was roused to display a power for which, as a painter, he shall be memorable in every age.

This halo of mystery is not a fancy picture. Ask the ordinary reader where Fra Angelico spent most of his life, and he will tell you in San Marco. Indeed, it is plainly stated to be so, in Kugler. It will be well, therefore, to begin with a few dates and facts which give a rough view of the subject of this paper. 1387. Born at Vicchio, in Mugello. 1407. Entered, together with his brother, the Convent of San Domenico, at Fiesole. The Convent having been founded only in the previous year, and its buildings being yet unfinished, the two brothers were sent to Cortona, where they probably remained through all the vicissitudes the monks underwent until their final resettlement at Fiesole in 1418. That is to say, Angelico spent eleven years in Cortona, and left it when he was thirty-one. From 1418 until 1436 or 1437 he lived and worked at Fiesole, say eighteen or nineteen years. In 1437, when he was fifty years old, that is, he was called to San Marco. Exactly how long he was there is uncertain, but we shall presently see that it could not have been more than ten years. Thence he was called to Rome, where, for the time that remained to him, he lived and laboured. Here, then, in this period so little noted and yet so much to be prized, it is our part to take up the story.

Vasari tells us that Fra Angelico was called to Rome by Pope Nicholas V. But this is now held to be an error. It is conclusively shown, by records to which we shall presently refer, that the painter was in Rome at the time of that Pope's election. This is as we should have expected: Eugenius IV., his predecessor, had stayed at San Marco during the performance of a ceremony in the Duomo, and would have seen work of Angelico and listened to his reputation. He came, then, at the invitation of the latter, but how long before his death? The date next before it is the election of Antonino to the Archbishopric of Florence, which took place in 1445. The current story is that the post was offered by Eugenius to Fra Angelico, who declined it for himself, as being unfit for such a ministration, but suggested Antonino as a worthy substitute; and that the substitution was accepted. This version is consistent with, if, indeed, it does not actually imply, Fra Angelico's presence in Florence at the time; but it is not beyond doubt. Leandro Alberti, the Frate's first biographer, is silent about it. It is disbelieved by Padre Marchese, in his work on the Domenican Artists, who gives the following alternative version on the authority of Antonino's biographer. The Pope, being in doubt as to on whom to bestow the archbishopric, and either appealing to Angelico, or, at least, showing him his state of mind, the latter suggested the name of Antonino as one in every way worthy; and the Pope acted on the advice he had provoked. This account, which is corroborated by a letter from Antonino's secretary, is on the whole more natural. We can well believe that what the

Pope saw and heard in San Marco would lead him to desire the painter to paint for him in Rome, rather than the monk to rule for him in Florence. Again, after what we hear of Angelico's simple obedience, we can as little believe that he offered advice unsolicited, as that he withheld it when asked for. To accept this version of the story would be to say that the painter came to Rome at least as early as the beginning of 1445. This gives eight years to his Florentine, and ten years to his Roman, period.

Accepting the date I have given, and holding that he reached Rome before 1445, we shall say that his first main work was executed in the time of Eugenius. This was the chapel of the sacrament, which he painted in fresco with the story of Christ. This chapel was des troyed by Paul III. to make room for the approaches to the Sistine Chapel. A great loss, no doubt; but, for my part, I can regret nothing which makes the one great work of his later life stand out in stronger relief.

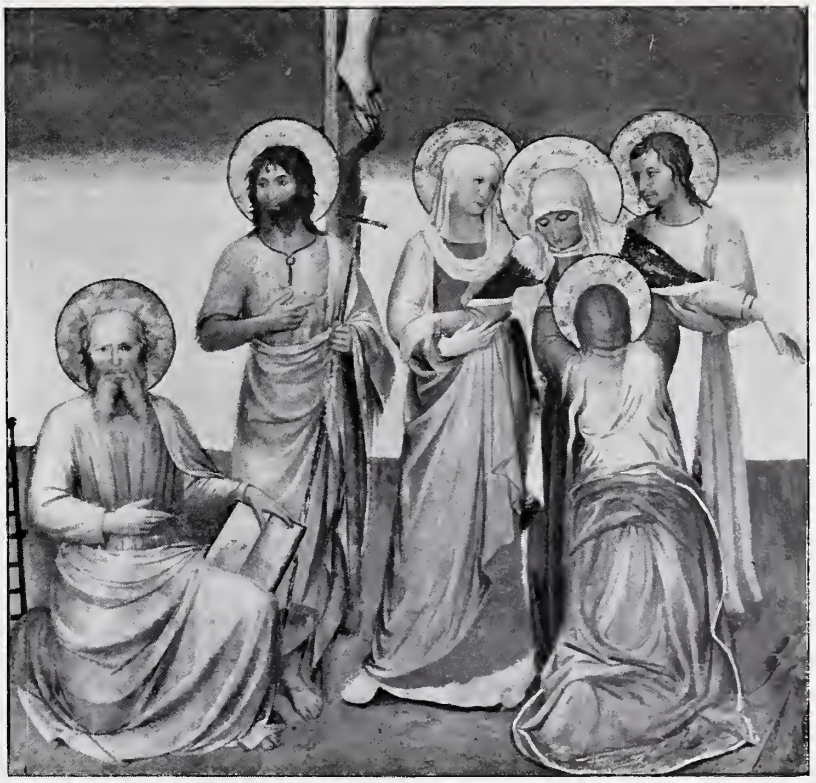
Records in the Vatican mention payments made to him and Benozzo Gozzoli in May and June, 1447, for work in a chapel of old St. Peter's. This has, of course, also perished. It is before their joint visit to Orvieto; and there is one similiar entry in 1449 after their return. Benozzo is present with his master constantly, not seldom helping with his hand; and, therefore, to make clear his spirit and impress his facial type, we have chosen as a first illustration a few faces from that serene angelic choir who so long, at his bidding, in the little chapel of the Medici Palace, sang and worshipped, shut in from the light of day.

To come back to Angelico and Rome, again I am constrained to give a new version to an old story. Vasari recounts that the Pope invited him to breakfast and offered him meat, and that Angelico hesitated because he had not his prior by to grant him the necessary licence. Alberti, on the other hand, gives it that Nicholas visited him at his work, and seeing him wearied with his exertions, advised meat as better sustenance. I think this version at least as credible, and far more pleasant to believe. The visits of sovereigns to artists at their work have ever been delightful pictures of rank and genius at one. For a pope to entertain a member of his household is no great thing; but the view of him delighting as a brother in the fine spirit, and like a son succouring the old and failing frame, is one that brings master and servant very near together, and rejoices our eyes, who watch them across the broad centuries in between.

Here, then, let us find the painter at his great work, even as the Pope found him ages ago; we, privileged to review in perfectness what he might watch from hour to hour. Let us stand long and look thoughtfully, for, bold thing as it may seem to say, I know no eye which seems to have noted, or pen to have expressed, how Fra Angelico of the city was different from Fra Angelico of the convent, or which found on the walls of that little chapel the eternal impress of the hand of Rome. No one who has not lived and worked within her walls can understand the profoundly stimulating force that is in her; as if the spirit of her great men lay still about her towers, like rolling thunder, urging the soul to mighty deeds. In no worker was this influence more manifest than in Fra Angelico: let us see how it wrought on him and with what effect.

It did two things. It quickened the art quality within him, and it led him to observe men and things. He learnt to make pictures for the first time, instead of collecting scattered groups or isolated figures on a wall. His groups are now skilfully managed; their members pass and repass across the panels, disposed without constraint, yet always with due reference to the space to be filled, and in themselves they have a natural carriage not seen before. Secondly, without which all his technical advance would fail to impress us, he has watched with a living enjoyment the people among whom he moved, and he gives us the clear-cut life of the present, instead of the misty glories of saints and angels to come. His Christ in Florence is vague and void; an empty garment, to be filled, if that may be, by the divinity of our own souls; surrounded with saints who wonder with rapt faces, or angels who play unconcerned. His St. Stephen in Rome is a bustling practical helper of the poor, thronged on all sides by those who press forward to gain his hand or retreat enlarged by his bounty.

To make the difference clear, I have chosen a very typical instance of his Florentine manner, part of a great fresco of the crucifixion in the Chapter House, San Marco. It consists of a group of the Virgin fainting in the arms of the Magdalen and St. John, and figures of St. John the Baptist and an evangelist. As regards these two latter, it can be seen at a glance that they are solely busied about their own concerns. They have no interest in the fainting woman beside them. The evangelist is pointing to his gospel, St. John to his cross. So that this small



Group from the Crucifixion. By Fra Angelico.
In the Chapter House, San Marco.



Ordination of St. Stephen. *St. Stephen Giving Alms.*

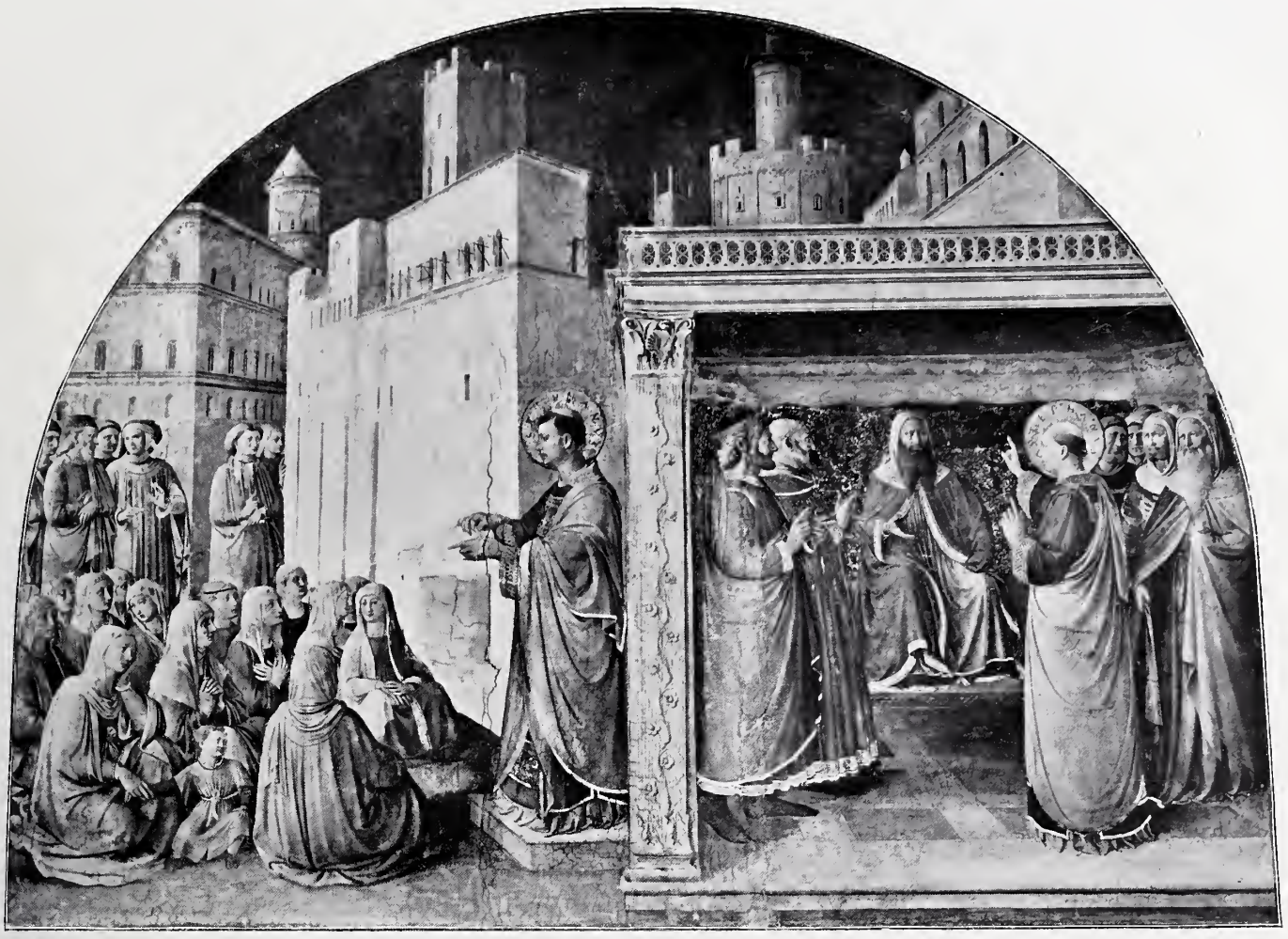
From the paintings by Fra Angelico in the Chapel of Nicholas V., in the Vatican.

portion is not even complete in itself: far less the whole fresco, across the base of which are stretched a series of single figures equally detached. The painter had not arrived at realising the crucifixion as a scene in life. He thought of it only as a religious idea, which he strove to convey to the beholder by an enrichment of holy men whose bodily presence surrounded that which their lives had illustrated and adorned.

Now take the group of four figures. The first thing that strikes us is an absolute disregard of dynamics. The whole weight of the fainting woman, practically speaking, must fall on the two behind, for the kneeling figure in front could exercise hardly any effective control. Yet the two former are barely using force enough to support the arms which rest lightly on their fingers. Fra Angelico had not watched a woman faint, and did not know how to convey the falling motion of the body. Violent motion, it is true, remained a difficulty to him till the last. But in his fresco of Stephen dragged to the place of execution, we can see a perception of the difficulty, and a manly effort to cope with it. He was no longer content with ideas. He wished to paint life.

To see how vivid, and within due limits how realistic, his painting of life was, let us leave Florence and come to Rome. Among the choicest panels in the Vatican chapel are three I have chosen from the history of Stephen. His almsgiving, his preaching, his trial before the Sanhedrim. The giving of alms is a delightful picture of what he knew so well. The convent steps, the busy young monk, the crowd coming and going, always a child amongst them; the filled baskets, the empty, outstretched hands. Mark, too, the wonderfully effective movement given, making the throng seem quite throng-like, though he only uses eight figures; we feel the edge of the panel cuts us off from a busy street. See the erect figure of the woman holding out her hand: the figure, slightly bent, of the woman bearing her dole away: endless variety in the little group, though it is quite small and confined. So far, so good.

But now look across to the other panel, and ask yourself if the same man painted it. Note, first the variety of position, and distance apart, of the heads in the first panel; then see how the painter of the second has contrived to get all but one of his heads equi-distant and in line; to this end even bending St. Peter, who stands on a higher platform, exactly down to their level. Note next the proportion of the figures. It will be seen that in the second mentioned they are rather squat, with heads large in proportion to the length of the body; whereas Angelico's in general are rather long and slender, with small heads. Again, the type of face. Take, in the second, the last but one on the right. This is hardly Angelico's; but turn back to the little group of adoring angels, pick out the middle one in the second row, and there you have the shape of the head and the drawing of the hair, given you to the life. Again, this figure, as regards the gesture of the hands, is an inferior reproduction of one in the preaching scene, changing only left for right, surely an unlikely thing for a master to have done. But after all, the grand difference is that in one all the figures are, as it were, working on the strings of a common impulse, whereas in the other each is instinct with a living personality of its own. I cannot help, then, suspecting the hand of Benozzo here; as also in the panel of St. Lawrence before the Prefect. He is known to have been at his master's right hand. What more likely than he should at times relieve that hand of



St. Stephen Preaching. *His Trial before the Sanhedrim.*

From the paintings by Fra Angelico in the Chapel of Nicholas V., in the Vatican.

the brush which it became day by day physically less able to wield ?

The last of the three is fine, but only needs an attentive eye. The dignity of the high priest is splendid: and the expressions of the group of elders ; one turning to make some half disparaging remark ; the next, whose stern brow shows how far his mind had reached behind the actual matter in hand; the third painfully struggling with a new light; the fourth, conscious of nothing of all these things, but only watching a fine young spirit rushing to certain destruction, with a large, whole-souled pity—where will you find their match either in the keen insight of earlier, or the facile expression of later, art ? But let us come to the richest of the three, the preaching of Stephen ; and as we have compared Angelico of Florence with Angelico of Rome, so let us compare, on almost the same field, Angelico of Rome with one who started where he left off; with a master of art working in the pride of his strength, ere the sordid cares of the world had dimmed his spirit. Surely to match any man with Andrea del Sarto is a high enough test; let us see how this piece of our painter's bears the comparison.

First, note that Andrea's painting is part of one long wall, which he might divide up as he pleased; whereas Angelico had to fit his into the arch of a vault. In spite of this, the latter has contrived to give his figures far the more natural distribution. He divides his vault in two, placing the preacher near the dividing line, so that he gives him a central position, while disposing all his hearers in front of him. Again, to give us a real view of an attentive audience, most of whose faces would naturally be directed to the preacher, he boldly seats one woman with her back to the spectator, with the result of giving relief to the picture as well as added resemblance to life. Andrea, on the other hand, can only plant St. John on an absurd little mound right in the middle of the fresco ; then he is afraid to put any of the audience between him and the spectator, thus conveying the impression that in the wilderness a prophet preferred to discourse with his audience behind him. Turn quickly from one to the other, and the one will appear a scene of real life, the other a scene on the stage.

Looking at the various figures, no one would wish to deny that Andrea's are very beautiful; but they have not the same vividness or individuality as Fra Angelico's. Strangely enough, the preacher in each is the least interesting ; but at least St. Stephen has the impress of something real—that is, of a monkish preacher of the day. Among his audience, the faces, in keenness and variety of expression, compare over a larger field with the group of the Sanhedrim. Beside them Andrea's are both monotonous and theatrical. Look, again, at the natural movement in the street behind. How admirable the two leading citizens, gravely discoursing as they move along ! What intention conveyed by the hands of the one who is speaking ! And, again, the youthful pair by the wall, deeply interested, but shy of approaching too close.

To sum up. Though the earlier painter cannot, of course, compare with the latter in knowledge and draw-



The Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness.
From the fresco by Andrea del Sarto, lo Scalzo, Florence.

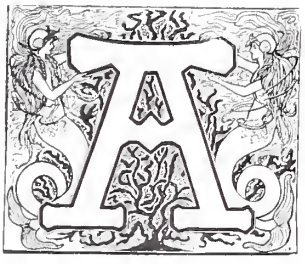
ing of the body, here at least, in division of his spaces and arrangement of his groups, he shows himself his superior. Better still, he shows that he is painting a scene that he knows and can realise; he tells us an actual story that appeals to us as true, in such terms as the progress of time had placed at his command.

Is not Andrea sometimes held one of the four greatest artists of the Renaissance?—"Leonard, Raphael, Agnolo, and me"; and to weigh him in the balance against the old Dominican friar and find him wanting!

I am far from claiming that Angelico would have ever been his equal, even with the same advantages; ever have found the free hand and the beautiful melting hues. Of this we cannot tell, but we do know, or can know, if we care to examine, that something, near his life's end, touched a spring, and set free a power which had lain imprisoned for all those long years. If he had been bred under different influences, and free from religious restraint, we say to ourselves, what a legacy of art he might have left us! But even in what we have, our minds led by a string of guides, from Vasari to Mrs. Oliphant, delighting to picture the simple fervour of the monk, have failed to catch the great soul of the artist beneath. Cannot we recognise both? Cannot the name of Angelico be to us the title of much that is able as well as all that is religious in art? Cannot it stand besides for the seal set on art and religion alike by that great city where worship never dies, while she lives on, unmoved at heart, consuming the myriad forms which change ceaseless within her to her own radiant and immutable light?

ADDISON MCLEOD.

DESIGN IN A DEAD CENTURY.



Initial.
By Miss Dibdin.

A NICE level stretch of country in this Art County! A hobby I can ride upon the snaffle; and now for a delightful canter on design in general, with original laces to illustrate my theories.

To my title in the first place. Human—not woman—like, I never considered it carefully till I saw it in print; next the controversy as to whether the century be dead or no occurred to me, and finally I fall back upon the old saying, of doubtful morality possibly, as to "sinning in good company." Therefore, since these pages cannot be open to a continuance of the argument, I must stick to my title and take my stand with Kaiser Wilhelm himself and all the other nineteeth-century mighty men of valour who say that it is dead and buried.

In lieu of a prefatory amble on design, I will, taking the word in the broadest sense possible in regard to arts and crafts, keep the thread of my discourse, an it be possible, running on that line; using the solid facts noticeable in designing efforts in such order as my fragile illustrations mind me of them. For have we not all learnt sadly of late that it is useless to "shell" a kopje if one have not a sufficient force to one's back to take and to keep it; and what man of us to-day but must needs feel diffident, even as to our own pet forces?

Therefore, mine shall be a bayonet charge direct and incessant, and I cannot conceive my hitherto kindly readers taking up, on that account, the position of the Boer who ejaculated "Almichty! but I didna stop for *that!*"

"Of making of *books* there shall be no end." Now I am of opinion that the maker of that saying must have had in his mind's eye (which was prophetical) some such scene as that painted by Kingsley in his 'Water Babies,' of the place where they were busy making little books out of all the big books that ever had been wrote.

With this collecting, or collating, or editing, or whatever such literary "hack-work" (such is, I believe, the correct nomenclature) may be called, I have but little sympathy; and yet in this newest of centuries, one rather feels that, putting *design* for *books*, one is in much the same boat, both as to the making of the designs and as to the collecting of them.

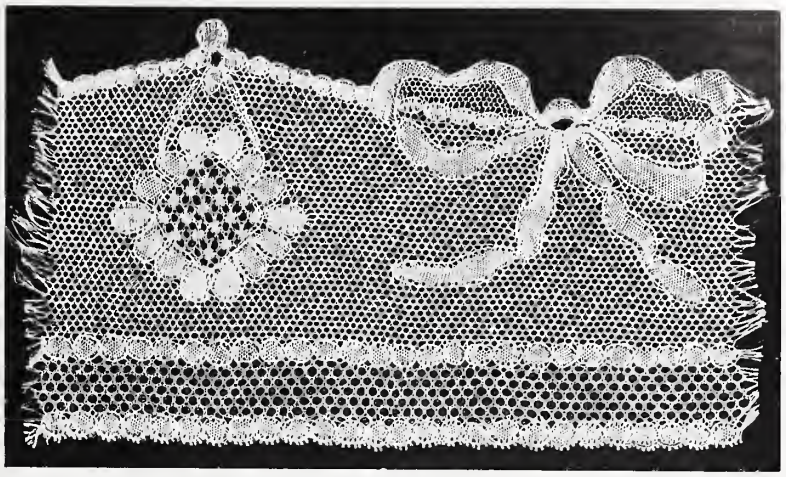
All these laces were designed, arranged, and executed during the year 1899; a work which, so far as pillow lace is concerned, has not been undertaken to my knowledge for the last fifty years at least. They made their

first appearance, as it was but fitting, being orginal laces, they should at this year's show of the Arts and Crafts.

Needle lace, tape lace, and that of many other methods in original designs, have been common at various periods; but not so that for the pillow, so that I can truly say "Congratulate me; I have at last got something that's new!"

At last, too, I find myself no longer in the position of the collator or collector; but of the designing crowd myself, and right glad I am to be there! Can I not take my own production and, true to my sporting tendencies, use it as a punching-bag, so to speak, hit it hardly, as my pen of steel can well do, and finally use it as that most valuable of lessons "how *not* to do it"?

Firstly, for a moment to my professional critic. The first laces, two small things, but mine own, have never been criticised except by that often artistically evil spoken of, but still decided and discriminating crowd—the British Public; the very page will wrinkle when I do it myself!



No. 1. The Bow and Swag.
Designed by Mrs. Bruce Clarke.

But of the other three has the critic stated that almost their only virtue is that when lying in the flat, in black and white, they were eminently suited for trade purposes.

I don't agree. Would, indeed, Mr. Critic, had you possessed the requisite knowledge, that you yourself had given the hours which it took to work down these designs as they first appeared into anything approach the requirements of the technique of the art. None but the amateur, whose praises I so often sing, have the time or patience for such a labour of Hercules. As well might one try to copy Rembrandt without his sober browns, as to put these designs on the pillow *in statu quo*. And it is upon this rock, the lack of knowledge of technique, that so much of the really good designing of the latter part of our century has made shipwreck.

To sit down and design a lace is an easy little task for a winter's afternoon, thinks the artist, and so he designs; but when the man whose knowledge of stitches is as endless as themselves arrives, behold! he has nowhere to put them. Those flowing curves emulate the dignity of the advertiser who trades "with no one of the same name." Nothing connects them with anything else, and they would fall out of the lace altogether, on to the pillow, were it not for the man of technicalities, whose talent is the so very useful one, that of "pulling things together," or to use the piquante expression of the worker "thaat's got to be legged up!"

Therefore, I say that the only criticism hitherto uttered fails: it having gone only skin deep.

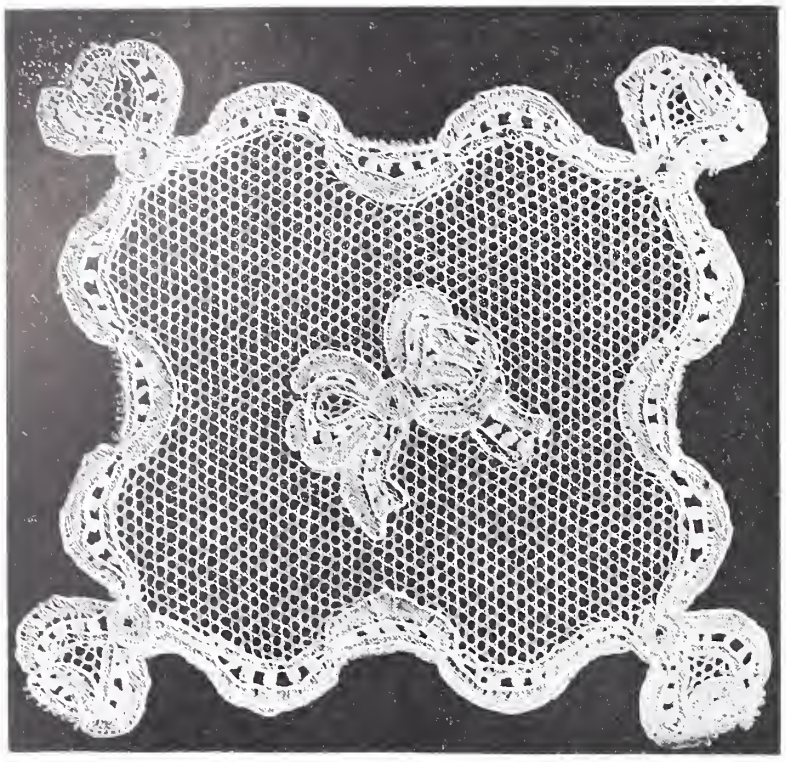
This, the accurate arrangement of accessories, is again a rock on which much good design makes shipwreck; and yet I have heard it whispered amongst the great that it matters but little. P'r'aps not; but some fine Friday we shall find a sheepfold of much beauty railed in with defunct altar railings of the Jacobean period, for it is in farms, and country crew-yards (that's a new word in print, any way!) that these sometimes find their final home, though the vandalism which brought them there needs no perpetuation by art. It is possible always in arranging the details of a design, be it great or small, to avoid these and other anachronisms which grate upon the eye—more painfully, possibly, than the same process on the ear! Surely, in order to fulfil all righteousness in art, "somebody's got to" fill in the details, and yet it would appear that neither the painter nor the designer grasps these details best. For justification of that assertion? Well! how about *marrons glacés* in frilled papers—Fuller's in all but the name—on a Louis Quinze table? And the tea-cups, wine bottles, and other little incidents in endless festive scenes?

These being all part and parcel of the design, and as such well worthy of the most profound attention of the designer, however high he walk, and one which I find sadly neglected.

It is by no means "all lavender" to the lace-designer when technique descends upon him, but it is *the* "remedy," though unpalatable. Dare I suggest an equally trying one, "the candid friend," to prevent the *jars!* of which I write?

And now to No. 1, "The Bow and Swag." Like the canny Scot writing, in company with his fellows, an epitaph for a brother Elder of their Kirk, I have returned to the earliest recollections of my childhood, the A, B, C, the E, F, G, of decorative design; or rather that form modified to the requirements of my art. *En passant* I would pay a tribute to my rival, the machinist, who has seized this motive repeatedly, and made it his own with much skill, while the handworker has left it since Watteau's days, and then it was needle-wrought. The present is the only instance of a hand-tied bow, upon the pillow, that I remember. At our century's end it came about that "On demande les nœuds de rubans" or "des amants," as the case may be, and so "bows it is!" And for justification, when there is a demand for designs in cats, puppy-dogs, and children in the highest walks of art, are they not to be had? and that immediately!

But the worst of my punching-bag method, of which I was aforetime much enamoured, is that, just as in solitary practice of the gentle art, the monster bag or ball flies back and forth, hitting one blows in the eye or *à la quintaine*, so my lace reminds me that I had, in doing it, reasons for what I did. In fact, it proves to me a pet theory which I must follow further later, that the perfection of any handicraft is the working together of that mystic number three—the designer, the technologist, and the worker. It is by these alone that perfection is attainable, albeit in many arts these three appear as one; in others, two parts are, so to speak, doubled.



No. 2. A modern Rondel.
Designed by Mrs. Bruce Clarke.

Therefore, with a knowledge of technique, I vowed to such an extreme of simplicity that my lace may, with justice, be said to be attenuated; and is a lesson in "how not to do it!" If whole stitch instead of half-stitch had been employed, it would have "saved the bacon," my lace I mean; but alas! these stitches are Greek (not Caviare) to the general.

The Point de Paris ground, which is of great beauty, and which is essentially a mark when you call it "cats stitch" of our English Art, requires a restraint rather than too great an abundance of pattern, which should not be fuller than necessity requires, and this (the bag reminds me) increases the appearance of attenuation. If the repeat could have been shown, as in the case of the "snowdrop," the bow and swag would have had a better chance of displaying its linkéd *slimness* long drawn out, when it would gain in grace what is lost by lack of embonpoint! The hanging medallon is filled with the Point de Chant or Chequers (I really cannot here use the lacemakers' "Flat" for so lovely a stitch), used in the mood which tries back to the times when these shields were for their proper purpose—*e.g.*, the bearing of a coat-of arms. The simplicity of the "footing" again shows the English straight-edged lace. I can imagine this accessory to the painter's art when mounted on its proper width of net or chiffon (our modern equivalent for the Dutch painter's lawn), applied to satin, black and dull-hued, and worn by some low-toned, I mean a not vivacious, woman, having found its mark in the painter's design; and being a delight not only to his eye but to his hand, which would bless its lack of elaboration and ease of execution.

Keeping design in view, I would submit that soft folds of ribbon are not out of place either as a feminine adornment or for table decoration. There are certain tablecloths I wot of, very recently designed, where the fairness of the linen is sullied to some minds, and one's meals disturbed by a man's head or heels, as the case may be, appearing at unexpected spots upon the board; and one's attention wanders from the cheerful talk of a merry meal in a vain attempt to decipher the inscription which appears spasmodically and at intervals, leaving one in doubt as to the whole. In as great doubt, indeed, as that of the worshippers who, afflicted by the flamboyancy of the capital letters in much ecclesiastical art of the nineteenth century, declare their devotions to be disturbed by apparent distortion of their favourite texts.

Perhaps my own only unmixed satisfaction in this lace is that it is a perfect study of bobbin, not needle or any other kind of painting. At a great distance one sees every fold and twist of the ribbon, showing its right and wrong side simply by the arrangement of stitches. Further, it has this in common with its so much more beautiful ancestors, that when shown on black it is, with no possibilities of shading, a complete study of black, white, and grey; these last of delicious tints of extreme delicacy.

But little more can be said of The Rondel (No. 2). No poem this, merely a direct descendant of the small wooden plattens used by ruffled Elizabethans at dessert.

Lastly, I shall have real artful sympathy when I honestly confess that these be pot-boilers! The lace when mounted, giving the width coveted by all at about half the price it would be were its whole width worked upon the pillow. The observant eye of the connoisseur will note that the upper half of the bow is filled with the so-called point ground, in order to make the additions of the machine net invisible; the Rondel, easy of manipulation upon the pillow, bringing its small profit quickly to the worker.

To the Hop lace (No. 3) I give my greatest meed of admiration as a person, and of praise as a critic. The result is well worth all the labour bestowed on it after it reached my hands, and the arrangement of detail has turned out successfully.

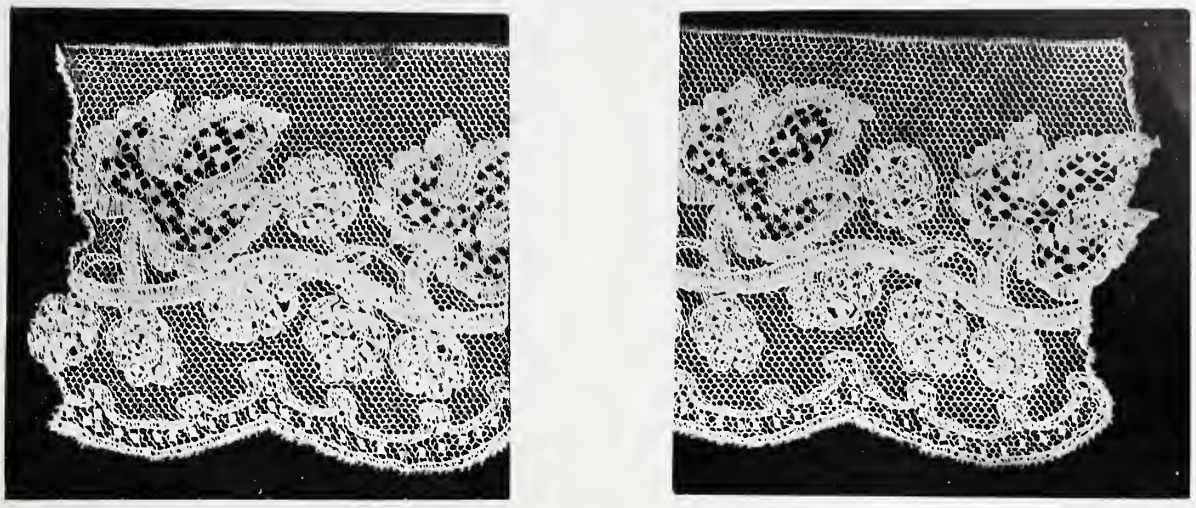
But that hop might very well be a black rasp (its country forename!), or any other berry?

Possibly; but to show its idiosyncrasies in stitches was a matter of extreme difficulty, both to technologist and worker, the crowded design calling forth from the latter as she watched its evolution, "There's no room nowhere for my 'nooky pins!'"

Anyway, the hop is a bonny berry, and the whole design admirably suited to its purpose—this time it must be a buxom British matron, for the austerities of arts Byzantine or other would (as has been proved) but flout a solid beauty.

The chief difficulty in this lace was that the whole spray had to be moved higher up, for, in common with most modern designs, there was no room for the stitches.

The only adverse criticism is "over-ornate, too full, too crowded," and is not this the cry of the "looker-on" all through our century? Where, even in the recent collection of Mr. Morris his works, did the eye rest with absolute repose? Where but upon the delightful simplicity of the acanthus scroll, so old and yet so dear, which seemed as if he also had gone back to the earliest recollections of his artful childhood.



No. 3. The Hop pattern.
Design by Miss G. Spyvee.

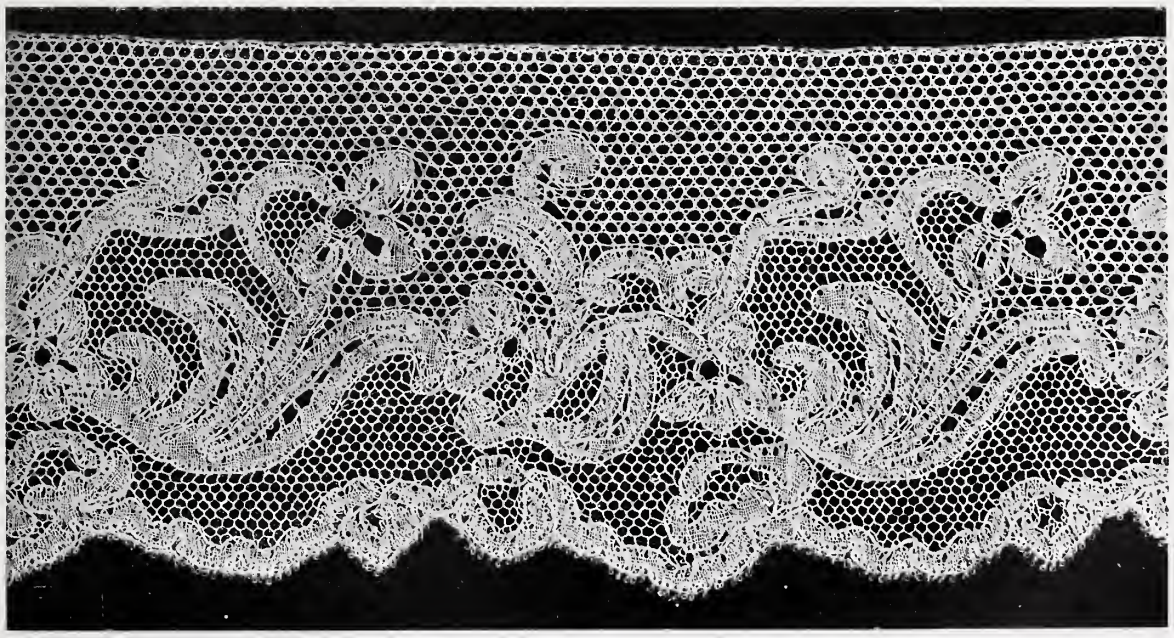
Of the Snowdrop (No. 4) I say, in the first place, that it is a most satisfactory lace. As it stands at present, shorn of all its technical impossibilities, it runs as near the beauties of the old conventional designs as the hop marches with those of realistic tendencies. Again the accessories stand out well. The *tour de force* which has placed the finer, more open stitch at the bottom, gives weight there where it is wanted in any lace or hanging design.

To the unknowing this is a matter of surprise. "Surely the thicker stitch gives greater weight?"

"No," answers he of technique; "the thicker the stitch the lighter the effect by reason of its whiteness, colour being, even in black and white, a powerful factor to be reckoned with in certain methods of designing, although this, alack, is often lost sight of altogether." For example, the exquisite effects of the old "coloured" golds, dependent for their very delicate deviations in shades upon the various alloys used; how seldom do these gladden the eye in the efforts of the modern jewellers. It would be well for the future could they hark back in this, as my habit of "picking up" old treasures tells me they are doing in many of their designs.

In the lace the thick full cat-stitch of the top gives the high light required, and the lighter, thinner stitch, the weight wanted below, simply because one sees the dark surface beneath it with more facility. This lace has suffered much necessary cutting, but as a conventional rendering of the flower it is good, the natural order in botanic lore being well preserved. The designer, Miss Williamson, has reason to be proud of her maiden effort.

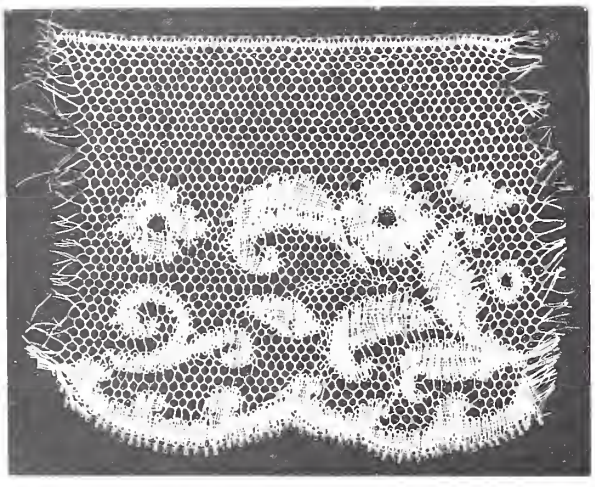
Last, not entirely least, the Forget-me-not (No. 5). Which of us but is of necessity bound to acknowledge the charm of anything petite? Is it not the small women always who get their own way in the world? Besides, the salvation of all design lies in the fact that there are, and always will be, different opinions; and again, as a wiser pen than mine asserts, "*Everyone* is a competent judge of *something*," which is solacious, since there will be found appreciators for the wee forget-me-not. Here, of course, one looks for nothing but child-like modesty



No. 4. The Snowdrop.
Designed by Miss Williamson.

and unobtrusiveness. Daintily drawn, valenciennes was the only method to which so small a morsel lent itself, and in this way it lost, by reason of there being no gimp or outlining thread to supply the stalks. It was the man—Ruskin—whom our nation has but recently delighted to honour, who spoke of the frequent occurrence of trees in art upon whose branchless stems no leaves could grow; and here we are much in the same quandary. Still, it has a tiny charm of its own, and in its smallness lies that charm. This is again from the pencil of Miss Spyvee.

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," so I leave my excuses to the last, and I scarcely think they will be reckoned such, for, French proverbs for the nonce being as handy as their English cousins), "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*"—a most comforting truism! Not an artworker or handicraftsman but understands and sympathises with the difficulties and trials of a new departure. It must be taken into consideration that these laces, so very new is our starting-point, are but a series of first attempts. First on the part of the designers, first as to the arrangement of detail, and here the path of the technologist is beset with temptations to leave the stitch he does not love and try another ground; and first as to the worker, a yard even, and these are but inches, of a totally new pattern is often a complete failure.



No. 5. The Forget-me-Not.
Designed by Miss Spyvee.

To return to the "editing" of my starting-point. No one, certainly not the Mr. Critic aforesaid, has the ghost of a notion of the amount of cutting and refitting, in short, every sort of labour, caused by these laces, and I do but send them forth along with my own to face the music of the world's praise or blame. And I myself, in my criticisms of other designs? *Parole d'honneur, Messieurs*, I have criticised *no first* attempts.

Finally, a stirrup-cup to the pluck, courage, and perseverance of these students of the Lincoln School of Art, who, at my suggestion, broke what was to them entirely new ground. I can only hope that they, with their head, Mr. A. G. Webster, will be as pleased with the results as I am myself, and look forward, as I do, to collaboration again at some future date.

For the moral, which everyone would skip, but that this time I have the whip-hand by having kept up a running commentary of moralising all the way through. Yet, after all, I must, in my character of technologist, which is almost a parallel to the ancient *rassembleuse* who completed the design, keep up the talent of which I spoke at the outset—that of "pulling things together."

It has been said of late that "criticism does not aim at answering riddles, but at putting questions in a new light."

And when I set me to the task, as finally one always will, of questioning the morality of one's morals, I find support, and of our dead century, too, for my possibly "new notions."

My support is where I always find it, with the poets.

For my love of attention to the smallest detail?

In the matter of the *marrons glacés?* Too small to signify? Is it, and this is modern poetry, like man—"not worth a thought"? Well! it is no smaller in proportion, mind, to the size of the design than are two regiments to a large field force, and yet even these have been known to be "forgotten on parade," which is a sorry example of "how not to do it," with which to begin a new century. And is it not one of our great artists, dead like our century, who has taught us that war is an art, and as such requires, and in times past has been famous for, attention to detail? To my rescue in my love of this comes Longfellow's "Builders"—I would call it an Art-poem, were it not that I hate the word with a hyphen, such as Art-World, Art-Pot!

> "*Nothing* useless is or low,
> Each thing in his place is best,
> And what seems but idle show,
> Strengthens and supports the rest."

For lack of seemliness of subjects used in design? The body of a man, or shall I say his limbs adorning one's festive board—*these* were never *meant* to catch a diner's eyes. Here Clough helps one with his—

> "For it is beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for."

And for almost universal lack of simplicity in designs great and small?

Here the poets fail me, from plethora not scantiness of quotations.

> "Give me a looke, give me a face,
> That makes simplicitie a grace."

Yes, that's rare Ben Jonson, and he is none of us; yet there be those of us to day, and they are many, who love, as he did, "simplicitie."

And for a last, last word, so loved of women. I must, in my character of critic, e'en give myself a blow, lest some other body do it for me.

> "A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save censure—critics all are ready made."

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



Three Pencil Studies by Rodin.

LE MUSÉE RODIN.



Falguière.
By Rodin.

IT is fitting that our greatest living sculptor should have a special and separate exhibition of his work at a time when Paris will give hospitality to a vast multitude of all nationalities. We say *our* greatest living sculptor, for Rodin, like all great geniuses, belongs to the world. Let the English, in their insularity, be heedful that they do not underestimate his worth because they cannot claim him as an Englishman.

The idea of a separate exhibition of Rodin's works was first suggested by one of his friends, was taken up with enthusiasm by many others, and the scheme was finally urged upon Rodin until he gave his approval. The result is a building severely simple in its style, designed by a young architect who took the Prix de Rome. It stands in the Place de l'Alma, close to, but quite apart from, the great Exhibition, where brain and eye grow wearied by long halls and corridors of artistic work, good, bad, and indifferent — work which shows much talent, much cleverness, much skill, much invention, but apart from which it is fitting that the works of a great genius like Rodin should be placed severely alone.

In the Musée Rodin the hall has been divided off into four compartments, leaving a wide passage through the centre and a large space at one end. The windows are draped with pale yellow green curtains, and the top-light softened by white vellum. Each group or bust is mounted on a pedestal of old design, with pillars exactly proportioned to the group or bust which rests thereon. With perfect understanding even in this particular, Rodin has so placed his work that it stands just where it can best be seen and where the light falls on it to the best advantage. The Dante Door stands on one side of the large end of the hall. It is marvellously simple and harmonious as a whole, though covered with the most intricate and beautiful designs. With most of these designs the world has been made familiar by many detached reproductions.

Here are almost all Rodin's old masterpieces: the Victor Hugo, 'L'Age d'Airain,' the bust of Dalon, 'L'homme au nez cassé,' 'Le Printemps,' 'Le Baiser,' 'Les Bourgeois de Calais,' 'Eve,' 'St. Jean,' and many more well-known works. But there are innumerable other busts and groups with which England is not familiar. Some have never been reproduced in England. Some have never been reproduced anywhere. Rodin finds photography unsatisfactory for the reproduction of sculpture.

It would be easy to compare Rodin to this or that old master, to say that he has some of the qualities of the Greeks, of Michael Angelo, or of more modern artists, and to draw distinctions on the old lines of the learned critic; but these few words are not a criticism: they are humbly written as a faint expression of deep and sincere admiration.

Rodin stands alone, and cannot be classified except as belonging to the few great creators whose names will ever be imperishable. In one point he is as the ancients

—to use the words of Lessing. It is his privilege in no one thing to do too much or too little.

Rodin is the poet, the artist of Nature; Nature is his religion, his battle-cry, his cry of victory.

"Nature," he has said, "is ever full of fine form, of design; yet so many pass by and see nothing, and copy old things, or work on preconceived notions of Nature; and all the while Nature is there, full of delightful new form, in the stalk of a flower, in a bud, in a human limb, in a passing action in the street."



La Chute d'Icare.
By Rodin.

Rodin loves Nature with a real love and profound understanding. To him it is given to see Nature as she is; to see her powerfully, faithfully, lovingly, as few even great artists have done.

Rodin insists much—as has been already said—on the perfection of modelling being the chief charm of his work, and looking at the evidences of power in the splendid modelling of his many *torses*—in the hand of St. Jean, in 'La Vieille Heaulmière,' in the hand of God holding a group of the creation, in the figure of a woman *accroupie*, and in many other of his works too numerous to mention—we feel that perhaps to all men of genius this power over their material, the instrument of their thought, this masterfulness, is the quality of which they must be the most conscious; but we who look at Rodin's groups see not only his perfect modelling, his great strength, but his exquisite tenderness and delicacy, his understanding of natural human feeling in its many phases, and his perfect expression of it.

Rodin has said that the public and the average artist look only in works of art for the subject, for *la petite anecdote*, and do not understand that their superiority lies in their strength and in their truth of modelling, although these qualities alone make fine sculpture.

Certain it is that Rodin's fine modelling excels and surpasses that of all other living men, and that his later sculpture equals the finest Greek work, and that this fine breadth and fulness of form found in his work cannot be too much insisted on as his great characteristic. But this quality: is it not like the poet's perfection of speech, which enables him to tell us nobly the great thoughts of his master mind? Is it not the vehicle through which he reveals to us the soul of a *creator*, which is truly all that a *genius* means?

Rodin himself has said that "one must be a master of modelling to be eloquent." And how eloquent he is! Not alone in expressing the strength of manhood, but the heroism and divinity of a God, the careless grace of unthinking youth, the passion and rapture of love, all that he sees in Nature, every phase, every shade of feeling.

Of all Rodin's groups of lovers, perhaps the most beautiful is one which he calls 'Le Repos.' The two lovers lie side by side, both the man's arms are round the woman, while one hand caresses her face, and she is stretched a little across his breast. This group is full of tenderness, and expresses, strongly and truly, complete love and the joy of *l'abandon*.



Réveil.
By Rodin.

A little group of three dancing girls gives to us all the grace and pleasure of natural movement.

A lovely group, 'Le crépuscule descendant dans la nuit,' is of a youth coming downwards towards a woman prostrate on the ground, the youth's uplifted arms, bent head, and legs in the air forming a most beautiful and graceful line.

There is another lovely small group of women who surround the head of a man who is lying down. The women almost form a wreath as of flowers.

There are splendidly-modelled single figures; there are three busts representing the same lady, and each face has the expression of a different mood, but all are exquisite and tender; there are endless groups in plaster, in marble, in bronze, all full of power and understanding of Nature.

"Nature," Rodin has said, "is so much greater than people think, and there is so much more to be got from Nature than people usually get. But Nature is God, and one can only get what Nature has to give by real communion as with God; by close devoted study alone with Nature; by returning always perseveringly to Nature, and by going to her with a mind entirely free, devoid of



L'Apollon.
By Rodin.



Les Néréides.
By Rodin.

all preconceived notions, be they reminiscences of antique art, old Italian masters, academic teaching or other accepted theories; without any conventionality or other ideas, but with a mind and eyes naïvely and honestly open to receive what Nature has to give. Then, and then only, will Nature give up her secrets: we must learn to love and worship and believe ere she will yield all she has to give; she is the only teacher, and only through fidelity to her and reverence for her can we ever hope to progress."

But, alas! whose mind and eyes are naïvely and honestly open? How few are *natural* enough to understand Nature.

Simplicity is an essential of greatness, and Rodin has this essential pre-eminently. One may almost say that now, in this age of increasing artificiality, it needs some element of greatness to be simple.

It is often said complainingly of Rodin that he does not finish his work. To this complaint I would give a reply in his own words: "There is no finish possible in a work of Art, since it is Nature, and Nature knows no finish, being infinite; therefore one stops at some stage or other, when one has put into one's work all one sees, all one has sought for, all one cares to put, or all one particularly wants; but one could really go on for ever and see more to do."

As to Rodin's drawings, of which there are three examples here given, he himself looks upon his drawings as the outcome of his life's work. They please him as rapid, direct impressions, which to his mind are quite complete in themselves, giving the form, modelling, movement, feeling—all one needs. His first manner of drawing was in very dark water-colour, much shaded, so as to give a high sculptural effect. Gradually he simplified this process into mere outline, filled at first with very faint colour, and latterly with very much stronger colour, so as to give the effect of figures modelled in terra cotta-colour. He has made an infinite number, and as they cannot all be exhibited at once, there are to be successions of drawings shown at the Musée. For the most part they are like old terra-cotta in colour and like antiques in form. There is a very remarkable 'Sappho,' a nude woman, with head and arms thrown back so that her body forms an arc, a pose full of despair and beauty; she is sinking into water.

Another drawing is of a figure crouching in a misty landscape, very faint and pale. Another of the torso of a woman forming a vase. Rodin says he has often sought forms of vases in the human body, "parceque aprés tout le corps est un vase, puisqu'il contient tout ce que nous sommes."

The bust of Falguière is a striking likeness, strongly modelled, not a line lost which indicated the nature of the man.

In 'La Chute d'Icare' the attitude of the falling figure seems true and real. One sees him sinking from his lofty heights into the sea. Here, in an attitude which it seems impossible to have studied from a model, Rodin gives us the falling body just as it must have fallen, and we feel convinced that Icarus could not have looked otherwise as his waxen wings failed him and left him to his fate. How beautifully modelled are the feet and legs!

'Réveil' is a beautifully modelled figure of a woman in a kneeling attitude, her hands behind her head, the whole body stretching itself as when awakening from sleep.



La Vieille Heaulmière.
By Rodin.



Eve après le péché.
By Rodin.

The back, the thighs, the side and profile of the bosom drawn up from the stretch of the arms, are all faithfully, truthfully modelled.

'L'Apollon' bears out the truth of Rodin's words In 'L'Apollon' one does not feel the need of anything more. Just as it stands, can anything be more heroic? Does not the figure express godhead, strength, dignity? Is he not the vanquisher, the inspirer?

'Les Néréides' is a fragment from Victor Hugo's monument. It is full of invention. The stronger figure, holding up her sleeping sisters, has a sort of motherhood in it. The clinging arms, the *abandon* of sleep is gloriously expressed.

'La Vieille Heaulmière' is the most remarkable statue of old age that exists. Heaulmière, beautiful in youth, the worshipped of the great world, the mistress of a king, the charmer of a charmed circle, sits in all the pitiful decrepitude of years; the form, the fine lines still left, but all the splendid modelling shows us the inexorable finger of time, which has touched all the curves of beauty and made them shrink inwards; and the truth of this sculpture is so striking that it is painful, and we feel that even youth and beauty are cruel if they must change to this.



Monsieur Auguste Rodin.

The picture of 'Eve après le péché' is taken from the plaster. What a beautiful woman's form, so exquisitely modelled — a pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving human creature. The bent head strives to hide a face which is full of the recognition of all that must follow on the indulgence of that very nature which lures us.

The exquisite woman's head was photographed at the Luxembourg, and unfortunately had the work of other artists behind it. The refined and somewhat scornful expression is finely conveyed to us, and in this strong but extremely delicate work we seem to see quite another phase of Rodin's power.

And last we come to the portrait of the master himself. A mere photograph, but it is rare to see such a good one. His keen, quiet eyes look at you almost as in life. An absolutely strong, tender, human creature, because an absolutely great soul. And one looks with reverence on his face when one thinks of his really inexhaustible power, which seems to grow as the years pass.

The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs by M. Druet, 3, Place de l'Alma, who takes infinite pains to satisfy Rodin, and, being an ardent admirer of the great master, gives unlimited time and trouble to get a truly artistic aspect of his work.

CHARLES QUENTIN.



Bust by Rodin at the Luxembourg.



By permission of John H. Foster, Esq.

The Market Place, Verona.
By Birket Foster.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.

THE Spring Exhibition had several unusual features which gave it a special interest. Two etchings, presented by Her Majesty the Queen to the Artists' War Fund, were lent by Sir John C. Holder. The one is a portrait of Adelaide, Princess of Hohenlohe-Lagenburg, mother of the German Empress, and is an original etching by Her Majesty the Queen, dated 1840; the other being an original etching, bearing the same date, and executed by H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

Another feature is the exhibition of a group of etchings by S. H. Baker, John Fullwood, Henry Pope, and Oliver Baker, who have placed plates at the disposal of the committee of the *Birmingham* Artists' War Fund, which subscribers to this fund will be entitled to under certain conditions. The etchings are of fine quality, and should prove an attraction.

To come to the Exhibition proper, the Society secured an attractive collection of the works of that talented artist, the late Birket Foster. This group, which numbers some forty drawings, comprises a representative selection ranging from some exquisite little vignetted drawings up to such large and important works as his 'Highland Scene near Dalmally.' We much admire 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' which was reproduced in these pages in 1898 (page 225), and a somewhat slight sketch, 'Newbiggin by the Sea.' We here reproduce Birket Foster's 'Market Place, Verona,' a subject full of interesting detail.

In the same room is hung a group of miniatures contributed by the Society of Miniature Painters and other artists. Without making any invidious selection, we would name G. C. Haité, R.B.A., who contributes several very charming works. Many of the paintings are portraits, and these must necessarily have a special value to those whom they represent or to whom they belong.

The water-colour drawings play an important part in the Exhibition. Oliver Baker is well represented by his renderings of old-time subjects, which his love of archæology leads him to work on with such lavish care. 'King John's Bridge at Tewkesbury' is a good specimen, and is well supported by his other contributions. John Fullwood, R.B.A., shows two important works, of which we like the better 'The Banks of the Thames near Old Windsor.' The rendering of space is good, and the water in the foreground, on which the swans disport themselves, has the quality of flatness which leads the eye into the picture in a marked degree. It is an autumn effect, in which the tints are more mellow than in his other picture, also portraying an autumn scene. 'When Summer sweetly shines o'er Land and Sea,' by John McDougal, R.C.A., will attract attention. It is a variant of his pale grey cottages which we much admired a year or two ago. In this case the view is from a somewhat elevated position, and the cool grey cottages in the middle distance harmonise with the warmer tints of the cliff stretching out into the distance beyond.

A powerful drawing by John Keeley appeals to us; it is entitled 'The Way to the Windmill,' and portrays

what is hardly either road or lane, between trees and crossed by a stream, through which a wain is passing on its way to the mill in the distance. This is a picture which ought to be popular.

A vigorous drawing of 'Scotch Firs,' by Hubert Coop, R.B.A., arrests attention. We prefer this to his larger drawing 'A Village by the Sea,' in which the stone wall bounding the road lacks strength, and were it not for the light on the top edge, might almost pass as part of the road.



Fine Weather after a Breeze.
By Henry Moore, R.A.

Among the oil pictures, special mention must be made of three fine works by the late Henry Moore, R.A., lent by his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Bogle. 'Fine Weather after a Breeze'—which we reproduce—is perhaps the most striking work in the Exhibition. It has been purchased by Sir J. C. Holder.

The veteran members of the Society are well represented by characteristic works. Mr. S. H. Baker shows works in both oil and water media. His 'Cader Idris, from near Dews-y-nant,' is very atmospheric and sunny. Mr. C. T. Burt has several works in oil, 'Wandering Mists' being the most important, while Mr. Pratt has 'Miss Hilda Pearce,' in which the young lady is depicted standing in a room which forms an artistic setting.

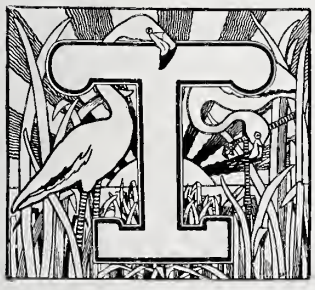
In the same room is an oil picture by J. L. Pickering, 'Purple Hills,' a charming little bit of rough handling and direct work. Some half-dozen choice examples of the carefully-studied work of J. V. Jelley are also to be found here.

Among the portraits must be mentioned E. S. Harper's 'Right Hon. William Kenrick, P.C.,' which is to find its permanent home in the Municipal School of Art, to which institution it has been presented by the artist.

'In the Minority,' by Edgar Bundy, R.I., depicts a group of rollicking, roystering Royalists being served with refreshments by a laughing waiting-maid, while a sober, long-faced Puritan still sits at the board, apparently having finished his repast, and finding such solace as he can, amid the noisy merriment, by turning the leaves of his well-worn bible.

The picture selected by the "Art Union" for the first prize is an oil painting by John White, R.I., a quiet evening pastoral entitled 'Calling the Cattle Home.' Among others whose contributions are worthy of note must be mentioned Walter Morgan, R.B.A., G. O. Owen, H. H. Sands, E. J. Bernard Taylor, and C. T. Cox, local artists, of whose works space does not permit us to give more than passing notice.

THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION.



Initial by Grace Dibdin.

THE Woman's Exhibition, now opened at Earl's Court, brings women and women's work very prominently before the public, more so perhaps than ever before, and it gives us a good opportunity of judging of the progress that has been made during these last years in the various departments before us. It may perhaps revive the old discussion (if indeed it can be said to have died) as to whether women's work equals that of men, or whether it is inferior, or whether—which is perhaps the safest line to take when discussing the subject with a woman and wishing to conciliate truth with courtesy—it is different. At the Exhibition we find that women fill all the parts usually delegated to the sterner sex; in fact, at the Exhibition there are nothing but women as gate-keepers, attendants, waitresses. Even the bandsmen are bandswomen, though the names of Khaki and Swedish Hussar Band might lead the uninitiated to think otherwise.

In the Ducal Hall there is a magnificent display of brocades, executed under the personal superintendence of Sir Thomas Wardle and shown by the National Silk Company. These brocades prove that for beauty of design, delicacy of colour, and refinement of texture England can well hold her own against any rival, though in ladies' ears France is still the name to conjure with in such matters. There is also in the hall a large exhibit from far-away India: the Maharajah of Kashmir here shows the result of years of patient experimenting in raw silk culture, with a view to making it a paying industry; and one hopes that, should it prove so, his highness will have the good sense and patriotism to reproduce the lovely old patterns that we associate with India, and leave untouched so-called Western improvements, which already have begun to exercise a deteriorating influence on the character of some designs sent over to this country. A very handsome brocade was one the design of which had been copied from a Sedan chair used

on State occasions by George III. and Queen Charlotte. Besides these exhibits, Messrs. Warner & Son have a loom working, which but adds to the interest. Excellent work comes from Ireland: a case of lace and some specimens of Irish poplins, which are exquisitely soft. Mdme. Pogosky's stall for Russian peasant work introduces new features in drawn work and real Russian embroidery, which is not to be confused with the common cross stitch usually supposed to be Russian. The peasants spin and weave woollen tartans, and both fine and coarse linen, as well as making bobbin lace.

In the picture gallery we find works by women artists of every nationality. The Marchioness of Granby, Countess Gleichen, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mdme. Ronner, Mdme. Eckermanns, Mrs. Edmund Davis, and Signora Castelnovo, and the handicrafts and applied art section shows there is greater scope for women's talents in that line than heretofore, and the designs are bolder and more varied. The needlework and embroidery are particularly good, but not so interesting, perhaps owing to our greater familiarity with them, as some of the other exhibits, such as silver, bookbinding, enamelling, and glass work. Many specimens are familiar to us from having already been shown at other exhibitions. In the Handicrafts Hall the craftswoman is actually seen at her work, in order to let us in some degree understand the technical handling of the material.

One of the most interesting features of the Exhibition is the large hall devoted to dolls contributed by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. They were originally collected to help the funds of a charity. Some have been presented by our own Queen, others by the Empress Frederick and the Queens of Sweden, Norway, Italy, and Holland. In the centre of the room stands the model of the Queen of Roumania's coronation carriage, drawn by eight black horses; and in it is seated the Queen, with her maids of honour. Every detail is faithfully carried out. A Roumanian ball-room and school are also shown; and in the latter we remark a naughty little child, kneeling in the corner with a fool's cap on her head as a punishment. Fairy tales are pressed into the service: we have the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and Cinderella in the midnight scene when the clock strikes and Cinderella hurries away, leaving her glass slipper in the ball-room behind her.

The historical and loan collection, besides its oil paintings of beautiful women, has some fine Japanese colour prints. Utamaro's graceful figures are easily to be distinguished, as well as many from other good artists.

Pausing before some of the cases of costumes, one cannot help reflecting how much prettier than those of the present time must have been the old ball-rooms, where the men's gorgeously embroidered coats and waistcoats vied in colour and splendour with the ladies' dresses. I do not know that the modern man looks enviously at the velvet coats, richly embroidered with coloured silks, and the white satin waistcoats covered with work. One lady's ball costume of net and yellow satin seemed almost too small for a grown-up person to wear. Some curious old embroidered pictures of the Stuart period have been lent by Mrs. C. Shaw, as well as a mirror the frame of which was thickly embroidered with beads. A bead basket lent by Mrs. E. M. Ward was of the same bead embroidery, but the groundwork was left of the brocade.

Messrs. Fownes have a case of the different sorts of gloves in vogue since the beginning of the century. The earlier ones have embroidered backs, or lace insertions and pearl embroidery. One white kid pair had some curious blue net insertions let in down the inside; and there are gloves made from rabbit and rat skins. Gloves worn by the wife of General Tom Thumb are carefully kept; and apparently not much smaller are some doll's kid gloves, perfect in every detail and made by a Worcestershire woman over 70 years of age.

E. F. V.



Case of Brocades exhibited by Messrs. Warner & Sons.

TWO GREAT AUCTION SALES.

THE PEEL SALE.

IT occasionally happens that a very good catalogue contributes materially to the successful sale of an indifferent collection of pictures. This cannot be said in the case of the Peel heirlooms, for Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's sale catalogue of the pictures, etc., which they sold on May 10th and following day, was singularly lacking in literary quality, and well sprinkled with errors both of commission and of omission; in the matter of arrangement it could not be worse. Some of the pictures had not the slightest claim to the high names which they bore; *e.g.*, the so-called Greuze portrait of Marie Antoinette, which realised 1,350 gs., was neither by Greuze and did not at all resemble any of the well-authenticated portraits of the unfortunate French Queen.



Bartolommeo Giustiannini.
By Sir Anthony Van Dyck.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

So, too, the portrait of her husband, Louis XVI., ascribed to C. M. Bouton, is clearly inaccurate, for Bouton was only twelve years of age when the king was "done to death." Some of the other names, in some cases the artists and in others the personages, will not bear close scrutiny.

The chief pictures in the sale were the Van Dycks. They bear a *prima facie* evidence of the master's hand which no amount of carping criticism could affect, and it is not an exaggeration to say that they are among the finest and purest specimens of his work, under Italian influences, to be found in any private collection. They are both full of life and character, and are painted in that rich tone which is so characteristic of the pictures which Van Dyck executed in Italy, and which is to be found in none of his portraits executed elsewhere. Of the two, the male portrait (which we reproduce) is perhaps the finer, and this was possibly painted after the companion picture. The name of the old Genoese Senator is said to be Bartolommeo Giustiannini, and his wife is said to have belonged to the Espanila (or Spinola) family.

Curiously enough, the actual price which Peel paid for the pair has not transpired, and it is not mentioned either by Wilkie, who may be said to have discovered the pictures, nor by Andrew Wilson, who effected the purchase. Smith, the compiler of the "Catalogue Raisonné," says that the price paid was "very insignificant," and valued them at 1,200 gs., from which it may be inferred that Sir Robert obtained them for much less than £1,000. The price realised at the sale was £24,250. This is a record price for Van Dyck in the auction room, but the Van Dyck equestrian portrait of Charles I., now in the National Gallery, was purchased by the Government from the Duke of Marlborough in 1884, for £17,500. It is interesting to mention that in 1807 Coxe, the auctioneer, sold several Van Dycks from the same source as the Genoese Senator and his wife—namely, the Balbi Palace: these were the property of A. Wilson, and included a portrait of Ambrogio Spinola, in armour, 54 in. by 47½, which passed into the collection of Lord Radstock, and, at his sale in 1826, to that of Mr Baring.

The Peel sale provided a curious commentary on the prevailing fashion for pictures of pretty women, for the portraits included in the sale were chiefly of men; and the prices which they realised quite upset the widely accepted theory that only portraits of women command fancy figures. Sir Robert Peel apparently had a *penchant* for portraits of celebrities, and he picked them up at a time when such things were unconsidered trifles. The charming example of Lely, Cowley the author, when young, in the character of a shepherd boy, cost 10 gs. at the Strawberry Hill Sale in 1842; it now fetched 670 gs. Dobson's portrait of himself in a blue dress, painted with much spirit and grace, sold for 500 gs., as against the few guineas which it originally cost at the Watson Taylor sale. Phillips' portrait of Byron is well known through the engraving, which has frequently been copied: it realised 300 gs. This, as well as Lawrence's fine portrait of Curran, 850 gs., went to Messrs. Agnew, who were

also the purchasers of two of the three Reynolds, the portrait of Arthur Murphy, 320 gs., and of Burke (engraved by J. Watson), 200 gs., and also of the fine portrait of Hoppner by himself, at 1,500 gs. The third portrait by Reynolds was of Dr. Johnson, but nearly all the colours have faded, in spite of which it was bought for 420 gs. by Mr. Dopson. Gainsborough's engraved portrait of Sir William Blackstone went for 750 gs. (Agnew). Fulcher states that Peel gave 80 gs. for this frequently engraved portrait. In addition to the Lely already mentioned, there were some other portraits by this artist, notably Wycherley, the author, engraved, 250 gs.; Nell Gwynne, seated on a bank with a lamb, 650 gs. (Vokins); the Countess of Kildare holding a flower, 650 gs. (Agnew); and Anna Maria Countess of Shrewsbury, 305 gs. (M. Colnaghi). At the Stowe sale this was purchased by Peel for 65 gs.

The four examples of W. Collins sold at exceedingly high figures, in each case realising far more than the original cost. The winter scene on the Thames at Richmond, painted in 1827, and engraved, and the 'Morning after a Storm,' painted two years later, also engraved, cost 400 gs. and 500 gs. respectively, and now fetched 2,000 gs. and 1,500 gs.; whilst the other two, a study of old Odell, Cowper's letter-carrier, as 'The Cherry Seller,' painted on copper in 1824, and the coast scene, with fisherman carrying down the nets to the boats, painted in 1825, cost 60 gs. and 150 gs., but now are appraised at 220 gs. and 520 gs. respectively. Indeed, the instances in the Peel sale in which a "drop" has been sustained are extremely few, and in no case remarkable. Both the Landseer, 'The Shepherd's Prayer,' the engraved work, 750 gs., and Mulready, 'The Cannon,' 1,240 gs., sold for much more than had been anticipated. The two very large gallery works, C. Lucy's 'Lord Nelson on the *Victory*,' the picture engraved by Sharp, and the celebrated work of B. R. Haydon, 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' 108 ins. by 96 ins., fell in each case to Messrs. Agnew's bids of 400 gs.

There were a few interesting Dutch and Flemish pictures, and these sold well, seeing that they were all unimportant works by artists of not the first rank. Slingelandt, interior of a cottage in figures, 265 gs., from the Bernal sale, when it was bought for 70 gs.; Jan Steen, interior of a cabaret with figures, 1,250 gs. (Agnew); W. Van de Velde, a sea-shore scene with figures fishing, $9\frac{3}{4}$ ins. by $8\frac{1}{4}$ ins., 400 gs. (Wallis); and Vander Heyden, a canal scene, with church and punt and figures in the foreground, 1,800 gs. (A. Wertheimer).

The sculpture gallery was of the highest interest and importance, and in this respect the chief feature was the splendid bust of Sir Walter Scott, by Sir Francis Chantrey, a bust which will bear comparison with the finest work produced in the golden age of Grecian art. This bust has never been moulded, and since it was finished in 1828 has been hidden from public view at Drayton Manor. It fell to Messrs. Duveen's bid of £2,250, one of the highest, if not actually the highest, amounts ever paid for a bust in this or any other country. The competition for some of the other busts was also exceedingly keen, especially for the companion pair of Roubiliac, 'Prior' (for which Peel gave 130 gs.), going to Mr. Duveen for 550 gs., and the 'Pope' to Mr. Agnew for 510 gs. A statuary marble group of two boy satyrs and goat, signed Johannes Claudius de Cock, 1724, was purchased by Mr. Speyer for 305 gs.; Thorwaldsen's figure of Apollo as a shepherd, 600 gs. (Duveen); statuary busts of Racine and Molière for 170 gs. and 310 gs. respectively; another pair of Roubiliac, 'Voltaire,' 255 gs., and 'Rousseau,' 105 gs., both purchased by Messrs. Agnew.

THE ROSA BONHEUR SALE.

ROSA BONHEUR forms a romantic picture in our childish recollections. The young girl who, to study animals with freedom, and therefore with greater accuracy, donned a boy's dress and went fearlessly amongst the cattle and their herds, impressed us as a strong and vigorous nature. In Rosa Bonheur's youth the sphere of woman was much more restricted than it is now, and it required a strong character to overstep the line of stupid conventionality, and follow unswervingly the leading of genius. This simple strength soon manifested itself in Rosa Bonheur's work. By-and-bye the world acknowledged her power, and knew that few artists understood and painted animal life as she did. The famous picture of 'The Horse Fair' established her reputation. Of this great picture we reproduce two studies, which are particularly interesting as showing the various modifications the artist permitted herself.

Later on, as Fashion—the destroyer of Art—brought into prominence artists less true, who knew how to advertise their mediocre talent, Rosa Bonheur's work began to be looked upon by many as *démodé*, and the ordinary public almost forgot that she still existed, till suddenly she was brought back to the public memory by death.

Paris has now exhibited to the world a collection of Rosa Bonheur's paintings and drawings, and we feel amazed at the amount of fine work which this unassuming woman has produced.

Rosa Bonheur lived a very retired life with an old devoted servant, only admitting intimate friends to her house. It was always most difficult for strangers to obtain access to her studio. Her numerous fine studies have come almost as a surprise to the public.

In the Rue de Sèze eight hundred and ninety-two of Rosa Bonheur's pictures were first exhibited: paintings of wild beasts, of horses, mules, asses, cattle, dogs, foxes, of all the animal world which she loved and understood; and besides all these, a great number of landscapes which show her deep understanding of Nature and observation of the aspects of country life.

All these pictures came to the hammer, and this exquisite collection will be scattered all over the world. The sum realised by the sale of the paintings amounted to 956,121 francs, and the highest price given was for a picture called 'Bœufs Nivernais sous le joug,' which was bought by M. Bourgeois, of Cologne, for 35,000 francs.

The studies are thorough, faithful, and often strong and masterly. They are delightful to look at, because we feel that they have been done with delight. Great pains and attentive study are shown in all, though many seem done with a swift touch. Several of the smaller pictures are mere sketches, but are most interesting because Rosa Bonheur has caught the true movement and expression of the animals she loved. Although there are some singularly fine examples of wild beasts, these are perhaps, on the whole, less remarkable than the domestic animals; but it must be remembered how much less opportunity there always is for studying the wild beasts closely. Amongst them may be mentioned as specially good 'Lion regardant le soleil,' 'Les Lionceaux,' and three remarkable studies of 'Panthère couchée.' When we came to the horses we were struck by the strength of the drawing, the 'Étude de Cheval bai cerise,' the fore-shortening is splendid, and the bright sun effect delightful. There is an 'Étude de



The Horse Fair.
By Rosa Bonheur.

Cheval blanc,' in which the sunshine, the blue sky, and green trees are excellent in effect.

There are highly-finished pictures of oxen, admirably drawn; there are some very slight rapid sketches worthy of all praise, and among the pictures of deer there are some charming brush studies. There are an immense number of *études de moutons*, and some are most masterly; but whether it be the cunning of foxes' eyes, the varied character of dogs, the stupidity of sheep, the grace of deer, or the heaviness of cows, that Rosa Bonheur wishes to express on her canvas, the characteristics of all her animals are rendered with equal truth.

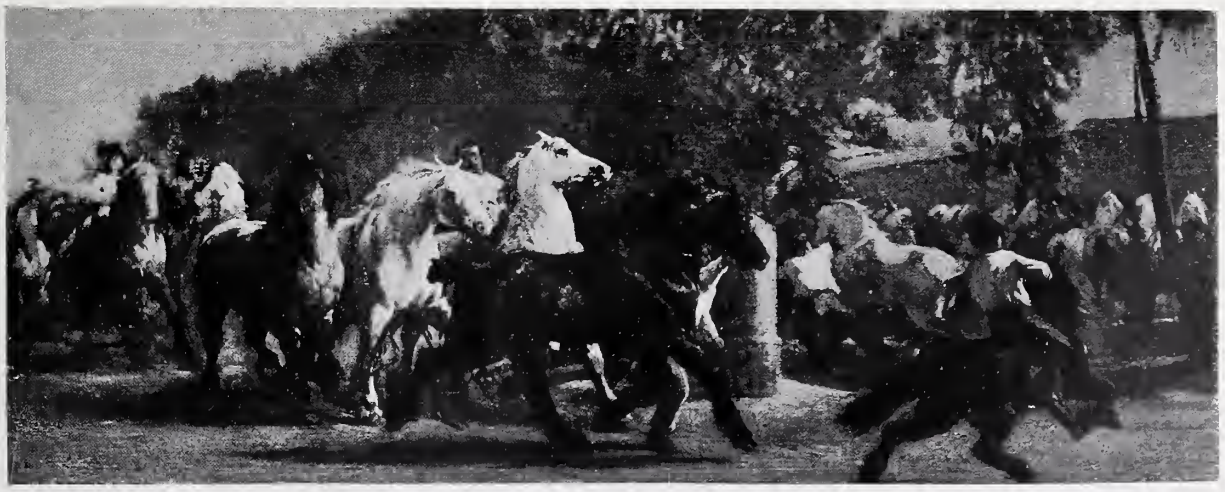
Coming to the landscapes, we find again Rosa Bonheur's delight in Nature. There are all sorts of effects of light and shade, and of the different sea views, and many are most charming.

In walking through the rooms at the Rue de Sèze we felt in the presence of a prodigious worker and a fine old artist. Rosa Bonheur has left really splendid work behind her; faithful work, which could only be left by one whose devotion was to Art, not to Fame.

The pictures exhibited were chiefly those which Rosa Bonheur chose to keep beside her and not to sell. She lived her own life, and painted happily in the full liberty of country life. Looking at these pictures which were done with real delight, out of true love of Art and Nature, we feel at once how widely they differ from the pictures painted to catch the passing taste of fashion, or to rouse that lowest of all emotions, wonder—works which, however clever or skilful, betray that *préoccupation du publique* which renders them vulgar.

An exhibition of Rosa Bonheur's drawings followed that of her pictures. These drawings included water-colour and pastel studies, and numbered nearly a thousand! All the studies, whether painted or drawn, are, as a rule, more interesting than the majority of the finished pictures. The drawings are masterly, and the amount of work extraordinary. The highest price given during the sale of the drawings was for a small water-colour of a tiger: this drawing realised 7,700 francs.

Rosa Bonheur must have worked almost incessantly, and her work is that of a strong, healthy artist. There is no neglect, no slovenliness, no fatigue anywhere; every line is followed with care and attention, and every scrap of work is good, showing that her interest never flagged. The total sale realised 1,180,880 francs.



The Horse Fair.
By Rosa Bonheur.

PASSING EVENTS.

IF there is no Caliph Omar to set fire to the National Gallery, and deliberately repeat the Alexandrian Library catastrophe, there is yet official apathy enough to bring about a similar misfortune. For many years the Trustees have urged the necessity of obvious precautions, but a deaf Treasury chooses to gamble at short odds. The recent fire in the adjacent buildings in Pall Mall should be a solemn warning, and it is to be hoped that the Government will now deem the necessity of isolating the priceless national collections as imperatively urgent. It is only about two years since the simple measure was adopted of establishing telephonic communication between the Gallery and the fire station in Old Scotland Yard. Army reform is in the air, and one improvement would be the removal of the Guards' Barracks behind the buildings in Trafalgar Square.

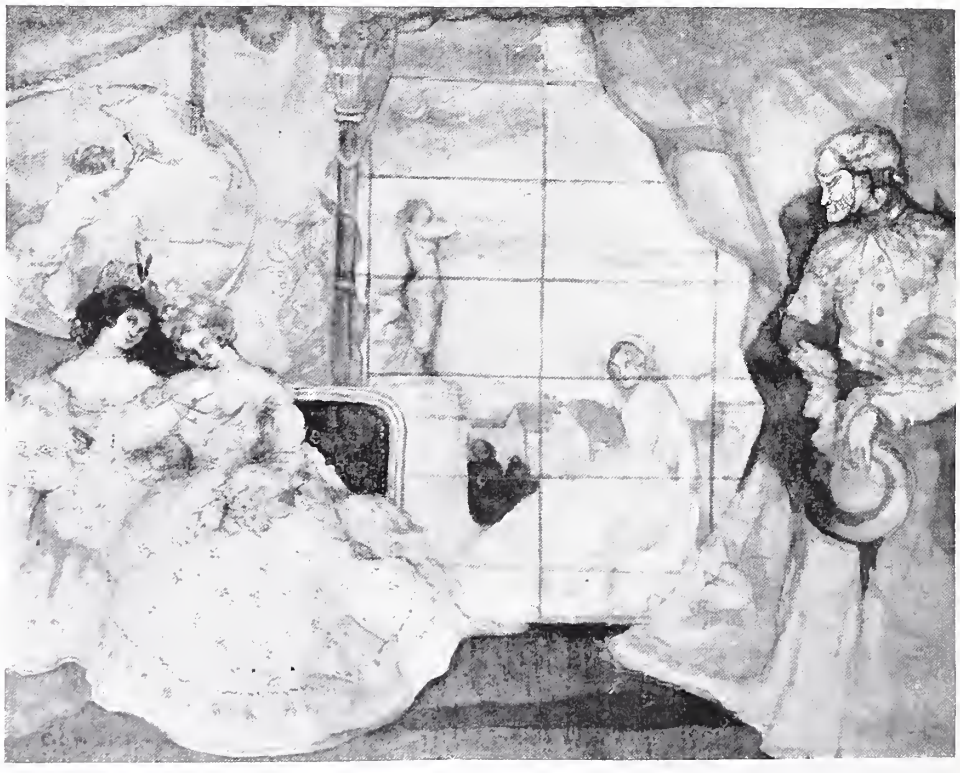
THE complaint of the Trustees that has often been made about the deficiency of accommodation has lately received partial satisfaction. But the method is decidedly unpleasant, as it has entailed the removal of a score of pictures, including the famous 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' and their delivery back to the family of the original testatrix. In 1892 Mariane Lady Hamilton left these to the nation, and the glorious Reynolds became one of the prizes of the Gallery. Legal inquiry has proved, however, that Lady Hamilton's interest ceased with her life, and the pictures have, therefore, had to be restored to the family. Henceforth looking a gift horse in the mouth will be added to the duties of the Trustees.

ART is still reaping memorials of the Diamond Jubilee year. The latest instance is the completion of a fine art gallery in Bath, to which are annexed the usual educational libraries. Sir W. B. Richmond attended the opening celebrations, and fittingly dwelt on the association of Gainsborough with the city. The recent art revival in the West of England is a welcome sign of the times. The Fine Art Gallery of Newcastle-on-Tyne is now also well on the way towards realization.

ONE of the most famous private collections in this country, the Bridgewater House Gallery, has lately been completely overhauled. Lord Ellesmere's magnificent Dutch and Italian pictures had been for some time showing the effects of dirt and varnish, but by much skill and care most of the canvases have been thoroughly cleaned. This delicate operation has been quite successful.

IN accordance with the wish expressed by her late husband, Lady Tate has presented to the National Gallery of British Art Millais' 'Boyhood of Raleigh,' exhibited at the Academy in 1870, and recently sold at Christie's for 5,000 gs. The munificence of the Tate family forms the bright page in the history of contemporary art.

AT his best Mr. Charles Conder is a refined, an exquisite worker. The series of drawings and paintings by him brought together at the Carfax Gallery, Ryder Street, enabled us to study him in some of his very happiest moments. Reproduced on this page is 'The Shadow.' This, like many of Mr. Conder's works, is painted on silk. The original falls little short of perfection in its kind. Before the rose-coloured curtain to the right stands a masked figure, whose shadow reaches as far as the skirts—white with the daintiest of patterns on them—of the women on the sofa. The window-sash, the figure and the statue outside, the oval wall decoration to the left, are woven into one of the loveliest little decorative schemes, flower-like in its delicacy, exhibited of late in the London galleries. In another direction 'The Amber Fan' is no less exquisitely arranged and wrought, while a title-page for 'Beauty and the Beast' and six lithograph drawings of Balzac subjects indicate Mr. Conder's versatility.



The Shadow.
By Charles Conder.



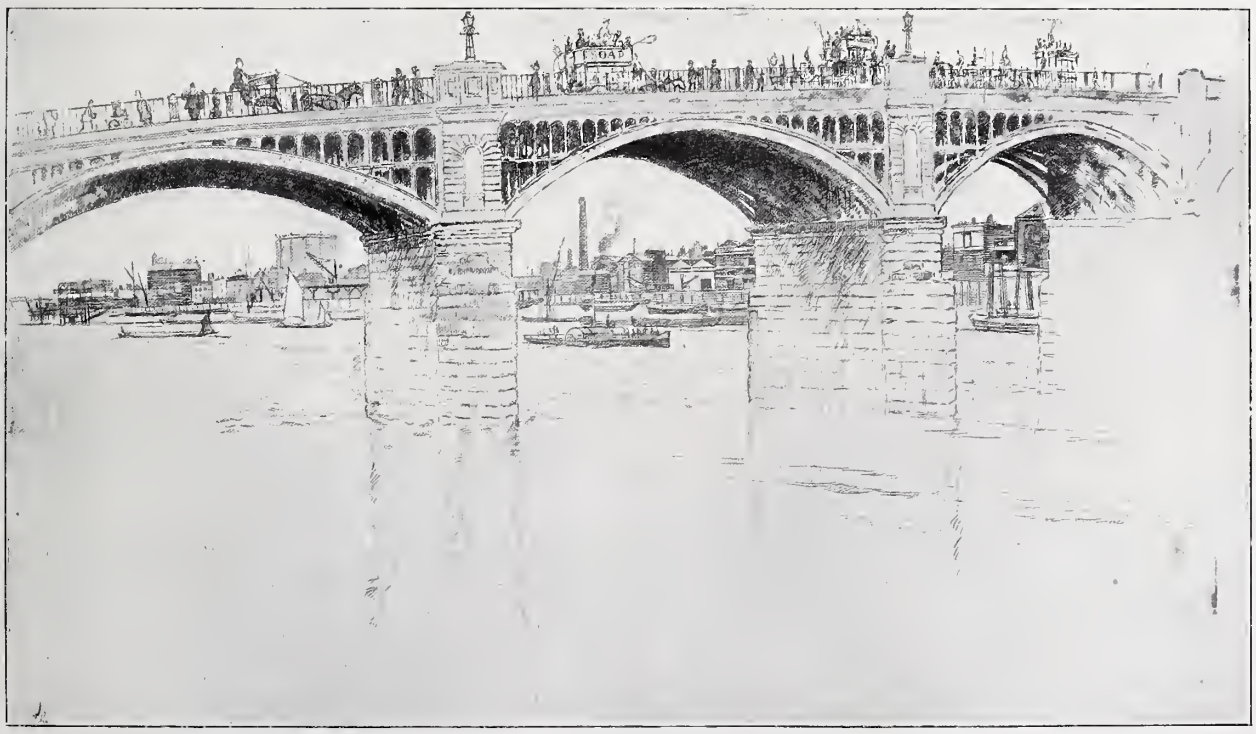
From the "Pall Mall Budget."

From Notre-Dame.
By Joseph Pennell.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

THERE never has been a time more propitious to the illustrator than the present. True, he does not obtain those long prices the men of "the sixties" earned for their wares, but if payments come now to the black-and-white artist in smaller quantities, they come with greater frequency. To every one journal that asked for his services, there are now forty or fifty. Nor is it his income alone that has increased because of this influx of magazines and illustrated papers; to an illustrator fame comes now with magical swiftness: a year's output that would, in former times, have only introduced him to a small circle of admirers, may now make his name a household word in two hemispheres.

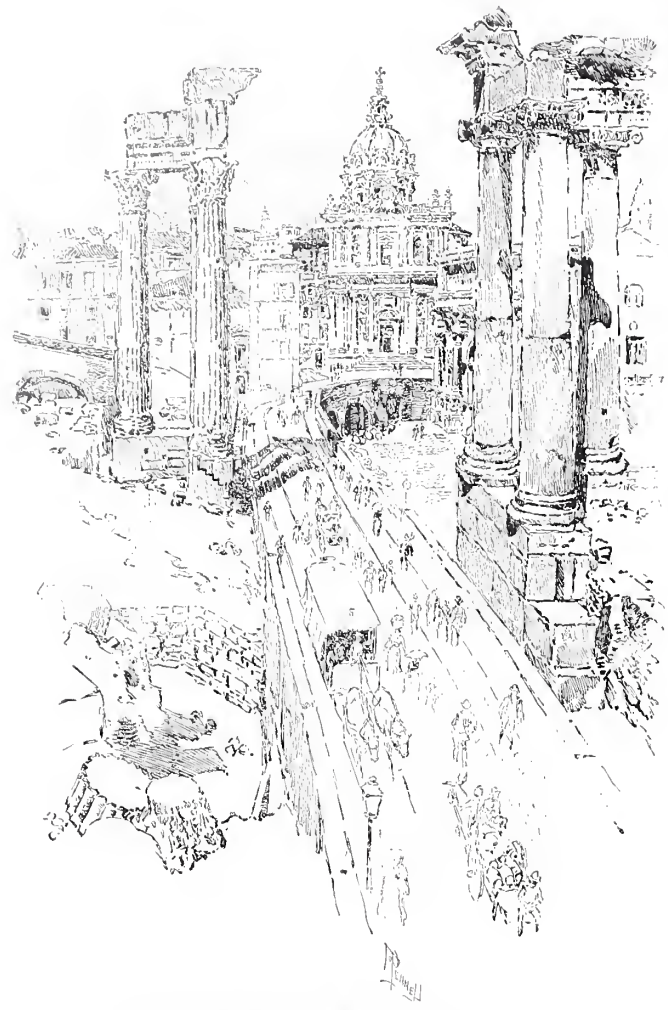
Such golden opportunities as there are for the illustrator naturally have induced many artists, and among them men of high repute, to give up not only much of their time to the picturing of books and newspapers, but to renounce the making of pictures, merely for wall decoration, almost altogether. Among artists of this kind, Mr. Pennell stands in the foremost row, not only because of



Vauxhall Bridge.
From an unpublished etching by Joseph Pennell.

his enormous output, but because of the peculiarly artistic quality of his work.

Mr. Pennell himself can surely hardly remember all that he has done. He could, I imagine, paper a large-sized house with even his more mature productions. It is of his more mature productions that I shall attempt to write about; for a man's early struggles, before he finds himself, seem to me as uninteresting as the rehearsals of a stage play. The narrating of his deviations and false starts should be left to the least charitable of his relations. Not only has Mr. Pennell's output been great, the quality of it of almost unvarying excellence, but he has attempted a quite enormous number of subjects. He has not merely learnt to draw architecture beautifully—in itself a great feat — but he has so trained his hand and brain, that he can grasp and set down the essentials of almost any sort of scene that the world can produce. He has drawn our cathedrals, and nearly everything that is picturesque in our London streets; he has represented the most beautiful and characteristic scenes of our principal river; he has drawn the mountains of Scotland, and of Wales, and the lowlands and broads of our eastern counties; while on the Continent there is hardly any land, or people, that he has not made some record of. From Paris he has brought some of his finest drawings; and in divers parts of France he has made tours for artistic purposes; so has he in Spain, and in Italy—his Italian pictures, I believe, first made him known to us here. He has drawn in Holland, in Germany, and in Russia; he has



Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Rome.
(Mrs. Oliphant's "Rome.") *By Joseph Pennell.*



Westminster, from an unpublished etching by Joseph Pennell.

set graphically before us the life of the Jew in Poland, and of the gipsy in Hungary. Much more than this Mr. Pennell has done, but if I were to enumerate his work alone, this article would become a catalogue and nothing else.

Most artists of note who have found their motives away from home, have learnt the characteristics of at least two or three different kinds of places. They have, however, acquired their knowledge after months' or a year's, or even years' study. A part of the surprise arising from a contemplation of Mr. Pennell's works is that preliminary observation, or preliminary studies or sketches, seem with him to be entirely unnecessary. Mr. Pennell arrives in a new city or county, in a train, or on his bicycle, and he appears always to be met by a familiar spirit, who bestows on him a knowledge of the place. It sends him to the finest landscapes in the neighbourhood, and to the best views of the most splendid buildings. And it does more than this. It reveals to him that which artists take longest of all to find out, the prevailing sentiment of a place. So he has, with such miraculous swiftness, given us the characteristics of places so different as the roof of Notre-Dame and the banks of the Thames; or of the picturesque Dutch windmills and the stately architecture of St. Paul's.

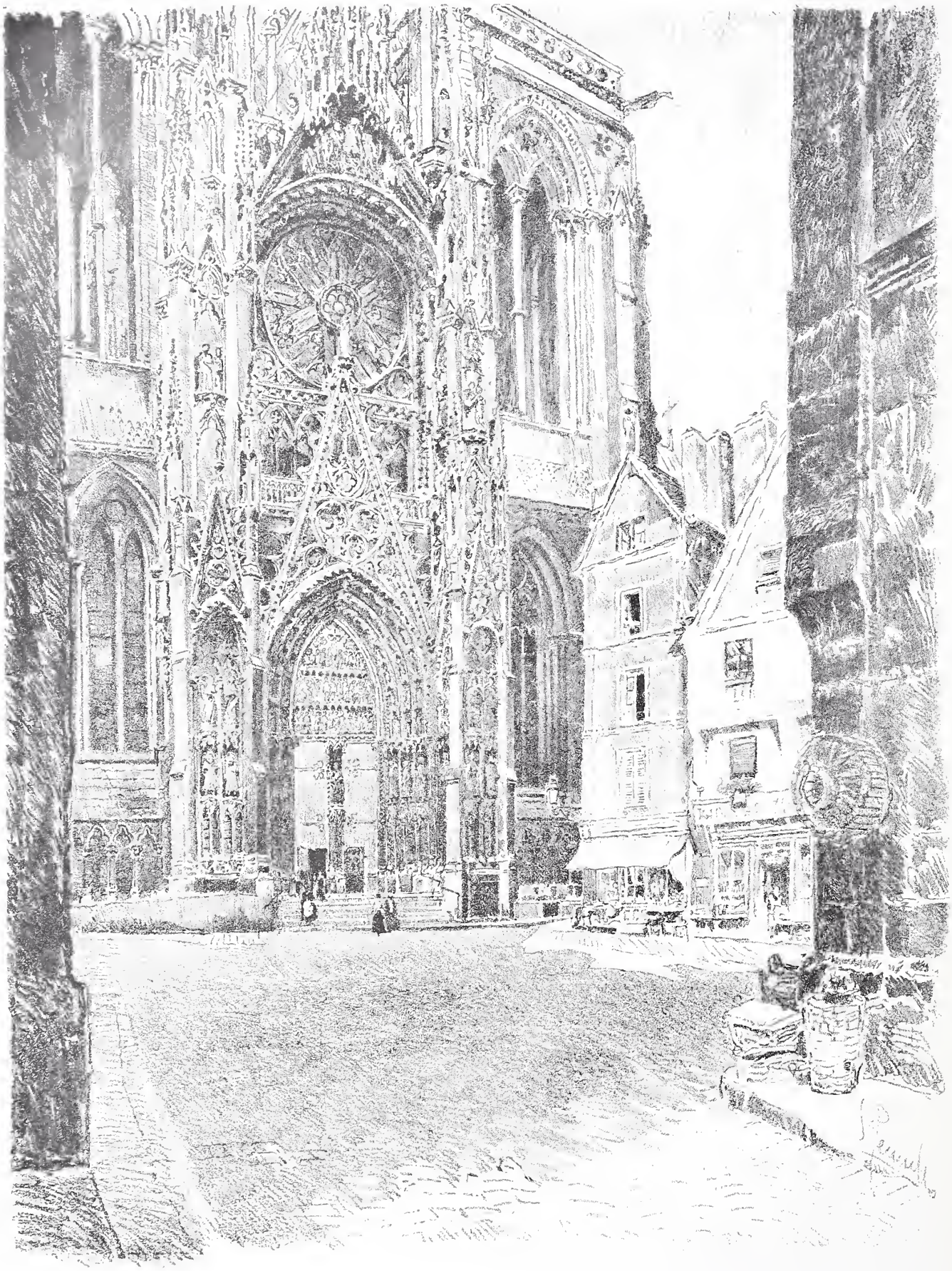


From the "Century Magazine."

Charing-Cross Station.
By Joseph Pennell.

For book illustration Mr. Pennell's favourite method of expressing himself is, certainly, with a pen; and with the pen also, it seems to me, he shows the greatest individuality. He uses it swiftly and with absolute certainty. The original drawings by Mr. Pennell that I have seen—I have seen a great number—have hardly any corrections. There is evident in them, too, no hesitation as to what sort of line might be of most decorative use in his drawing; or how a line might best be ordered to express, a tree, perhaps, that the artist possibly had never seen before, or a style of architecture, or ornament, with which he was unfamiliar. His drawings always appear to have been done after elaborate and experimental studies, and not, as they really are, directly from nature.

Years of experience have told Mr. Pennell what is possible to the block-maker and what is not. Undoubtedly his methods of drawing are based primarily on what the block-maker can do. On this basis he has built up an art that is entirely his own. And how peculiarly full of resource is this art of Mr. Pennell's! With a pen and a little ink, how endless are the number of facts that he is able to portray. With them he remains as unconquered by the sun of Spain as by the mists of London. There is no texture or surface of tree, or water, or stone, that he cannot suggest with his pen. And it will be seen, too, that there is never a line in one of Mr. Pennell's drawings that is not wanted. Every dot, indeed, has some purpose; either to lead the eye in some particular direction, or to express some fact that is of use in the picture. In economising lines Mr. Pennell is a master. There is possibly no artist living



The Porch at Rouen
From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell.



Le Puy—"The most picturesque place in the world."
From an etching by Joseph Pennell.



From the "Century Magazine.

Piccadilly.
By Joseph Pennell.

who can give you more of the character of a thing in a few strokes; nor has there been one with this faculty more greatly developed. This faculty, of course, has been of vast assistance to Mr. Pennell, who attaches great importance to the making of a decorative book-page; it will be noticed that the artist's illustrations always seem to be of a weight sympathetic to the type near which they are set. And his great mastery of his medium, too, gives pleasure to the eye in another way. It is pleasant to see forms expressed truthfully; but it is more pleasant to see them expressed truthfully and beautifully. Mr. Pennell's command over his pen is so great that not only can he decorate a page, but without missing any essential feature in a scene, he can make all the lines and spaces in his pictures have the same relation to each other as the details in a piece of ornament. If he considers that an almost empty space would be grateful to the eye, he can so use his pen over such a portion that his picture is never deprived of its realism; he can set forth facts in thick or in thin lines; in lines that are close together, or in lines that are wide apart; in whatever way indeed that is calculated to make the pattern of his drawing more complete and more beautiful. His power of just arranging his objects so that they together make a good composition, is to me wonderful; and he can make these excellent compositions in all sorts of places. Although, like most artists, he prefers quiet for his work, no adverse circumstances seem entirely to unsettle him. I have seen a very artistic arrangement done by Mr. Pennell on Yarmouth Pier during a bank-holiday; and some delightful work was made by him in parts of Spain where even native artists find outdoor sketching impossible.

As I have said, I cannot here enumerate anything like the mass of work done by this gifted and versatile artist. Of his drawings in *The Daily Chronicle* all the world knows; how the hand accustomed to work for the more delicate reproductive processes immediately developed a style that suited the requirements of a roller in the printing press of a daily paper—a style so forcible that we in no way regret the necessities that formed it; for in no other way would we have had performed Mr. Pennell's noble drawings of Peterborough Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. But perhaps the most remarkable of any work done by Mr. Pennell for a newspaper, was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and in the *Pall Mall Budget*. Who does not remember his drawings of the Devils of Notre-Dame? How well Mr. Pennell caught the spirit of those strange monstrosities—how well he gave the eeriness of their surroundings! One cannot look at those drawings without feeling alone on some frightening height, from which the loftiest houses in the streets below seem but of the importance of dolls' houses—alone, but for a cohort of devils of the vilest shapes, some eating strange meats, some mumbling to the clouds, some sitting stolidly, like hawks, overlooking the city. There are many fine drawings in the "English Cathedrals," for which Mrs. van Ransaelar wrote the text. In not one picture has the artist failed to catch the spirit of the place. The letterpress of the book could only have been done by an American; while each cathedral appears to have been drawn by one who had lived perpetually in its neighbourhood. And how picturesquely Mr. Pennell set them forth—with what knowledge of effect! and always with such suggestive and accomplished technique.

His cathedrals of France are even, perhaps, in some ways a greater achievement. While drawing them the artist undoubtedly acquired fresh powers. Figure-drawing, such as he wanted, ceased to be any difficulty to him, and many of the pictures of the French cathedrals are notable for their exquisite drawing of the most intricate architectural detail, and architectural masses, and for the lively and characteristic groups of figures and animals that the artist displayed in the open spaces in front of these buildings.

His pictures for "Our Sentimental Journey," for "Play in Provence," for "The River of Pleasure," and for several other books done about the same period, are all charming in the same way. They are scenes that not only have the advantage of being topographically true, but they are scenes set before us with consummate artistry, and, when the artist has added figures to them, often with much humour. But of all Mr. Pennell's pictures made for books, I think that I like best his drawings for Washington Irving's "Alhambra." Here, indeed, he



The Devils of Notre-Dame.
By Joseph Pennell.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."



Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

From Harper's Magazine.

On the Towing Path between Rotterdam and Schiedam.
By Joseph Pennell.

found subjects that suited his genius. 'Boabdil's Palace' had long been waiting for a sympathetic draughtsman, and it found one in Mr. Pennell. He seems to have revelled in the lightness and gaiety of its archways and ornament. The fame of his pictures will live now as long as the fame of the book: Irving's book and Mr. Pennell's drawings have together become one work. They have the same romance; about them there is the same sunlight; the art of each of these men is admirably suited to its respective subject.

Etchings of different sorts, and lithographs—also of different sorts—form an important shoal in the hitherto undescribed parts of Mr. Pennell's life-work. With the technique of both arts Mr. Pennell has made himself absolutely familiar, and in his etchings and lithographs, as in his pen-work, there is ever a fine comprehension of his subject and assured drawing.

Such an artist as Mr. Pennell is to a great extent a creation of our own time; though such industry as his could belong to an American only. Many of his gifts would never have been developed but for the necessities of modern inventions. And for the great use to which his abilities have been put we are indebted to the general aspirations after culture, and to the fact that people read more and travel further afield than they did in earlier days.

But to whatever cause we are indebted for this splendid exercise of Mr. Pennell's talents—for an output that is within the reach of us all to enjoy—to it we are genuinely grateful.

The illustrations that accompany this article will give, I think, a very just impression of, at least, the variety of Mr. Pennell's splendid capabilities. They set before us his use of the lithographic chalk and the etcher's needle, his great dexterity with pen-and-ink, and how suggestively he can work with a brush. And very different are the scenes depicted, and very truthfully is given the sentiment of each one of them—the august beauty of Rouen Cathedral, the homeliness of the damp Dutch landscape, and the bustle of the elaborate scene in Charing Cross Station. Perhaps, however, the most notable of the illustrations is the picture of the country of Le Puy, a country that would have charmed Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Dürer, a country with a poetry that Mr. Pennell grasped with uncommon certainty. He has, indeed, reproduced all the remote character of the place; and infinitely full of delicate workmanship and design is his rendering of the fantastically disposed groups of churches and houses.

The pictures that have been made from etchings will have now an especial interest. For his etchings in the Paris Exhibition, the artist has been rewarded with a gold medal, the only first-class medal given for etching in the American Section. ARTHUR TOMSON.

'MARSH LANDS.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECIL LAWSON, IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

IN the chronicles of human achievement there are no more fascinating pages than those which record the swift, sharp rush of the youthful great to the goal of Fame. The imagination dwells tenderly on the untimely taking-off of the members of this illustrious band, and loves to conjure up what might have been had Fate been less ruthless. Art and literature teem with instances of budding genius cut short at the moment when promise appeared about to be fulfilled, and a sympathetic world is apt, perhaps, to exaggerate the importance of the works that roused the hope. Yet there are many excellent landscape-painters alive to-day who would gladly have the record of accomplishment that Cecil Lawson left behind him at the age of thirty-one.

In the history of the great modern awakening, when painters began to show the poet's love for Nature, this young artist must have a prominent place. Many diverse influences and schools have brought it about that poetic landscape is now so much fostered and appreciated; still it must be remembered that it is only twenty years ago since Cecil Lawson's pictures seemed so foreign in an English exhibition. Foreign in the sense that they showed a tender communing with Nature and the possession of a great share of the gift of knowing, as Corot said, when and where to sit down. In the same year that the Academy contained Millais' triumph of patient observation, 'Chill October,' Lawson exhibited at Burlington House his first work, a view of Cheyne Walk. Before this he had executed a few black-and-white drawings for the magazines, having been early encouraged in his taste for art by his father, William Lawson, of Edinburgh, a portrait painter. He continued to exhibit at the Academy, but on the foundation of the Grosvenor Gallery, he began to send his works to the new institution.

It was in 1878 that 'The Minister's Garden,' on which he had been engaged for four years, brought him into prominence. The picture, admittedly inspired by Goldsmith's 'Sweet Auburn,' showed the strength of the young painter's love for pure landscape. Two years later came 'The August Moon,' by which Lawson is best known to the public, as it is the property of the nation, and now hangs in the Tate Gallery, to which it has been transferred from the National Gallery. Here, again, the painter gave evidence of his sympathy with the poet's view of Nature, and of his own ambition to prove how much beauty and colour could be suggested in a landscape by moonlight.

Our plate, 'Marsh Lands,' should adequately suggest the painter's purpose in his art. The original picture hangs in the famous collection of Mr. George McCulloch, who has endeavoured to accumulate examples of all that is best and most representative of modern art. In its composition, 'Marsh Lands' shows some affinity to Rousseau's work, and in its way might make a pendant to the large picture in the Wallace Gallery. The graceful shapes of overhanging trees darken the foreground, and, through the leafy arch in the centre, the eye is carried across the placid stretches of pool and pasturage bathed in light. C.

The Art Journal, London: H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



From the Picture by Cecil Lawson.

Marsh Lands.

In the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.



The Tummel, near its junction with the Tay.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

DUNKELD.*

By THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

THE Tay, after its confluence with the Tummel, pursues its course through a wider and more open valley, which it takes full possession of; for its waters are not confined within its proper banks. They form channels and stagnant pools, at a distance from the main current, shaded by hazel and willow-bushes, which look very picturesque, filled with pond weeds, and sometimes with the pure white cups of water-lilies. The river has been a great rover in this wide strath, having plenty of room to disport itself on the level sandy haughs which are its own creation. It works now at one side of the valley, and again at the other side; and its full current swirls round sandbanks and isolated knolls, covered with clumps of picturesque firs. The sides of the valley are very rugged and uneven with old terraces and glacial moraines, covered with bushes of hazel, broom, and sloe; and the brown heather comes down from the sky-line and covers the upper slopes.

Above the station of Ballinluig is the romantically situated mansion of Tullymet, embowered among rocks and woods, with a magnificent outlook in front. The estate belonged to the late Sir Robert Dick, one of the bravest generals in the British Army. As an officer in the Black Watch, he passed with great distinction through the whole Peninsular War, terminating at Waterloo. During the Sikh War he played a leading part, and was the hero of Sobraon, falling at the close of the day when the hard-won victory was achieved, by the last shot fired by the enemy. To this quiet retreat he retired as often as he could from the fatigues and dangers of warfare, and was greatly beloved by his tenants, who knew him from his boyhood. He lies far away from his native scenes at Ferozepore, in India.



On the Tay, near Dunkeld.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

* The Series continued from page 54.

On the same side of the river, farther down, the slopes of the hills are covered with extensive plantations of larch, which have attained very respectable proportions, and give a richly wooded appearance to the district. But they have not the picturesque look of a fir-forest; and in winter they seem naked and desolate. On the brow of the valley there is an open glade among the larch woods, from which gleams a series of low, white buildings, symmetrically arranged in a square. It looks like a mediæval castle, or a barracks, and one is surprised to be told that it is the Duchess of Atholl's model farm. The uniformity of the architecture harmonizes with the monotony of the surroundings, to which it gives an imposing appearance. Everything is kept in the neatest manner. On the opposite side of the strath are the mansions of Dalguise and Kinnaird House, beautifully situated on the banks of the river and surrounded with fine old woods and craggy heights covered with dark fir trees. The Stewart family of Dalguise is a very ancient one, tracing its origin to Robert II., and occupying a distinguished position in Scottish annals. Beyond these mansions the strath contracts, and the scenery, as the Parish of Dowally is left, becomes more picturesque. It is especially romantic two miles above Dunkeld, where the confused masses of rocky and richly-wooded hills approach so close on either side of the river, that they form between them the great pass to the Highlands of Atholl and Breadalbane, through which lay the principal route from the South to the North of Scotland.

At this point the Braan comes down from Loch Freuchie at Amulree, through Strathbraan, and falls into the Tay. Near its mouth, beside a crooked bridge over the stream, there is a quiet, old-fashioned village called Inver, which is a Gaelic name, meaning the junction of a river. It is almost unknown to the great world now, as the train passes close by and whirls away the tourist, who gets a mere momentary glimpse of it among the trees, with its green foliage and sparkling waters. But in former times it stood on the coach road between Perth and Inverness, and its simple country inn was a welcome baiting-place for man and horse. In this Rip Van Winkle sort of place was born, in 1727, the well-known Scottish vocalist and composer of dance music, Neil Gow. Patronised by the Atholl family, he was brought by them to London, where he acquired a high reputation as a player of reels and strathspeys, and was much in request for Scottish festivals. His art was greatly admired, especially his up-stroke, which was said to have been unique. In 1787 Burns paid him a visit, when he was in his sixtieth year; and the poet describes him as "a short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his greyish hair shed on his honest, social brow; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." To Burns' beautiful song:

"Oh, stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay!"

he composed an appropriate air called "Loch Erichtside." Sir Henry Raeburn painted no less than four portraits of him, attired in tartan knee-breeches, with his chin resting on his fiddle; one of which belongs to the Dalhousie family, another to the Duke of Atholl, and a third may be seen hung on the walls of the County Rooms in Perth. A mezzotint of him by Say has been called "the perfection of a likeness."

Following up the banks of the Braan, the stream passes through a wild dell, where it foams and roars among broken rocks between precipitous banks. The path along the edge of the river is most enticing, revealing new vistas of beauty with each step. It leads through bosky woods to a projecting ledge, on which stands a summer-house, called Ossian's Hermitage. From the window may be seen the river dashing over a waterfall about eighty feet high, and flowing dark and gloomy through a narrow cleft in the rocks. The Hermitage was burnt down a good many years ago. The natural attractions of the spot were supposed to be enhanced by a melodramatic exhibition: the waters of the cascade being made, by reflecting mirrors fixed on the roof and sides, to surround the visitor, like a statue of a water-god played upon by the spray of a fountain. The building was replaced by a sober structure more in keeping with the wild natural features of the scene.

In the grounds of Dunkeld House, the walks, of which this fine waterfall is the termination, are very numerous and extensive, shaded by magnificent trees, native and foreign. Here are the first two larches ever planted in Britain. They were brought from the Tyrol by Menzies of Culdarres in 1738, and were first treated as greenhouse plants, when they were found not to thrive. They were then thrown out on a heap of refuse, and at once began to take kindly to the soil. They are now huge monsters, more than a hundred feet high, and of corresponding girth, and in the most perfect vigour—the finest of their kind in existence. The Duke of Atholl planted twenty square miles of larch wood on his estates. He had a perfect passion for this tree, clothing many waste hills and moorlands with it. The wild alternation of hill and dale, and the southern exposure of the mouths of the glens, seemed to give the same conditions to the tree which it found in its native regions in the Tyrolese and Dalmatian Alps. Though planted simultaneously with other trees, it quickly outgrew them, and in later spring its bright green clouds of delicate foliage rose above the dark forest, like "obelisks of beryl." Shedding its leaves in winter, and so securing itself from the keen blasts of early spring that prove so destructive to ordinary pine-trees, its dull golden hue makes it ornamental to the landscape, to which it gives the pathos of the deciduous woods of our country. Being more proof against water and fire than almost any other tree, the larch was employed in public buildings in Venice, cut down from the hills of Belluno and Feltri, and they have withstood the conflagrations and inundations of centuries, and still show no symptoms of decay. The oldest paintings of the great Italian masters have been preserved in a remarkable manner, owing to the panels of larch on which they were executed.

Dunkeld House, one of the seats of the Duke of Atholl, as originally planned, would have been a magnificent building; but its founder having died when it was only partially built, it was finished on a much simpler and more economical scale. It is still, however, a most charming mansion, and admirably harmonious with its surrounding parks and hills. Queen Anne came here in 1703, to visit the first Duke of Atholl, whom she raised from the Marquisate; and a state chamber is shown as Queen Anne's Bedroom. Here, too, Queen Victoria came on her first memorable visit to Scotland in 1842, on her way to Taymouth Castle. Her Majesty has repeatedly sojourned in this beautiful spot, enjoying the repose of privacy away from the cares of State, with her attached friend the late Dowager Duchess.

No part of the course of the Tay is more beautiful than at Dunkeld. Within an area of five miles there is an epitome of all that is most characteristic in Highland scenery. As a whole, the landscape is not wild or grand; and yet there are elements in it of savage majesty, sub-



Valley of the Tay at Dunkeld.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

dued by others of a serene and exquisite loveliness—lofty cliffs wooded to the top with dark firs, and soft deciduous woodlands, green meadows, and flashing waters. It looks like a portion of the Trossachs, the relics of an older world, grown over with the charms of the present; a confusion of Nature's most chaotic beauties reduced to a wonderful order and symmetry. A meeting of slaty and micaceous rocks has by their disintegration produced the most varied outlines, seen as through a moist depth of various colours, and catching bluish and violet half-lights under the shadowing trees.

Dunkeld is situated in an amphitheatre, through which the Tay flows in its most majestic aspect, surrounded by abrupt rocks and conical hills clothed with firs, as with dark thunder-clouds, arising out of dense umbrageous woods of oak and ash, birch and beech. The tinting of such trees in autumn is sumptuous, fairy flames of red, amid golden flickers, breaking out through rich velvet greens that still defy the decaying touch of October. And what forest cloisters have a shade so dense and rich in summer! The way in which the precipitous eminences of Craig-y-Barns and Craig Vinean were clothed with trees, invests them with a wonderful interest. Originally they towered up to heaven bare and gaunt in their hoary nakedness; their sides being too precipitous to admit of being planted in the usual way. But Mr. Napier, the famous engineer, while on a visit to the Duke of Atholl, suggested that the cannon in front of his host's residence might be loaded with tin canisters, filled with seeds of pine and spruce and larch, and then fired at the Craigs. This was done, when the canisters, striking the rocks, burst like shells, and dispersed the seeds in the cracks and ledges, where they grew, and in course of time formed the vast billows of forest vegetation which have now submerged the highest points of the scenery—points which, in the distance, look ethereally purple and blue, but near at hand shine with the most vivid emerald gleams when the sun smites them.

In the crevices of the rocks of Craig-y-Barns used to be found in considerable abundance large tufts of the *Asplenium septentrionale*, a fern common in Norway and Switzerland, but exceedingly rare in this country. Its fronds are almost linear, like a tuft of grass. Of late years, however, it has become exceedingly scarce, and is in danger of extirpation.

A most charming feature in the landscape is the long bridge which spans the Tay in the centre of the valley. It was built in 1808 by the Duke of Atholl, and cost £42,000. Its seven arches form a perfect triumph of human skill over the smooth waters, which reflect them with almost conscious pride—arch and shadow making a complete circle on transparent noons. The view up and down the broad river, with its green lawns and frowning mountain tops, is sufficient to arrest the steps of the visitor as he crosses over in a spell of admiration. The affluent stream comes all at once into view from behind the mysterious hills, and it vanishes a little farther down, in a bend of the valley, into a mystery of Nature equally wistful; but the isolated link of the great river's chain of beauty floods the soul of the spectator with calmness and peace. It gives you in that low valley, shut in by the rocks and woods, a sense of illimitable freedom and expansion, an enlarged consciousness of the unknown and the unseen, on which your soul floats out into infinity. Even in its fastest currents and eddies there is a deep feeling of tranquillity; while the broad, deep pools seem to be stationary, beating a murmuring melody from the air in their slow, rhythmic flow, suggesting a grand repose begotten of motion itself. I know no fairer reach of a river than that of the Tay at Dunkeld, or a brighter picture than that which it illumines with its music and light. And yet the beauty of the scenery could not atone for the grievance of the pontage exacted for many years from the passengers crossing from either end. This had the effect of restricting the communication between the two sides of the river, and of retarding the growth and prosperity of Dunkeld. After many struggles and appeals, the obnoxious charge has been removed, and the people can now make free use of the bridge.

(*To be concluded.*)



The Tay at Dunkeld.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Initial to "The Songs of Experience." By permission of Mr. David Nutt.

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF BLAKE.

PROBABLY the title is one that challenges the question, "Was not Blake his own?" No one who knows anything about that extraordinary poet-artist and mystic—the man of whom Swinburne has written that "he was made up of mist and fire, the main part of him inexplicable, working out of all rule and yet by law, having a devil whose name was Faith, and believing in spiritualities as a materialist believes in bread and meat"—but is familiar with the history of the inception and production of those unique works, "The Songs of Innocence" and "The Songs of Experience." We know that Blake engraved the plates with his own hands, grinding and mixing his water-colours with carpenter's glue, after a method revealed to him in a vision by Joseph the Second Carpenter; that the books were bound by Mrs. Blake; in short, that everything concerned with them, writing the poems, designing the pictures, engraving the plates, printing, binding, ink-making—all, with the sole exception of the manufacture of the paper, was the work of the artist and his wife.

Of the songs themselves it is not our province here to speak. Nothing like them exists in our literature, either as regards the glimpses of divine melody and ancient simplicity, the "perennial freshness and bloom as of a growing violet," the rainbow sparkle of childhood's visions, and the heavenly temper of "The Songs of Innocence"; or the darker phases of feeling, profounder meanings, and ruder eloquence of "The Songs of Experience."



Photo by Harold Baker, Birmingham.

Celia Levetus.

Of Blake's own drawings for his poems, his biographer has well said that "in composition, colour, pervading feeling, they are lyrical to the eye, as the songs to the ear." Of the two books, the drawings for "The Songs of Innocence" are finer and more pertinent than those for "The Songs of Experience." But, while not unmindful that Blake himself thought his poems finer than his designs, it cannot be stated here too frankly or too emphatically that work from no other hand will ever either equal, supplant, or supersede those wonderful decorations and pictures made by the poet for his poems, and nothing could be farther from the mind of the lady whose drawings accompany this article, than to attempt anything so foolish and so presumptuous.

While the Songs themselves have been reprinted until they are pretty widely known, such a course has been obviously impossible in the case of the coloured pictorial pages, or plates, by means of which Blake first gave them to the world. When these literally "home-made" books were first produced, they met with but scant appreciation, and were indeed only disposed of with much difficulty, through the indefatigable exertions



'The Angel.' From "The Songs of Experience." By permission of Mr. David Nutt.

of Linnell, to friends who hardly wanted them, and considered it almost giving away the money. Now very few of them are extant, and where they exist they are either in the National Collections, or are the jealously guarded possessions of wealthy bibliophiles.

Seeing, therefore, that Blake's own designs can never be widely known and disseminated, I trust that no apology is needed for a young artist who, having never seen Blake's designs, and influenced only by the spirit of the master as it breathes in his poems, has put forth a series of illustrations for a popular edition of the "Songs"; which, without the faintest idea of emulation of, or comparison with, Blake, are an honest, individual, and interesting essay in his spirit and under his inspiration.

Celia Levetus, whose portrait decorates these pages, is an illustrator who has already achieved something; but no secret need be made of the fact that, though an illustrator of experience, her best work remains, I hope, yet to be done, and in no sense is finality possible in any consideration of her work at the present time.

The art of Miss Levetus has an additional interest, however, from the fact that it is a product and outcome of that School of Book Decorators that has its home at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art. As a beginner and student she was trained in the methods and nurtured upon the principles that have become famous as those of the Birmingham School, so emphatically endorsed by the late William Morris. Quite apart from the particular principles of book decoration with which Birmingham is identified, the ability with which the Municipal School is conducted, and its unique position as an art-centre, are too well known to need comment here. It was early recognised that Celia Levetus was a pupil possessed of a fine decorative sense, of remarkable facility of composition, and of imagination that never ran dry. Her latent impulses were studied and were allowed to develop in a natural, unforced way, the master to whom she feels more immediately indebted for help and guidance being Mr. Gaskin. In due course the usual certificates were gained for geometry, light and shade models, freehand, and finally a South Kensington Scholarship.



The Little Boy found. From "The Songs of Innocence." By permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

In a school such as that presided over by Mr. Taylor, a reasonable latitude may be expected to be allowed to a promising pupil, and as a matter of fact Celia Levetus may be said to have practically managed her own career at the school, studying what she felt most need of, and dodging what she did not want. Besides the book decoration, she has also paid attention to Limoges enamel, decorative needlework, stained-glass designing, modelling, and painting.

From the first the lady's career has been a smooth one. Encouraged by her masters in the school, and by artists outside, like G. F. Watts, R.A., Walter Crane, Holman Hunt, and Raven Hill, her ability was also frankly recognised when in turn she attacked the world of publishers. Her first patron was Mr. Darton, of the firm of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., by whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce here the drawings from "The Songs of Innocence."



Bookplate. By Celia Levetus. By permission of Mr. Harold Baker.

Coming to a consideration of the illustrations which accompany this article, the reader does not need to be told that, whatever may have been the artistic upbringing of the designer, there is little enough about them to suggest the rigid archaic convention which associates



Bookplate. By Celia Levetus. By permission of Holman Hunt, Esq.

itself with the name of Birmingham in connection with the decoration of books. Yet the stage of development at which these represent Miss Levetus has been preceded by a course of that beautiful, if unsatisfying, mediævalism which one might naturally have expected. Possessed of strong individuality and force of character —for this the reader may take my word —Celia Levetus has been able to burst through the severity of a fine, if singularly limited, convention, all the better, perhaps, for the discipline which it imposed; while other pupils, less robust, have, it is to be feared, sometimes found the burden too heavy to be borne, and have sunk down into mere mannerism. Be that as it may, it is, of course, only when the artist has found herself that her work begins to be of interest in these pages. And so we find, comparing these drawings with what has been left behind, that the qualities she has set herself to gain include grace and flexibility of line, ease, and life—sparkle and sap, in short; and on the other hand, that she has sought to restrain that fatal tendency to over-decoration, not to mention a certain indifference to drawing so long as the decoration be right, that one has sometimes regretted in designs emanating from the school in question. The beauty of the decorative sense shown by the illustrations given, especially, perhaps, in the bookplate for Mr. Holman Hunt, and 'The Angel' from "The Songs of Experience," will not be likely to be overlooked.

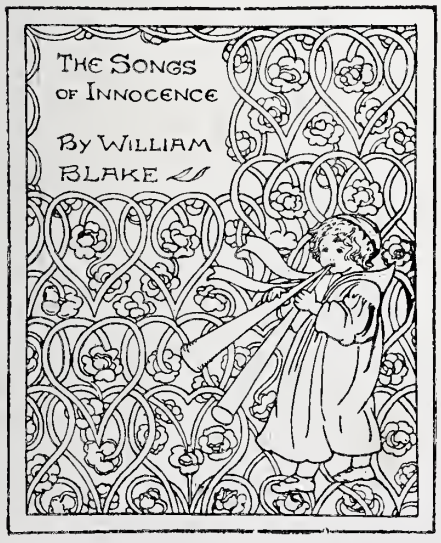
I must not omit to acknowledge the kind permission of Mr. David Nutt to reproduce the drawings from "The Songs of Experience," published by him. These designs in illustration of Blake should be considered upon their own merits and without comparison with his. Taken in this way it seems to me that they possess a distinct lyrical value, and are both harmonious in spirit with, and pertinent in feeling to, the "Songs." It can be claimed for them that they are sincere and sympathetic, and of high technical value, and as such they are both interesting and legitimate. Whether Miss Levetus can be regarded as an example of the younger artists whom we may look for as a result of the unselfish labours of that distinctive and spontaneous Birmingham group of book decorators already referred to, it would hardly be safe to say. Yet it seems natural enough to suppose that their independence—which has certainly never been called in question—will breed independence in those who learn from them, and, as we cannot always remain at first principles, progress must result. After all, is it sufficiently borne in mind that, in those wonderful times when the other arts and crafts were blooming in perfect maturity, the art of book decoration was only in its infancy, the baby of the family? Is it not rather the art of our own time, the only one left for us to develop? Of all the others the great masters of the past have laid down the governing principles, have created all the great masterpieces, have said almost the last word—architecture, painting, engraving, dyeing, carving, furniture-making, tapestry-weaving, and the rest.

In conclusion, I have but to add that Celia Levetus herself conceived and suggested the idea of illustrating Blake, and is indeed one of those fortunate persons who execute very little work that is not to their taste.

H. W. Bromhead.



"The Night is worn." From "The Songs of Experience." By permission of Mr. David Nutt.



Title-Page to "The Songs of Innocence." By permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.



Photo by Baron Giachetti.

"And we came to the Isle of the braided tresses."
Æaean, where dwelt Circe.—Odyssey X.

MONTE CIRCEO.

"Circe meanwhile had gone her ways . . . lightly passing us by: for who may behold a God against his will, whether going to or fro?"—*Odyssey X.*

A LIZARD, green as malachite, ribbed with bars of velvet blackness, palpitating on a burning stone; ruined walls, quadrangular in plan, built of rocks of Cyclopean magnitude; overhead, a blue sky, inlaid with a bold design of fig leaves in rich light and shade, rising out of the smaller pattern woven by the myrtle at its feet, with myriads of dainty bee-haunted blossoms poised like butterflies among its fragrant leaves. Beyond, tall, slim spears of yellow grass, tapering, erect and strong, to their frothing seed-crests; patches of yellow genista, blazing in the sunlight, like Moses' "burning bush"; flat, ruby-coloured discs of wild pink; and flesh-coloured masses of giant heath. Beyond the abruptly falling, steep hill-slope, a heat-faint, land-locked sea, traced with wandering paths of palest azure; orange-brown sails hanging motionless above their own image; pale marble mountains, with delicate outlines of cameo-like precision; diaphanous cloudlets floating on the horizon, which sometimes solidify (revealing cliffs and houses); and are islands, or isolated mountain peaks, one of which smokes, and is Vesuvius!

Nor is the eye, only, ravished; this radiant vision is embedded, pervaded, saturated, in perfume, and music, rising like incense from the grateful earth: the perfume of aromatic herbs and of honey-rich flowers; the din of the cicada and the hum of the bee; the music, the fragrance, the orgy of colour seeming but emanations and transmutations of the voluptuous sunshine, in whose embrace sea and land alike are quivering—such is the visible midday aspect of the Temple of Circe, one of the many relics which add the glamour of the past to the beauty of a golden land, not wholly deserted by its ancient deities; for do not their unseen footsteps rustle in the deep shade of the ilex groves?—their white garments gleam illusively under the rose-flushed boughs of the oleander trees? and is there not borne upon our ears, as our heavy eyelids close in the deep shadow of this antique House of the Gods, the distant singing of Circe, daughter of the Sun, whom Odysseus found near here in "halls of polished stone," in a "place of wide prospect," about which prowled "strong-clawed wolves and lions, whom she had bewitched with her evil drugs"?

Odysseus' companion, Eurylochus, tells the tale of the undoing of the company by the treachery of Circe. "They stood," he said, "at the outer gate of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing in a sweet voice, as she fared to and fro before a great web imperishable, such as is the handiwork of Goddesses, fine of woof and full of grace and splendour . . . they cried aloud, and called to her; and straightway she came forth, and opened the shining doors; and all went in in their heedlessness. . . . So she led them in, and set them upon chairs and high seats, and made them a mess of cheese and barley-meal and yellow honey with Pramnean wine, and mixed harmful drug with the food, to make them utterly forget their own country.

"Now when she had given them the cup, and they had drunk it off, presently she smote them with a wand, and in the styes of the swine she penned them. So they had the head, and voice, the bristles, and the shape of swine, but their mind abode even as of old. Thus were they penned there, weeping."

Then Odysseus tells how, taught by Hermes, he eluded her magic; freed his comrades; was served by four maidens, Circe's "serving women, born of the wells, and of the woods, and of the holy rivers, that flow forward into the salt sea"; and how he was loved of Circe, and abode a year in her gleaming halls, enjoying "flesh, and sweet wine" in Homeric abundance; but how at last his eager spirit sickened of inactivity, and he yearned to be gone; and how he departed, living, to the dwelling of Hades, and of dread Persephone, where "souls sweep shadow-like around."

Behind this Homeric goddess of the "braided tresses" and mortal speech there floats another still more shadowy figure, an earlier Circe, queen of a mythic kingdom of Northern Asia: she murdered her husband; fled her country accompanied by slaves and lovers, and founded a city on a southern island, afterwards inherited by her grandchild and namesake, Circe.

She was aunt and contemporary of Medea (the stock was evidently one producing women of genius, if not of virtue!) who, together with Jason, visited the Island

Ææan after the murder of her brother Absyrtus; sent thither by the oracle of Dodona, with the command to plunge their guilty blood-stained swords hilt deep into its fertile soil.

Monte Circeo—now a promontory, though obviously once an island, which indeed it still is to the eye, being girt about on two sides by a sea of water, and on two by the seeming sea of the Pontine Marshes—has been identified with the Homeric "Isle Ææan," and connected with the Circean legend by a long series of classic writers, whose witness reaches back to the remotest historical antiquity (Aristotle, Theophrastus, Strabo, Ptolemy, and others), and survives in the names attached to certain localities; and in popular legends.

The seashore near the Temple of Circe is deeply indented by a bay with white, pebbly beach; round which curve inland cliffs, forming a fine, natural amphitheatre; at its northern angle the hard marble rock of which it is composed is broken into a group of fantastic pinnacles, recalling the silhouette of an angle of a northern cathedral, and bearing a distant resemblance to the figures of men; these are called the Rocks of Elpenor, in remembrance of Odysseus' luckless companion, who died on the eve of the departure of the Achæans from the Isle Ææan, and was perforce left unburied; but whose pathetic appeal to Odysseus in Hades for the honours of death is immortal. "Leave me not unwept and unburied," he cried, "as thou goest hence . . . . bury me there with mine armour, all that is mine, and pile me a barrow on the shore of the grey sea, the grave of a luckless man . . . . and plant upon the barrow mine oar, wherewith I rowed in the days of my life, while I was yet among my fellows."

It may be that the local legend, recorded by Theophrastus, of myrtles in human form springing from the grave of Elpenor, had its origin in the visible aspect of these jagged grey needles, which, beaten upon by sun and rain, and stained with patches of yellow lichen, remotely resemble wind-battered cypresses and time-eaten statues.



Photo by Baron Giachetti. *Nympheum.*
(Near the Temple of Circe.)

Some distance beyond the rocks of Elpenor the mountains are pierced a little above the sea by a chain of caves, the largest of which, the "Grotto of Circe," is low, vast, and mysterious as the crypt of a cathedral, and on its arched roof, ribbed and curtained with a milky white calcareous deposit, the quivering light thrown up from the dancing waters outside trembles and shimmers in pale ghost-like mimicry of the sunshine of the outer world, recalling the northern effect Pater has noted, when the light, glinting off the heaped-up snow outside, shines up on to the white ceiling of the pleasant house, and which he has associated so charmingly with the wan light thrown up from below, which gleams on the sad Madonna faces of some of Botticelli's followers.

The Homeric narrative is full of grottoes; such as that "pleasant cave and shadowy," near the Haven of Phorcys, where Odysseus hid the gifts given him by the Phæacians; and that other most attractive dwelling-place of the goddess Calypso, the "great cave by the sea of violet-blue, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses. . . . On the hearth was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar-wood blazing, and of sandal-wood . . . and round about the cave was a wood, blossoming alder, and poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. . . . and lo! about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters; and fountains four, set orderly, were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course; and all around soft meadows bloomed, of violets and parsley; yea, even a deathless god, who came thither, might wonder at the sight, and be glad at heart."

But other than these is this Circean cave; not gracious, but wild and eerie as the enchantress it housed; sea-birds nest in its unexplored recesses; brigands and smugglers have sheltered there; and it is believed to be connected with other caves by long, unexplored subterranean ways, tortuous and dark.

The beauty of the hillside above is for ever rendered sinister to the mind by its association with that lovely *fleur-de-mal*, Circe, whose footprints are recorded in legends as wild and poisonous as her own venoms: but it must be acknowledged that to the eye these perfumed sunny slopes seem innocent and delightful enough, soberly and sweetly clad with familiar herbs rosemary and lavender, violet-grey with bloom, hummed about by bees, and bright with white and yellow butterflies; mint and thyme and sage, yielding their healthful fragrance to our stumbling feet; trees of juniper, hung with glossy green balls; and myrtles veiled in the diaphanous whiteness of their incomparable blossoms, and looking out of place on the rocky hillside, so fragile and aristocratic are they, so imperatively do they seem to need delicate tendence. But there must be others which



Photo by Baron Giachetti. *Woods near the Temple of Circe.*

elude the untrained eye; one, for instance, which Æschylus mentions as peculiar to the Circean hill, a sure specific against the bite of serpents; and others, stronger and more sinister in effect, as those of which Ptolemy speaks, saying that near the "dark cavern" is a hill on which grows every kind of medicinal plant, "hence the poets sing," he says, "of certain herbs and juices by which Circe was wont to transform men into beasts by the power of alchemy"; and again, those others of still more deadly potency which Aristotle associates exclusively with this spot, saying that "if a man be besprinkled with their juice, he will fall into a palsy, his hair drop off, and his limbs melt away like water."

If from our perfumed hillside, paved with the "quaint enamelled eyes" of a thousand flowers and girdled by the gleaming sea, we look at what lies clearer and nearer than these misty legends, our eyes rest on a fair region, with a tangible history and geography; in which events of world-moving import have taken place, not without leaving their local mark. The history of the grim Cyclopean stronghold crowning the ridge is, certainly, as enigmatic as that of the enchantress, its possible contemporary; but otherwise the walls and ruins which furrow the hillsides are historical, and definitely dateable: the big-stoned walls among which I write are early Roman, and probably formed the *base* of a temple to Circe; the great square terrace, with foundations in which Cyclopean and Roman masonry unite with the neat brick *opus reticulatum* of later Rome, bore an Imperial palace, built on the site of earlier edifices, in which Domitian lived, and from which Tiberius witnessed the celebrated sea-fight (*naumachia*) given in his honour, part of a brick substructure connected with which still survives below the shallow sea at our feet, and frets the surface of its waters into foam; on the highest peak of the Circean ridge are the remains of a temple to Helios; far below which, to the north, deep hidden in the forest edging the waters of the Lago di Paolo, are innumerable remains of Roman villas, piscinæ, nymphara, fountains, etc., among which the most complete is the villa which was the scene of Lucullus' celebrated suppers. Not far from here were found the remains of Cicero's daughter, Tullia; the orator's villa, from whence, on the day of his discomfiture, he fled to his death at Gaeta, being near at hand, at Anzio.

The number of these ruins, the size of their ground-plan, the beauty of such architectural fragments as have survived, the richly-decorated friezes, fine mosaic pavements, etc., which are unearthed by peasants working in their vineyards, bear eloquent testimony to the size and importance of the ancient Circeum, a favourite summer resort of the Roman aristocracy; but, alas! time and man have effaced that home of antique luxury.

For centuries the tide of war has ebbed and flowed along the marshes which lie below it. Here were waged the interminable wars between the Romans and the Volscians, during which Circeum was taken by Tarquinius Superbus. From Circeum the defeated Marius embarked for Africa, and bitterly did it have to pay for its hospitality to the vanquished. In 410 it was sacked by Alaric; fifty years later by Genseric, and a hundred years later by Totila.

During the Middle Ages, Circeum, then called Santa Felicità, was the prey of the great Roman nobles, Frangipani, Anibaldeschi, Gaetani, and of the Knights Templars, but finally became the property of the Church, and even once belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, a lady of

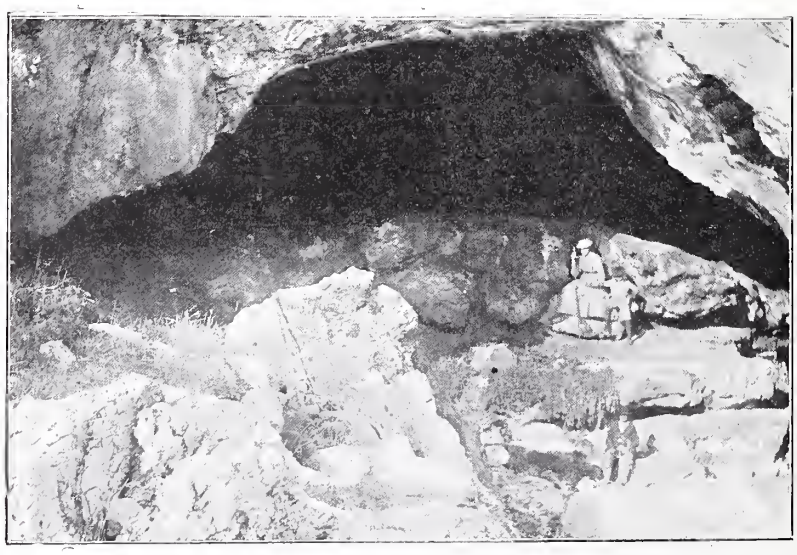


Photo by Baron Giachetti. *The Cave of Circe.*

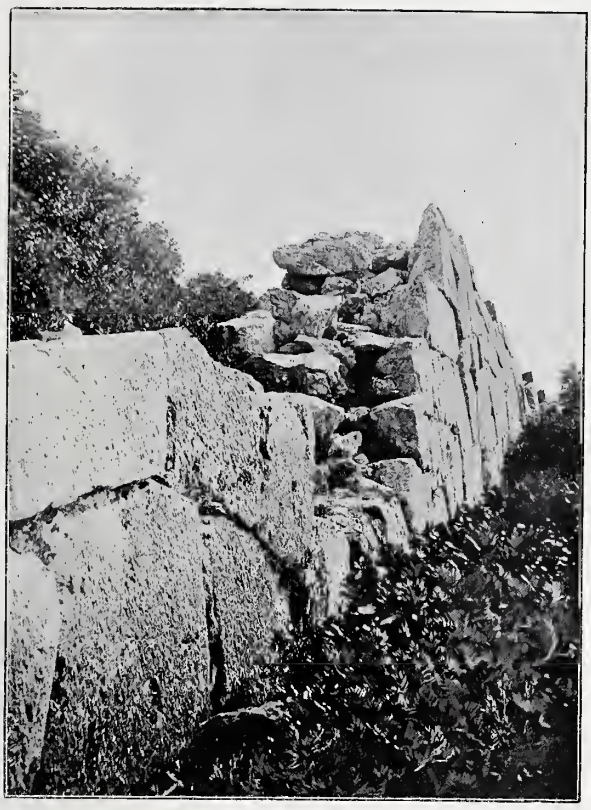


Photo by Baron Giachetti.

A Cyclopean Wall.

Circe-like reputation, the daughter of one of the celibate successors of St. Peter.

Since the fifteenth century it has had no actual experience of war, though wars and rumours of wars have flowed perennially about its feet; from its safe eminence it witnessed the theatrical pageant of the army of the most Christian King of France, Charles VIII., from whom Savonarola expected the salvation of Italy; it has seen perfidious Albion shelling fortified towers, built to defend the shores from the "sea thieves" who infested and ravaged it; it has seen Napoleon's army marching to and fro along the road between Rome and Naples; it saw Pio Nono a fugitive between Rome and Gaeta; and it heard the triumphant bells of Terracina celebrate his return.

Nearly two thousand years before, it had watched another Christian leader, a prisoner, led along the Appian Way (which, dark with trees, lies like a ruled line across the Pontine Marshes); he, too, rested at Terracina on his Romeward way; and it is, perhaps, in the words of that obscure bondsman, Paul, rather than in wars, or in the ambition of kings, that we should recognise the force which has flung the marble temples crowning Terracina, Circeum, and the hundred peaks and eminences of the surrounding hills, into ruins, on whose golden stones, barred with the purple shadows of fig and myrtle, the swift green lizards palpitate, and athwart which perfumes of rosemary and lavender are wafted across the "sea of violet-blue."

ALICIA CAMERON TAYLOR.

The quotations from the *Odyssey* are borrowed from the prose translation of Dr. Butcher and of Mr. Andrew Lang.



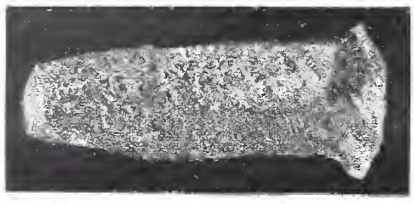
Photo by Baron Giachetti.

Fallen fragments of a Cyclopean Wall.



Pyx Chamber or Ancient Treasury of England.

THE STORY OF A TOWER.*



Ancient Die for Minting.

THE permanent establishment of the newly-created Standards Department in Old Palace Yard, and the inclusion of the Jewel House in the offices, could be justified on the grounds of local continuity, as well as those of suitability and convenience, the Exchequer, to which the duties of the Department so long appertained, having been for centuries situated in the Palace of Westminster, while the court which grew out of it remained at Westminster Hall until the opening of the New Palace of Justice in the Strand.

To narrate the history of the standards is not my present purpose, but there are one or two points in it which may be touched upon. A statute of William the Conqueror enacted that the measures and weights should be true, and stamped in all parts of the kingdom as had been before established by law; Magna Charta prescribed that there should be only one measure and one weight through all the realm of England; local verification of weights and measures was enforced from the Saxon period, and enactments, dealing with one branch or another of a large subject, are scattered through the Statute Book from the beginning. In the reign of Henry VII., in which our present system of coinage was also originated, a standard yard of 36 inches was made, probably of the same length as the old Saxon yard, and differing from the present standard by not more than 0·037 inch deficiency. This, an octagon rod of latten (*i.e.*, the excellent hard brass used throughout the middle ages) is now in the Jewel Tower Museum with other well-designed standards of the period. Henry's standard weights and measures were, under Elizabeth, the subject of an inquisition, details of which are still extant, by a London jury of merchants and goldsmiths; but a sad mess of the business seems to have been made, for only eight years afterwards it was alleged that the series which had been constructed, and was verified by this body of merchants and goldsmiths, was "not agreeable with the ancient standards allowed and appointed by the laws of our realm, neither so profitable for the commonwealth as were convenient." A second series was accordingly made to agree, the troy weights with some ancient ones in Goldsmiths' Hall, the avoirdupois with one which seems to have been in the Exchequer since the time of Edward III. Commercial weights containing 6,750 grs. and 7,500 grs. were in use at a very early period, but in 1303 these were superseded by the avoirdupois of 16 ozs. or 7,200 troy grs.; and our existing avoirdupois is of similar weight. Troy weight was established as the legal mint weight in the time of Henry VIII., but had been introduced long before. Our earliest known measures of capacity are the Winchester corn bushel and corn gallon, though they do not bear the same proportion to each other as the present bushel and gallon do, and the oldest existing standards of these are those of Henry VII. Elizabeth added a standard ale gallon; of her standards there are a number in the Museum, among them being two 112 lb. weights of gun metal much oxidised, with iron rings and staples of artistic form, ornamented with the Tudor rose and crown, and a crowned E. They belong to the earlier and faulty series, and are heavier variably as between each other, than the present standard.

The second series of Elizabeth was legalised by royal proclamation in 1587, deposited in the Exchequer in 1588, and constituted the Imperial standards of the kingdom until the reign of George IV. Those belonging to it, which now remain in the Tower, are of tasteful design and in good condition, notwithstanding that they were constantly used for purposes of comparison for two centuries and a quarter. The yard, which is about a one-hundredth of an inch short of the present standard, is a plain brass rod half an inch square, marked E with a crown; it has been broken at some time, and the two

* Concluded from p. 203.

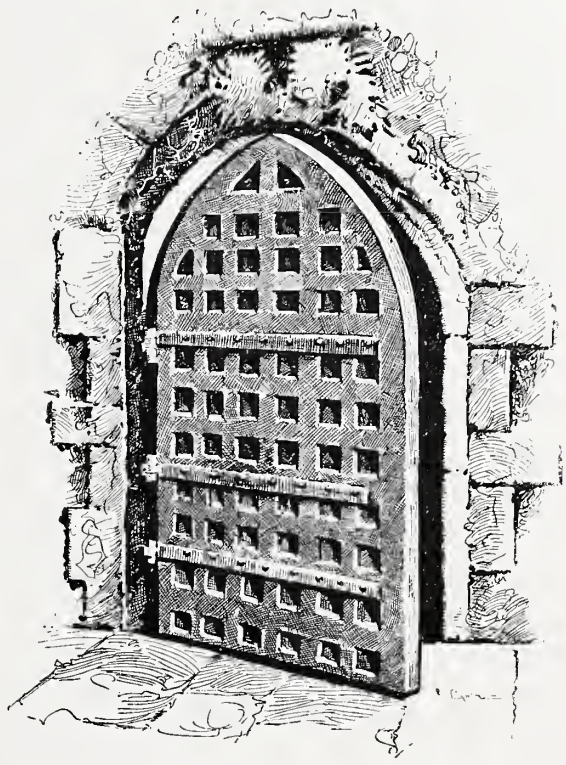
pieces have been roughly joined together. It lies in a bed or matrix constructed of similar metal and holding also the standard ell of the period.

In 1707 a customary wine gallon was legalised, and although in 1824 this ceased to be a standard so far as the British Isles are concerned, it remained and remains the standard of liquid capacity in Canada and the United States; indeed, a deputation of scientific experts from the North American Republic visited England not so very long since to make a verifying comparison between it and their own measures. It is, like many of the other articles in the cases, a fine piece of work. A customary coal bushel, legalised here in 1730, was, until 1824, the unit of capacity for the sale of coal by measure in the United States. In 1760, Mr. Bird, an optician, made for the Weights and Measures Commission of the House of Commons a new standard yard, based upon the Exchequer standard constructed in the reign of Elizabeth, and corrected by the length of the Royal Society's yard, constructed as a scientific standard in 1742 from the standards deposited in 1588 at the Exchequer, in the Tower of London, at the Guildhall, and deposited in 1671 with the Clockmakers' Company. Under the direction of the same Commission three troy pound weights were made by Mr. Harris, based upon the ancient legal standards of the Exchequer, and also indirectly on weights used at the Mint. The primary yard of 1760 was a shorter standard which had been constructed in 1758, and superseded two secondary standards; the troy pound weight and several other weights, multiples, or parts of it, were deposited with the Clerk of the House of Commons in 1760; yet, owing to various circumstances, it was not until 1824 that the new standard yard and troy pound were legalised, there being established at the same time a new imperial standard gallon, containing 10 lbs. weight of water, the imperial bushel of 8 gallons being made the standard for dry measure, and all the older measures of capacity being abolished.

The standard yard of 1760, and the superseded bar of 1758, were found among the ruins after the great fire of 1834 at the Houses of Parliament, too greatly injured to indicate the measure of the yard which had been marked upon them; the troy pound had disappeared absolutely. The two bars, with as many more secondary standard yards and several standard weights, were afterwards returned to the custody of the officers of the House to be put away, and remained almost unnoticed, and, so far as some of the principal parliamentary officials were concerned, unknown of until 1891, when they were produced and inspected with great interest. The incident is, by the way, not unlike the story of the MS. Book of Common Prayer told above.

A new commission, of which Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Airy, astronomer royal, was chosen chairman, was, in or about the year 1841, appointed to restore the lost standards, and by the use of bars and weights which had been accurately compared with them, there were produced, after long enquiry conducted with all the aid skill and modern science could afford, the present legal standard and the avoirdupois pound, which was derived from the old troy pound, and adopted instead of it. These standards were formally legalised in 1855.

The primary imperial standard of measure is a solid square bar made of bronze or gun-metal, 38 inches long,



Door of Pyx Chamber in Abbey Cloisters.

and one inch square in section, on which is marked the length at 62 Fahr. of the Imperial standard yard. Near to each end a cylindrical hole is sunk to the depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; at the bottom of the hole is inserted in a smaller hole a gold plug or pin, about $\frac{1}{10}$ inch in diameter, upon whose surface are cut three fine transverse lines, of which the central gives the yard. The primary Imperial standard of weight is a mass of platinum, cylindrical in form and grooved near the upper side, marked "P. Std. [Parliamentary Standard] 1844, 1 lb.," by which *in vacuô* is determined the Imperial standard of 7,000 grains. The Imperial standard of capacity is a brass gallon marked "Imperial Standard Gallon, Anno Domini MDcCCXXIV., Anno V. G. IV Regis"; cylindrical shape, its diameter being equal to its height; containing 10 Imperial standard pounds of distilled water, weighed in air against brass weights; with the water and the air at a temperature of 62 Fahr., the barometer being at 30 in. These three Imperial standards are now in a strong fireproof room at Old Palace Yard, with a troy oz. which is a mass of iridio-platinum weighing 480 grains *in vacuô*. They are only used on rare occasions, carefully verified copies being available for ordinary purposes. Four copies of the standards of weight and length, being intended for reference in case of need, were sent to the Royal Mint, the Royal Society, Greenwich Observatory, and the Palace of Westminster. It will be remembered that in April, 1892, the Westminster copies were removed from the wall wherein they had been deposited, compared with the Imperial primary standards,



Ancient Die for Minting.

and reimmured, in the presence of the Speaker, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others, including Mr. Chisholm, the veteran ex-Warden of the Standards, to whom the author begs to make his grateful acknowledgment for two most interesting and informing letters.

Primary copies of the Imperial standards deposited at the Department are verified for all the British Colonies, and for India; and here, too, are verified and reverified periodically the Standards issued to the different county and borough councils throughout the United Kingdom, from which the local inspectors stamp and verify the weights and measures in ordinary use; it is, in fact, the centre from which all British standards having reference to weights and measures emanate. On one day the Department might be dealing with the standard bushel for a corn-growing English county, on the next verifying *in vacuó* the delicate tola weights for use at the Calcutta mint, or the decimal series of the avoirdupois pound for the Dominion of Canada. And not only have American measures a relation to standards kept here, but the great Russian professor Mendeléeff spent some time in the building verifying the Russian standard pound by comparison with our own, from which it originated, and the Russian archine with the British standard of length from which it was derived. Some of the apparatus required and used for purposes of comparison and verification is of the most delicate and beautiful character. In addition to the historic articles described above, is an ancient standard coin weight of two grains, in a small round box apparently marked "grana pro auro," and probably of the time of Edward VI.

Its intimate association with this part of my subject leads me to close my article with a brief reference to the Pyx Chapel or Chamber. The general history of this interesting relic of the Confessor's buildings has been told so often and so well that I will not dwell upon it, but something may be said of a building which has been not merely the Royal Treasury, the Mint, a record treasury, and wherein the trial of the pyx has actually taken place, but which was also from the Conquest the depository of the standards forming the subject of the latter part of this article, and is still occasionally used for the same purpose.

The earliest mint accompanied the king whithersoever he travelled. When he was in Westminster the coins were actually struck in the Pyx Chamber. Dies were issued hence to the provincial mints for use in the manufacture of hammered coin, and returned when too much worn to be of further efficient service. Although some dies of this time were possessed of artistic merit, the minting was performed in the most rudimentary fashion. The obverse or lower die for impressing the sovereign's head was called the standard, and its lower end, tapered off into a four-square spike or tang like that of a file, was firmly fixed in a hard solid block of wood. Upon it was laid the piece of metal to be stamped. The reverse or upper die, then called a trussel or puncheon, was held between a twisted hazel stick, just as one may now see



Trial of Weights and Measures under Henry VII.

a smith hold a punch or chisel at the anvil, and being placed upon the metal blank by one person, was struck by another person with a large hammer. Some years since a goodly number of these old puncheons was found in the Pyx Chamber, and the accompanying illustration is taken from one of them, *temp.* Henry I. Pyx is, of course, a corruption of πυξις, a box, properly of boxwood, the sacred vessel used in the Roman church to contain the Eucharistic elements which are preserved after consecration; in this case it means the box or chest in which are deposited the specimen coins taken at the Mint before the coin is weighed into bags for issue to the public. These specimens are tested for weight, and for purity by comparison with standard or trial plates made in quantity and at long intervals, the plates having been from old times and being still deposited in the Confessor's crypt chapel. The earliest recorded trial of the Pyx took place in the days of Edward III., but in the Act passed in that reign it is directed that the examination shall be made "according to ancient custom." It has been held as frequently as three or four times in a year, and as seldom as once in six or seven years. Formerly a jury of goldsmiths was summoned by the Lord Chancellor, who, in the presence of other state functionaries, and the officers of the Mint, charged them at the Exchequer Office. The jury were then given a piece of gold and silver from the trial or assay plates, and proceeded to Goldsmiths' Hall, where they were provided with sealed packets of coins, and with the proper apparatus first tried them by weight and next by assay. The trial is now made annually at Goldsmiths' Hall, where the assay plates and weights used are produced by an officer of the Board of Trade, the lineal successor in this matter of the ancient Exchequer, and the verdict is issued by the Queen's Remembrancer, who presides.

By the courtesy of Mr. H. J. Chaney, Superintendent, Standards Department, to whom I am also indebted for much of the information given in this article, I was recently permitted to view the Pyx Chapel. It is entered from the east cloister of the Abbey, when it is opened at all, which is now rarely, and was seldom indeed in years agone. The entrance is through a rather low doorway, in which there hang two massive doors, one behind the other, each with three locks, opened by different keys of about a foot in length, the outer door having also a bar and padlock upon it. Such natural light as there is within comes from two small closely and heavily grated windows near the roof, and to enable me to see plainly the doors were left ajar, and several candles in sconces or hanging candlesticks lighted. At the far end, beneath one of the windows, is what may have been an altar, or may be a tomb; standing near to it, southwards, being a columnar piscina; the vaulted roof, supported by Norman pillars, looking stout and strong enough to carry the superincumbent weight of the Dormitory until Doomsday or an earthquake occurs. The interior is assumed to have been originally half as large again, one-third of it, being

another bay of the vault, having been walled off. On either side of the chamber are large presses, and on the floor are several great chests, all being nearly three centuries old, and one being large enough, as my guide suggested, to hold at least two mistletoe-bough maidens quite easily. The regalia and crown jewels were formerly kept here, but after the reign of Elizabeth, the chamber was more particularly appropriated as a depository for leagues and treaties. Agarde, labels in whose handwriting may still be seen on some of the "drawing boxes," states what were the contents of the presses and chests when he examined them in 1610, among them being many such leagues and treaties, matters touching the divorce of Henry VIII., sundry broad seals, old seals and customs, assay plates, and tallies. The records have long since been removed to Fetter Lane, and beside the fittings and chests in the Pyx Chapel there is now little but the trial plates, and a large collection of those talley sticks the careless burning of some of whose fellows wrought the destruction, some sixty years since, of structures in part more ancient even than the Old Jewel Tower. Recently, however, some ancient documents of the thirteenth century were found in excellent preservation near the "Tryal Plates" chest, and these have been examined under the care of the Reverend Eric W. Leslie.

S. FISHER.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office for permission to make extracts from, and use illustrations contained in, the seventh annual report of the Warden of the Standards.]



Ancient Talley.

ART IN THE NURSERY.—I.

BY CECIL ALDIN, R.B.A., AND JOHN HASSALL.

THERE is a certain religious sect which claims that if the training of any child be entrusted to them for the first seven years of life, nothing can afterwards eradicate the result of their teaching, everything being powerless to undermine the foundations laid by them at the outset of their pupil's career. Whether this particular claim is absolutely justified in every respect I shall not pause to discuss here, but one cannot deny that it is based upon a thoroughly sound principle. The Scriptures teach us the importance of early training; many learned men and women, from "Jean Jacques" to Pestalozzi, have made the education of the young a life study, and written volumes upon volumes dealing with the subject, while does not our School Board Rate of to-day remind us forcibly of the fact that the problem in question is one which is still with us—and is likely to remain so as long as we have a "rising generation" in our midst?



No. 1.—The Exterior of the Model Nurseries.

But I have not the least inclination to discuss, in these pages, the "Educational Code," whatever that may be, nor will the deliberations of the London School Board—and consequent rates!—

receive any attention in the brief notes which are to follow. It is with the education of the young, which should be at work outside the schoolroom, that I propose to deal, so far as space will permit, and, fortunately, I am able to present illustrations of practical demonstrations of the theory to be advanced which cannot fail to delight readers of THE ART JOURNAL, however faulty and unconvincing the accompanying text may prove to be.

In the majority of schools, no endeavour is made, even in the least degree, to cultivate the taste for Beauty where it may chance to exist, nor to create one where it may be lacking. The usual curriculum is, alas! all too nearly akin to that worshipped by Gradgrind, and the typical examination paper is certainly not calculated to induce the unfortunate youngsters who puzzle their poor little brains over its questions to realise that there is much beauty in life. The average schoolroom wall is dotted with maps and diagrams, which can hardly be regarded with pleasure; cases of "specimens," containing all manner of things, from ammonites to the component parts of soap, form the basis of the periodical "object lesson," and even they are welcomed as a happy relief from the drudgery of vulgar fractions, or vain attempts to discover the precise latitude and longitude of Wooloomooloo, and to name its staple manufactures. "Would I have such subjects neglected?" By no manner of means! But are they to be permitted to constitute the be-all and end-all of our juvenile existence? I can quite imagine someone protesting, "But what about our Technical Institutes, and Schools of Art; the money spent by the nation upon 'South Kensington' and its vast organisation; have you forgotten all that?" Not for one moment, but it must be remembered that few pupils enter either technical institute or art class at an earlier age than, say, seventeen or eighteen, and my contention is—it is not a new one!—that, during the years preceding that age, many influences should have been at work which, save for a few solitary, and notable, exceptions, are not brought to bear by the educational Powers that Be of the present day. It is true that some efforts have been made—for example, in the "Fitzroy Pictures" of Mr. Heywood Sumner and other artists—in the direction of schoolroom decoration which shall, at one and the same time, educate the mind and train the eye, but, successful as all must admit them to have been, they are but as a drop in the ocean.



No. 2.—The Day Nursery, decorated by Mr. Cecil Aldin, R.B.A.

Until, then, the community at large can be brought to appreciate the fact that education means something more than the teaching of the "three R's," we must set to work in the home to supplement the instruction of schools by means which shall act powerfully in the desired direction, and yet which shall be in no respect irksome to those whom we are desirous of influencing. Let no one imagine that I would suggest that the evening "home lessons" of the little ones—more often than not far too heavy a task—should be followed by learned dissertations upon composite capitals and Vitruvian scrolls. That would be cruelty indeed, and would do more harm than good. No! the educational

burden must not be made heavier, and yet I think an extra "subject" may be added, and, instead of making heavier the tasks set for the young mind, it may be so presented as to, in some measure, lighten those which must be mastered in order to secure a satisfactory quarterly report from "teacher."

The power of environment upon minds during their most impressionable stage is far too wide a subject to be discussed in this connection, but I think that we may accept it, as a general principle, that home surroundings *do* affect our childhood, in a greater or less degree, either for good or ill. This acknowledged, it behoves us to give more than a passing thought to the environment in which the little ones pass the greater part of their existence. Is sufficient attention paid to this matter? As a practical answer to that question, take the average home. The drawing-room, dining-room, and bedrooms; the hall—and library, if there be one—are furnished with comfort and probably taste, but what about the nurseries?

The general conception of an ideal nursery seems to be a room capable of easy cleaning, with walls which may be washed, and good "scrubbable" floors: furniture which cannot be broken, and—nothing else. It is, in fact, an asylum to which the children are consigned to work their will, that devastation in other portions of the house may be reduced to a minimum, and that the elder members of the family may enjoy a certain measure of peace and quietness. Well, that is all very right and proper in its way, but by treating the nursery, so far as its furnishing and decoration are concerned, as one would a room in a workhouse or penitentiary, golden opportunities of education are lost.

We all of us know the delight of children at the sight of a picture-book, while anyone who can actually "draw pictures" for them, is an established hero in their eyes. But the picture-books—or at least the best of them—are kept for special occasions, and, when they are locked up for the night, only the bare, or comparatively bare, walls of the nursery remain. We must not, of course, forget that the undesirability of the existence of such a state of things was recognised years ago by



No. 3.—The Day Nursery, decorated by Mr. Cecil Aldin, R.B.A.

Mr. Walter Crane, when he was induced to design his "House that Jack Built" nursery paper, one of the most delightful conceits that ever came from his brush. Other artists, too, have given attention to this important question, and only in the last National Art Competition, there was a frieze, by Miss Nellie Brightwell, having for its *motif* "The King was in the Counting-House," which thoroughly well merited and, I am glad to say, secured a high award. Yet, though such decorations as these are taken advantage of by a few who understand their value, much remains to be accomplished. Just a few days ago, one of our leading paper-stainers, discussing the very subject in question, stated to me that the production of a nursery paper was by no means a profitable investment, as the demand is so small, and he was regretting, leaving commercial considerations quite out of the question, that something could not be done

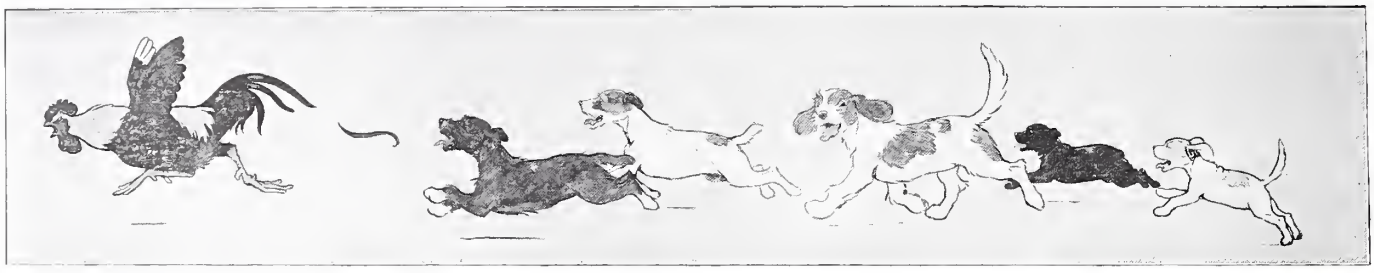
to arouse the interest, in this regard, of those upon whom the responsibility of bringing up young children has been placed.



No. 4.—Panel in the Day Nursery.

It is with the keenest satisfaction that I am able to state "something" *has* been done at last, and the result of the enterprise of those who have taken the step promises to be far-reaching. Among our living book illustrators who, possessed of a love for children, have exercised their powers to brighten the lives of the rising generation by pen, pencil, and brush, it would be difficult to name any who have been more successful than Mr. Cecil Aldin, R.B.A., and Mr. John Hassall. The memory of poor Caldecott is still fresh with us, and for genuine, mirth-provoking fun, his children's books will charm for many a year. But successors were wanted, though that they should be found seemed almost too good to be true. However, at Christmas-time last, there were many groups of children delightedly gathered round a "new picture-book," setting forth the troubles of the famous "Old Lady who lived in a Shoe," and of the dame who lost that indispensable article of wearing apparel; it bore the name of Cecil Aldin and John Hassall, and had Caldecott himself been spared to have joined one of those merry gatherings, I am sure that he would have revelled in the side-splitting humour and masterly drawing as heartily as did many thousands of children, both of younger and older growth. Whether this assertion is justified or not, my readers will be able to judge by my next article, when several studies from "Two well-worn Shoe Stories" will be reproduced, by special permission.

But Mr. Cecil Aldin believes that Art, like Charity, should leaven home life, and, some time ago, took brush in hand, and transformed the walls of the nursery in his own home with such renderings of dogs, chickens, and other familiar friends, as few beside himself can give us. These were seen, admired, and "chortled" over by privileged visitors, and, as a result, Mr. Aldin decided that he would, in collaboration with Mr. Hassall, complete a scheme of nursery decoration which should freely demonstrate their ideas of an ideal children's domain. Having studied the



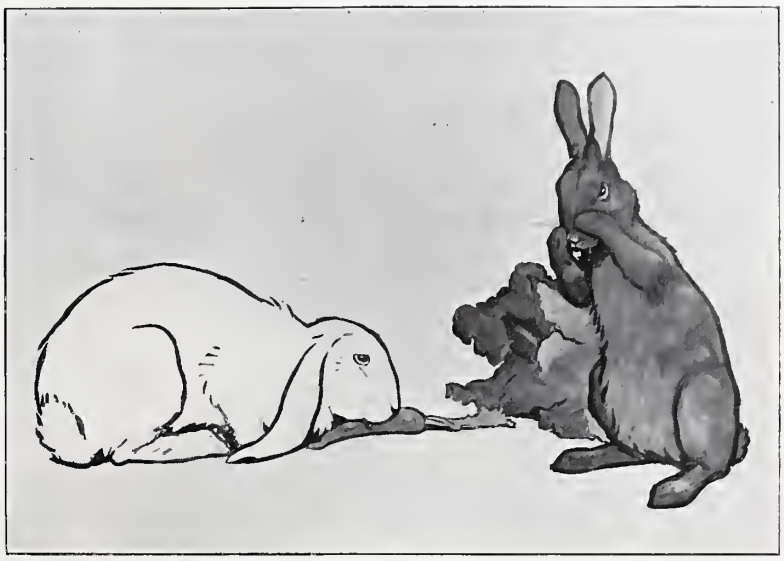
No. 5.—A Flank Attack.



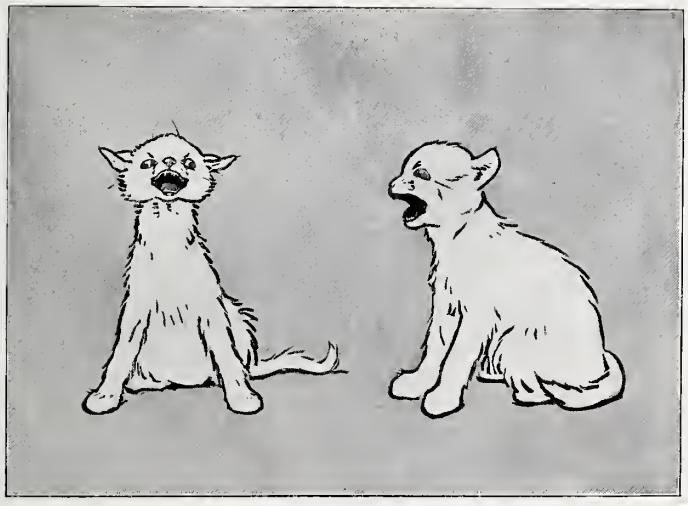
No. 6.—The Disadvantage of being a Worm.

work in progress, I asked that it might be my privilege to reproduce it for the benefit of the readers of THE ART JOURNAL, and the readiest assent was most courteously accorded. It was peculiarly fitting that these nurseries should find a place at the Woman's Exhibition, where so great a point is naturally made of the bringing-up and training of children, and I may say at once that there is no feature of the Earl's Court display of greater interest than, and few that can vie with, this unique object-lesson.

In carrying out their idea, the two artists named have each taken a complete room, Mr. Aldin devoting his attention to the Day Nursery, with which we have to do at the present time, and Mr. Hassall to the Night Nursery, illustrations of which will duly appear in my second article. Both are situated on the east side of the Imperial Gardens, and



No. 7.—Panel in the Day Nursery.

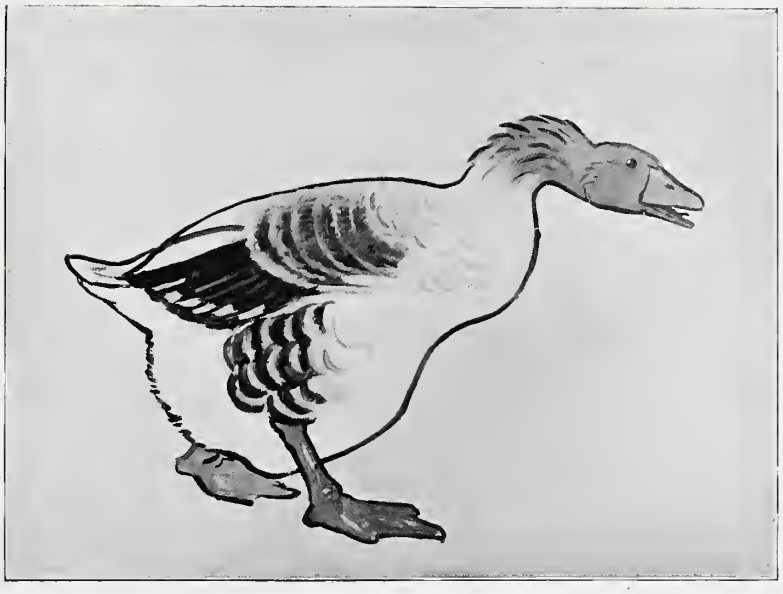


No. 8.—A Feline Duetto.

may be immediately distinguished by their quaint, half-timbered exterior, a view of which is given in illustration No. 1 herewith. Nos. 2 and 3 are photographic reproductions of the interior of the Day Nursery, and, in reference to the woodwork and other fittings, I must here recognise the importance of the part played by Messrs. Story & Co., who have "set," so to speak, the work of Mr. Aldin with such perfect taste that one would have to be hypercritical indeed to take any serious exception to the manner in which they have accomplished their task.

The furniture throughout is of oak, the press and toy cupboards having armour-bright iron hinges and handles, and the chairs sensible rush seats. The walls are in two shades of green, the arras dado being the darker, and the filling, above the decorative studies, of a subtle and delicate "duck" tint. The glazed bricks surrounding the fireplace are of deep reddish brown, against which the bright, hammered steel canopy stands out most effectively. The high guard is of expanded steel wire, and is so arranged that for the protection from fire of very young children, a canopy may be added completely enclosing the fire.

A close inspection of these two photographs will reveal the fact that the chairs are made with their backs exactly at right-angles to the seats, and it must be confessed that the impression given is one of great discomfort. This plan was adopted, however, on the advice of an eminent medical man who has devoted special consideration to the bringing-up of the young, and whose contention is that, by accustoming them to this perfectly upright back in the first place, their health will be the gainer, and benefit must accrue which will be lasting. There is one piece of furniture in the designing of which the hand of Mr. Cecil Aldin unmistakably reveals itself, and that is the hobby horse, a joke in wood, at the sight of which it is all but impossible, even for the staidest of elderly



No. 9.—Panel in the Day Nursery.

observers, to restrain a chuckle, while the younger visitors make for it at once, regarding it with covetous eyes.

So much for the interior as a whole. As, however, the photographs of the complete scheme do not convey an adequate impression of Mr. Aldin's work in detail, seven of the most important studies are reproduced to a larger scale in the remaining illustrations, upon which but little comment need be made, for, veritably, they speak for themselves. They reveal a knowledge of animal life, a fund of rare humour, and a masterly handling of the brush that must command admiration.

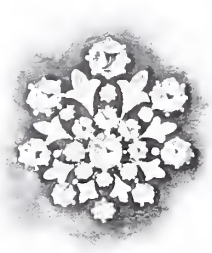
Considerations of space make it impossible for me to say more upon the subject in this present issue, but, as already intimated, I hope to return to it later.

R. DAVIS BENN.

(To be concluded.)

DIAMONDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. WEST AND SON, DUBLIN.



Diamond Fleur-de-Lys and Collet Cluster Brooch.

TO the ordinary mind it is quite evident that our war in South Africa will have many and far-reaching results. There is hardly a phase of social, artistic, or commercial life that will not be affected or changed from its present course. While speculating as to what is likely to happen when the Transvaal is proclaimed British territory, we are apt to lose sight of changes that are already taking place in our midst. Money, in large sums, is daily being made and lost on the Stock Exchange through speculation in "South Africans," and this should lead us to consider the products of the mines whose shares are being alternately "bulled" and "beared."

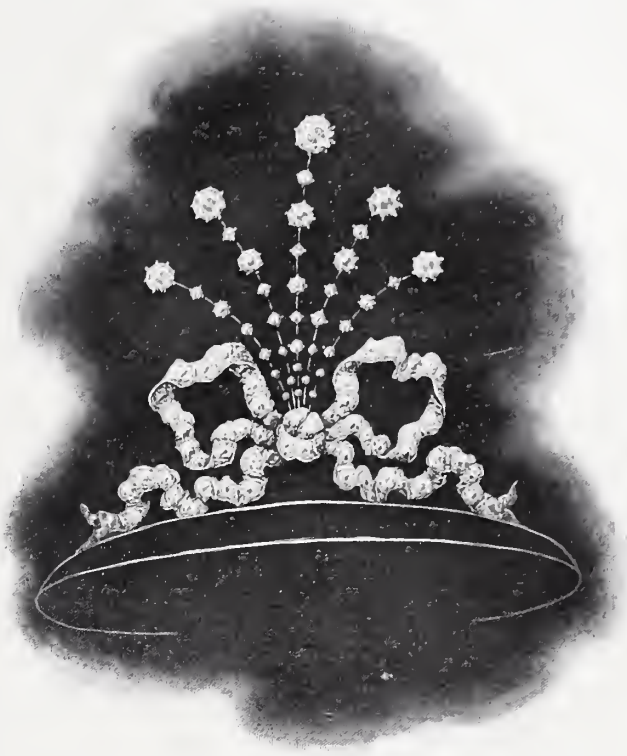
With gold we are not so much concerned, as it has a fixed value, and is likewise found in other countries; but with diamonds it is far different. During the past twenty-five years the bulk of these beautiful gems has been supplied by the Orange River State; but our present troubles have brought about a complete stagnation and put an end to mining. It might be well briefly to sketch the history of the diamond in South Africa. Probably we all know the romantic story as to its first discovery. How that a "prospector," who was vaguely wandering about in the region of Griqualand West, was one day struck by the appearance of some pebbles embedded in the rough clay wall of a Boer farmhouse. Curiosity prompted him to further examine these seeming pebbles, and to inquire from what spot the mud of which the walls were composed, had been brought. Further examination revealed the fact that the "pebbles" were rough diamonds, and in a very short while the news had rapidly spread, and farms were being bought up all over the district. Mining was at first conducted in a very primitive fashion, and any man who acquired a licence could peg out a claim and work it for his own benefit. For a time the surface yielded sufficient stones to induce men to persevere in the old-fashioned way with pick, shovel, and cradle. Gradually, however, the top soil was exhausted, and it became necessary to introduce machinery for drilling and boring, in order to sink a shaft. This was the capitalist's opportunity. Many small claims were merged into one, a company was floated, and the mine became an actual fact. These companies, under various controls, sprang up all over the district; and so anxious were they all to make money and pay large dividends, that the supply of rough stones soon threatened to outrun the demand, and prices gradually fell in consequence. Just as it seemed likely that diamonds would cease to become a luxury, that mastermind of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes, commenced to make his presence felt. We have not space to enter into the details of his scheme, but the main idea was to control the output, or in other words "make a corner in rough." An enormously wealthy syndicate was formed of all the South African magnates, including Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Beit, Barnatos, and others, which gradually bought up all the mines until it controlled the whole of the diamond fields. All the smaller mines were then closed, and only one or two of the largest kept working. In this way a monopoly of the diamond trade was obtained, and prices at once commenced to rise, owing to the limited supply placed on the market. During the past four years diamonds have been steadily rising, but the culminating point was reached when hostilities broke out in Natal.

On four successive Saturdays "rough" was advanced five per cent. at the syndicate's office in London, giving a foretaste of what was to follow, and since then another thirty per cent. has been added to the price.



Diamond Dog-Rose and Bow Aigrette.

It may not be generally known that diamonds in their natural state are shipped straight from the Cape to London. They are then sold in large parcels to brokers, who again sell them to the cutters in Amsterdam. When cut and polished they are resold to the brokers, who once more dispose of them, though in much smaller parcels, to the manufacturers. These latter then fashion them into numberless beautiful and bewildering designs before passing them on to the jewellers, from whose hands they finally issue to gladden the hearts and adorn the persons of our women-folk. There was a time when diamonds, on account of their scarcity and consequent prohibitive price, were only within the reach of a very few, but the introduction of Cape stones, and the limitless quantity that was rapidly poured into both England and America, soon brought them within the reach of even the lower middle classes. Now, however, it seems as if we were about to return to the days of our grandfathers, and only the very rich will be able to indulge their fancy for this queen of gems. If Mr. Rhodes has his way, the supply will be entirely cut off, and prices will then be



Diamond Bow and Comet Aigrette.



Diamond Bandeau with Bow Aigrette.

driven up to unheard-of figures.

The monopolists have been greatly assisted in their scheme by the siege of Kimberley, for in a few months they were able to put into effect what would probably have taken years to accomplish in the ordinary way. The compulsory closing of the mines and consequent stoppage of output has just given them that opportunity which we can well believe they have been steadily working for.

At the present time trade in loose diamonds is almost at a standstill, and many manufacturers have been compelled to send out their workmen, as they have no stones for them to mount. The syndicate's reserve stock is now being placed on the market at almost prohibitive prices; and so independent is it in its dealings, that brokers almost consider it a favour to be allowed to buy. Advices from South Africa state it will be fully two years after the settlement of the war before the mines can be put into proper working order. The Boers have done all they possibly can to bring about this undesirable state of things by wantonly destroying much valuable machinery, and carrying away the explosives and implements used for blasting. In Kimberley itself the mines suffered severely from shells during the bombardment, and it will take many long months before even the débris can be cleared away so as to allow free access to the workings. A further delay will then occur in



Diamond Scroll and Collet Tiara-Necklet.

adjusting the machinery and replacing any parts that are disabled. Nothing can be done until military operations have finally ceased and the Orange State has resumed its normal aspect.

The fancy prices to which diamonds are rising have brought about the introduction of many equally beautiful stones, and in future lovers of jewellery will have a much wider range of choice. Peridôts, olivines, tourmalines, yellow and pink topazes, and jargoons, to mention but a few, are all stones that will soon be found in daily use. From an artistic point of view this will be a decidedly welcome change, as we shall have a most pleasing variety of beautiful colours, instead of the vulgar "splashes" of gleaming white. The majority of the present generation are totally unacquainted with most of these gems, but they are by no means newly discovered. Many of them were in use at the beginning of the present century, and several splendid specimens have been handed down as heirlooms among the family jewels of the more ancient noble houses. In Holy Writ frequent reference is made to the surpassing loveliness of some of these stones. One notable effect of the war, therefore, may be to seriously limit our supply of diamonds, but it brings a compensating advantage if it tends to popularise other lovely gems, which had previously been languishing in neglect.

GEORGE W. THORNLEY.

PASSING EVENTS.

THREE members of the Royal Academy have secured medals of honour at the Paris Exhibition. Sir L. Alma Tadema, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Sargent are the fortunate recipients. A similar distinction has been conferred upon Mr. Whistler, and in black-and-white gold medals have been bestowed on Mr. D. J. Cameron, Mr. Axel Haig, and Mr. Joseph Pennell. In some quarters, an endeavour has been made to create dissatisfaction from the inclusion in the American Section of the American-born artists settled in England. The spirit of tolerance which permits Englishmen to honour the art of such distinguished men as the Americans mentioned, is not affronted by any such petty causes.

BY the death of Major-General Sir R. Murdoch-Smith the position of Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art becomes vacant. The late official was one of the numerous Royal Engineer officers who in time past have rendered service to the Science and Art Department. It is to be hoped that an expert in Museum work will be chosen to succeed in Edinburgh, and not necessarily a Royal Engineer, for of these officers' services in artistic matters the public is rightly a little tired. The death is also announced of Sir Thomas Farrell, the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

MR. JAMES L. CAW, the energetic Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, has lately rearranged the works in the collection, and has succeeded in obtaining a much-needed improvement. The large room upstairs has been re-hung, and the pictures look much better; while in the first floor gallery the height of the hanging has been reduced, bringing everything into the light. Mr. Caw has grouped the portraits, showing the royal Stuarts in one, the Georges and their Queens in another, the earlier Scots painters in a third, Sir Walter Scott and his friends, Burns and his predecessors and contemporaries, and so on. The earlier portraits are now on the lower floor, and the later ones on the upper floor. This rearrangement has afforded an opportunity for getting back the Geddes' portrait of Sir Walter Scott, one of the most charming works in the collection.

EACH year the Civil Service Estimates contain a vote of £100 towards the preservation of Ancient Monuments in Great Britain. This amount is, of course, entirely inadequate, and much has to be done by enterprising private societies. Lord Avebury has done well, therefore, to bring in the Ancient Monuments Protection Bill, the intention of which is to amend the old Act, and to appoint properly qualified guardians of buildings of historical or architectural import. Enthusiastic, but reckless, restoration is as much to be avoided as neglect, and the clauses of the Bill have been designed to combat these extremes.

THE Aberdeen Art Gallery—in front of which, by the way, is the fine bronze statue of Gordon, erected by members of the Gordon clan—has lately been enriched by a bequest of pictures formed by the late Alexander MacDonald, of Kepplestone. The collection includes portraits of Millais, John Phillip, Dyce, and Mr. Hook, painted by the artists themselves, but they are all rather old-fashioned-looking now, and yet not ancient enough to be interesting.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES is one of those artists who have scoured the world from China to Peru—or at any rate to Mexico—in search of subjects for his art. He has recently returned from South Africa, where he has studied the scenes that will live in the memory of a goodly number of British soldiers for many a long year. Mr. Menpes' versatile gifts are undeniable, and it will not be surprising if, in the end, he proves to be the long-wanted British battle-painter.

RECEIVING days for the Walker Art Gallery Autumn Exhibition are fixed for August 13th to August 15th. Pictures from the Academy and other London Exhibitions may be sent between August 16th and August 18th. The Committee request artists not to submit more than four works.

A PUPIL of M. Cormon, M. Granchi-Taylor, is the first winner of the Rosa Bonheur prize founded in honour of the painter. The prize canvas is 'Veuve de Pêcheur,' No. 599 in the Salon catalogue.

MR. T. H. WOODS, of Christie's, who has been in weak health for some time, found himself able to come to town to view the famous Wallace Collection, at Hertford House, on Press day. If the veteran connoisseur could be persuaded to write his reminiscences, the chronicle would be unique.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES.



Sundial made in terra-cotta at the Compton Class.

THE Exhibition of Home Arts and Industries, held each year at the Albert Hall, brings before our eyes the steady progress and development in craft that is going on in our provincial towns and villages, and which we might otherwise be tempted to forget. The Exhibition is divided into two sections: the developed section, in which some of the exhibits reach a very high standard of merit; and the section comprising those classes which have only lately come into existence.

Naturally enough, the work of this latter section leaves much to be desired; but though it is sometimes crude and inartistic, such classes should certainly be encouraged, and by no means disheartened at being, for the present, rather in the rear of the race. Others have worked up to a most creditable and satisfactory standard, and why not they? It is simply a matter of time and perseverance.

Toy-making (which is a trade very much taken over by Germany) and stencilling have been taken up by certain classes, and both should prove profitable. A new toy is perhaps as difficult of invention as a new song or a new love-story, but at least we might make the old ones ourselves, and even perhaps introduce variations. The art of stencilling is a difficult and fascinating one. The designs for them are hampered by the conditions under which a stencil has to be executed, as it is not only the design one has to think of, but the cutting out of it, which fetters one in various ways. The difficulty of designing is felt by most of the classes, and indeed one may say a designer is born, not made. Certain of the classes are happy enough to possess an artist who takes interest in the work, as in the case of the Newlyn metal-work, where artists who live in the neighbourhood supply most of the designs for the fishermen to carry out. The terra-cotta class at Compton is another favoured one. Several stalls had pupils at work, and these attracted much attention.

At the Bushey stall a blind girl was weaving with great dexterity, and seeing a finished mat of her production, with the pattern and colours perfect, it seemed hardly possible that one blind could have made it. From Birmingham was a good show of mats, which were made at the school for feeble-minded women and children; and one thinks with admiration of the patience and kindness that such productions argue in the instructors. Leather work seems a great favourite for the classes. Leighton Buzzard holds its own with some of the best: they rarely stain their work, but leave it the natural colour of the calfskin, occasionally tinting it slightly with colours. The newest class is that of the Kensington cripple boys, who have just begun, and whose first few pieces of work were shown. These boys had the advantage of coming themselves to see the Exhibition, which will cause them to take keener interest in their own work. In order further to encourage leather work in different branches, some painted and hand-embossed leather chairs and screens had been lent, and very handsome they were. There were also some silvered and lacquered or gilt and lacquered, and the committee hope that some of the more advanced classes may take up this style of decoration. Pottery was principally shown at the Della Robbia stall from Birkenhead, for decorative purposes, as well as vases and jugs of various shapes. There was a gratifying improvement in wood inlaying: the designs were more artistic and the colouring better chosen, and there were fewer attempts to produce an effect of some sort at any price. Bizarrerie may be taking, and in its way effective and interesting, but it should never be purchased at the cost of what is good art: in such cases it too often degenerates into vulgarity. In the basket-making class Dingley distinguished itself by its coloured baskets, which were distinctly pretty; and amongst many other schools I remarked the very good appliqué work of linen on linen exhibited by the Haslemere school.

E. F. V.



Fireplace made at the Newlyn Industrial Class.



Martyrdom of St. Ursula and her Funeral.
By Carpaccio. (In the Accademia, Venice.)

ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE increasing interest manifested in all countries in the Primitive Painters of Italy has induced many publications on these early artists. Although not strictly a work of art history, the fully illustrated quarto, "LES PREMIERS VÉNITIENS," by M. Paul Flat (Laurens, Paris), is all the more acceptable because of the author's endeavour not so much to tell the precise dates and unimportant details of each painter's life, as to place each artist in his proper surroundings, so that the reader may, as it were, feel the charm of the age in which they lived. Of the artists discussed, Bellini, Carpaccio, and Cima naturally receive most attention, and as nearly all the pictures illustrated and described are in public collections, M. Paul Flat's work is specially useful to the lover of pictures, who wishes to realise their poetry without being troubled with uninteresting prose.

In the series of publications entitled "THE A B C OF DRAWING AND DESIGN," by F. G. Jackson (Chapman & Hall), the author produces a large number of diagrams and designs so arranged as to be readily understood by young people and likely to induce them, without persistent pushing, to go forward with their elementary studies in drawing. The idea is new, and teachers are recommended to examine it carefully.—The Exhibition of the International Society, held at Knightsbridge in the summer of 1899, has afforded Messrs. W. H. Ward & Co. an opportunity of producing an elaborately illustrated catalogue of the principal works in that interesting exhibition. As an album of contemporary art this cannot be surpassed.—The house of the late Lord Leighton, at 2, Holland Park Road, London, is now open each day of the week, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays free. The committee have published a collection of essays on Lord Leighton, by George Aitchison, S. P. Cockerell, Mrs. Barrington, Sir W. B. Richmond, and others, also a complete catalogue, with illustrations, of the house, and a full description of its contents.

Mr. W. G. Collingwood's "LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN" (Methuen) gives the fullest details of all the interesting portions of Mr. Ruskin's life. Mr. Collingwood had special opportunities to understand the famous writer, and he has been remarkably successful in the way he has marshalled his facts.

The great architectural work on Shropshire by the Rev. Mr. D. H. S. Granage, under the title of "THE CHURCHES OF SHROPSHIRE" (Hobson, Wellington), is continued in Part IV., by an elaborate consideration of the Hundred of Stottesdon. Although it is three years since the previous part of the work was issued, the time is not too long for the many details which have been necessary to secure the completion of the work.

"THE GREAT MASTERS SERIES" (Bell) is continued with "CORREGGIO," by Selwyn Brinton; and also "DONATELLO," by Hope Rea, one of the most thorough of these pleasant handbooks.—"THE CATHEDRALS" (Bell), Wimborne and Christchurch, written by the Rev. T. Perkins, is a handbook likely to be useful to visitors to Bournemouth and Boscombe; and "TEWKESBURY AND DEERHURST," by H. Massé.—"THE ENVIRONS OF BEDFORD," written and published by J. A. Reid, of Bedford, is another useful handbook of a town too little known to the tourist.

Prof. Anderson, of the Royal Academy of Arts, has edited a new edition of Prof. Brücke's work on "THE HUMAN FIGURE, ITS BEAUTIES AND DEFECTS" (Grevel). The illustrations are not quite modern, but Prof. Brücke's teaching is so easily understood that the handbook is one that can be studied with much profit to the figure painter and art student.—"FERRIC AND HELIOGRAPHIC PROCESSES," by G. E. Brown (Dawbarn), is an attempt to explain the best way to cheaply reproduce tracings and plans for every-day work.—"OIL-PAINTING FOR BEGINNERS," by S. J. Cartlidge, is one of Winsor and Newton's well-known shilling art guides, which have been the means of many people obtaining a knowledge of art such as no other works so readily afford.



The 'Rainbow' Landscape.
By Rubens.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

NOT the privileged few only, but all and sundry are now at liberty to pass into Hertford House, and examine the series upon series of treasures bequeathed to the nation by the late Lady Wallace. The mansion itself has been altered greatly, almost entirely rebuilt, indeed, since the Prince Regent was in the habit of driving round in his "old yellow chariot" to pay court to the fascinating Marchioness of Hertford, who supplanted Mrs. Fitzherbert in the affections of this fickle gallant. Nor would Theodore Hook recognise the Hertford House of to-day for the Manchester House wherein, for the first time, he was admitted into the brilliant society of the Regency. Structural alterations have been made time and again. In the fifties, Dr. Waagen was unable to see the pictures, the bulk of the collection, as it then was being packed in a pantechnicon, while Manchester House was being prepared. After the Siege of Paris in 1870-1, the superb French section of the collection was brought to England by the late Sir Richard Wallace; and, while Hertford House was in course of necessary alteration and partial reconstruction, the pictures and objects of art attracted connoisseurs to the newly-opened Bethnal Green Museum, where for long they were on view. Again, during the last three years, galleries have been added, and the whole building made suitable to serve as a national treasure-house.



Fête Galante.
By Pater.

Some persons are impressed more by the estimated money-value of a bequest of this kind than by aught else. Truth to say, such an estimate may lead us no whither, save in so far as it indicates the generosity of the donor, the financial resources which enabled Francis Charles, third Marquess, Richard, fourth Marquess of Hertford, and Sir Richard Wallace to bring together the various objects. Happily, however, these collectors had taste as well as money. Hence the five, six, or seven million pounds sterling which the collections as a whole are said to be worth, has, in this instance, a welcome correspondence in the importance of the bequest from the artistic standpoint. For example, as you pass up the marble stairway, flanked by the Louis Quatorze balustrade, of hammered iron and gilt, which came originally from the ancient Palace of Mazarin, you are sensible that the £35,000, the sum paid for it, it is said, by Sir Richard Wallace, was not ill-spent. Furthermore, the connoisseur will derive an equivalent in pleasure from the interesting series of early swords of European origin, purchased *en bloc*, together with other arms and armour, from the late Mr. Spitzer for £73,000. In a word, this gift to the nation, princely from the money point of view, will remain for ever as a noble heritage from the standpoint of the lover of beauty. Before we take a preliminary *coup d'œil* of the varied objects it is well to remember this: that to opportunity of access when we will to the treasures of Hertford House, an obligation attaches. The obligation is that we should go alike for enjoyment and for serious study to this new national gallery, to correct and amplify our powers of appreciation, and not merely pay an occasional visit for the purpose of whiling away an idle hour. Thus only can Hertford House for us be of abiding value.



A Cavalier: Time of Louis XIII.
By Meissonier.

In all there are twenty-three rooms and galleries in the building as now arranged. Its characteristics as a private mansion have not been obliterated, and a pleasant feature is the central court with its fountain, to which one may pass from the tiled sculpture gallery or the passage at the northern end, where two new rooms have been built on the space formerly occupied by coach-houses, &c. Four galleries on the ground floor are given up to the 1,300 odd examples of European arms and armoury. In his preface to the admirable catalogue of this section, Mr. G. F. Laking says that most of the important pieces from the Debruge, Meyrick, Nieuwerkerke, Spitzer, and other celebrated collections dispersed during this century, have gone to build up the present assemblage of "almost universal high quality."

Weeks would not suffice to exhaust the pleasure obtainable from this magnificent array of Renaissance and other objects. All that skilled craftsmanship could do to glorify hand-to-hand combat was done by these artificers of old; the design of a Giorgione might serve for some shield decoration, this to be cunningly wrought without haste by the best workers of the time. From the oval pageant shield of Milanese craftsmanship, circa 1550, richly damascened and chased, the centre panel representing the meeting of Coriolanus with his mother Volumnia and his wife Vergilia outside the gates of Rome—from this, one of the finest shields in its kind in existence, we may pass to the dagger given to Henry IV. of France on his marriage with Marie de Medici in 1599, its design of palm branches damascened with gold azziminia, pass to the modelled bronze cannon from sixteenth-century Spain, the barrel elaborately and beautifully moulded in high relief, onward to some rapier, thrusting-sword, arquebus, glaive, processional-halberd, suit of armour or war-saddle, each holding a lesson for us in decorative workmanship, and as an assemblage calling up a vivid impression of the stirring and romantic past, when hand-to-hand conflict was as the very breath of life. In these rooms devoted to armoury are two fine busts in bronze: that of Louis Quatorze, his long hair falling over ample drapery, possibly by Coysevox; and that of Charles IX., the clear lines modelled with great certitude, and in every respect a strenuous and beautiful object, probably from the hand of Germain Pilon.

Not in structure alone, but in internal arrangement, too, Hertford House retains some of the qualities of a palatial private residence. In Trafalgar Square and in other public picture galleries, pictures, and pictures only, are placed in given rooms. At Hertford House, on the contrary, we have set against the walls or arranged about the central floor-space, examples of French furniture, unrivalled save by the Queen's collection; cases of Sèvres porcelain again of the first importance, now of apple-green hue, now of rich turquoise; gold snuff-boxes, every minute detail indicative of the heed given to these things in France of the 18th century; Italian majolica, whether of Gubbio, Urbino, Pesaro, or Faenza, including a large circular dish, signed by the world-famous Maestro Giorgio, and dated 1525; miniatures by some of our most famous native artists, and by those of Continental schools; enamels and jewellery of a hundred kinds,

many of them possessed of deep colour-secrets infinitely well worth the probing; precious works wrought of various metals, or of ivory, wood, or stone; while placed on that secretaire, this cabinet decorated by Gouthière, or that bureau, are clocks and objects of art of almost every conceivable kind. The treasures of Hertford House, in a word, are so multifarious, and what is of more importance, are, on the whole, of such superb excellence, that connoisseurs, whatever be their particular bent, here find rare attraction.



The Setting of the Sun
By François Boucher.

If Lady Wallace had bequeathed to the nation nothing but her pictures, this collection in itself would have been of priceless worth, supplementing as it does, and filling in gaps in other of our public galleries. By an irresistible impulse the visitor is drawn to the oblong gallery on the first floor. Here are fittingly brought together important works on a considerable scale, belonging to various periods, various countries — France, if I mistake not, is the only country unrepresented, and this because one or two rooms are devoted exclusively to the series by eighteenth-century French painters, unparalleled save in the Louvre.

At first glance this Gallery XVI. seems to contain a bewildering array of beautiful pictures, diverse in method, diverse in inspiration, differing widely in the nature of their appeal. If you would study outstanding examples by British portraitists, then turn to the long northern wall, in whose centre hangs Sir Joshua's exquisite 'Nelly O'Brien'—how we are haunted by the lights and shadows on face and neck, the quilted rose, and the blues and blacks of her gown. If not extensive, this English group can boast other examples like the faded but still fine 'Strawberry Girl,' the stately 'Mrs. Carnac,' and the portrait of Miss Bowles with her dog; by Gainsborough, the full-length portrait of Mrs. Robinson; Romney's depicture of the same lady, and examples by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



A famous Suit of Armour.

Titian's 'Perseus and Andromeda,' on whose rediscovery Mr. Claude Phillips, the Keeper of the Wallace Collection, is to be cordially congratulated, is in this room. The eye rests with pleasure on the monster with wide open mouth which has forged its way into the foreground of these ruffled waters, on the figure of the bound Andromeda, on the coast-line to the right behind, aglow with light. Elsewhere, in 'Venus disarming Cupid,' we are conscious of an echo, at any rate, of the qualities that give to the authentic works of Giorgione—to the supremely beautiful altar-piece at Castelfranco, for instance—a charm to be found nowhere else. By the painters' painter of Spain we have 'La Femme à L'Eventail,' 'Don Baltasar Carlos in the Riding School,' and several others of greater or lesser authenticity, each in measure revealing the magic brushwork, the rare genius of the master; and of a dozen works by or in the manner of his countryman, Murillo, a more than ordinarily interesting canvas, 'The Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva.'

The Dutchmen are here in force. Rembrandt may be studied in a profoundly interesting portrait of Titus and in 'The Unmerciful Servant,' with its impressive figure of the master; Hobbema in tranquil landscapes bathed in light; Frans Hals in the direct and forceful portrait, its detail heedfully rendered, of 'The Laughing Cavalier'; Peter de Hooch in two beautifully-toned interiors; Wouvermans, Jan Weenix, Cuyp, Ruysdael, and others of the band in characteristic pictures. It is a distinct gain to possess portraits in the so-called Genoese manner of Van Dyck, like that of an Italian nobleman, in the Flemish manner adopted by him after

his return from Italy, like those of Philippe le Roy and his wife; moreover, Van Dyck's master, Rubens, may be studied in that wonderfully conceived 'Rainbow Landscape' (shown in our headpiece), expressed with all the vigour and some of the reserve which Rubens had at his command.

These are but one or two pictures among many potent to attract in the principal gallery. Three rooms on the west side are devoted exclusively, so far as wall-space is concerned, to pictures by French artists of the eighteenth century. There is no need now to fare to Paris if we would come under the witchery of Watteau, the man whose alert fancy and deftest of deft touches reflect the grace, the flippancy, the carelessness, the endless amours of the France of his day. For the first time we have a Fragonard in an English public gallery, and we encounter examples by celebrated artists like Lancret, Pater, Le Moine, Oudry, Nattier, Boucher, and by Greuze the sentimentalist—Greuze is not the only second or third-rate man too generously represented in the French school. Not even in Venice can we find a collection of paintings by Canaletto and his pupil Guardi equal to that in Room XII.; sober, unimaginative, if you will, conventional depictures of Venice, which yet leave behind a quietly satisfying sense of pleasure.



A corner in Hertford House, as it was formerly.

In an adjoining gallery is a group, a superb group, of subject interiors by Terborch, Metsu — what a master-piece in little is 'The Letter-Writer Surprised' — Maes, Netscher, Jan Steen, and the rest, centred by Rembrandt's deep-toned 'Negro Boy,' the same artist's wonder-provoking 'Ideal Landscape' almost facing it. There are several drawings by Turner, a series of unique importance of Richard Parkes Bonington, and examples by Richard Westall, Wilkie, Stanfield, Allan Ramsay, Morland, Hoppner, Copley Fielding, and, the only living artist



A corner in Hertford House, as it was formerly.



LADY CLARGES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF EDMUND DAVIS, ESQ.

represented, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper. Four pictures by three artists call for special mention in the room devoted mainly to French work of the present century. Up till now our national collections have lacked examples by the Barbizon masters, Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Troyon, and the rest. Hertford House contains no picture more imaginatively wrought, more steeped in romance, than Corot's 'Macbeth and the Witches,' an essay as unusual from this brush as it is vibrant with mysterious charm. Rousseau's landscape (almost similar to the picture in the Louvre), with cattle beneath an archway of interlacing branches, is sweet, reposeful, true. The couple of little figure-studies by Diaz, the notes of rose so delicately introduced among the greys, can hardly fail to enchant. But these jottings must be taken for no more than early impressions, gathered more or less at haphazard. For years to come, and the longer the better, Hertford House will contain unexplored pictures and objects of art which shall evoke in us a sense of surprised delight, and we purpose later to devote several special articles to its contents.

FRANK RINDER.

LADY CLARGES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., IN THE COLLECTION OF EDMUND DAVIS, ESQ.

THE portrait of Lady Clarges here reproduced affords one of the very few examples of an alteration in a painting by Gainsborough of a sketch once made.

He left behind him more drawings than any of his contemporaries, but very few of them can be identified as studies for any particular pictures; when this can be done the finished painting in nearly all cases reproduces the original sketch.

It is typical of Gainsborough that when stimulated by the beauty of a sitter, he seems to have seen clearly and at once the subject as he wished to paint it, and he carried out that conception without previous elaboration, or tentative studies of any kind.

In the British Museum, however, is a crayon drawing for the portrait of Lady Clarges, reproduced here, in which a Pomeranian dog appears as an alternative for the harp, clearly indicating that Gainsborough, in this case at all events, was not able to satisfy himself as to the composition of the picture without first seeing how it appeared when submitted to paper: there is also in the British Museum another sketch of a lady playing on a harp, the figure at full length, but the drawing is so slight that it is impossible to say definitely that this is another study for the same portrait. Gainsborough seems to have been a lover of dogs, and introduced into more than one of his portraits either his own dog "Fox" (a Spitz) or his wife's "Tristram," with regard to whom Fuleher writes in his life of Gainsborough, that "whenever he spoke crossly to his wife, a remarkably sweet-tempered woman, he would write a note of repentance, and sign it with the name of 'Fox,' his wife in reply sending a tender note of forgiveness in the name of 'Tris.'" These two dogs are made known to us by the artist's picture of them, which is now in the National Gallery. Another dog, a Pomeranian, belonging to his friend Abel, the musician, was probably the one so truthfully represented in Gainsborough's beautiful full-length portrait of Mrs. Robinson as 'Perdita,' in the Wallace collection, and may also be the dog represented in the sketch which is reproduced on this page.



A Crayon Drawing for the Portrait of Lady Clarges.
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.

The portrait of Lady Clarges excels in all those qualities of gem-like colour of which Gainsborough was so great a master; the painting of the dress of a golden-brownish hue, edged with gold, is superb; looking closely one is unable to decide upon the tint, the lights and shades being made up of so many touches of transparent and entrancing colour. As in nearly all Gainsborough's female portraits, the lady has an air of high birth and distinction that is given seldom by any of his contemporaries, not even by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Though not as a rule a thorough draughtsman, Gainsborough was *technically* one of the greatest of *painters*, and Ruskin in his "Modern Painters" writes: "I hesitate not to say that in management and quality of single and particular tint, in the purely technical art of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough." Sir Joshua Reynolds once said, in speaking of his great rival: "I cannot make out how he produces his effects," and after all rivalry had ceased, through Gainsborough's death, Sir Joshua paid an eloquent and generous tribute to his genius in his famous penultimate discourse to the students of the Royal Academy.

Besides the portrait of Lady Clarges, who was a Miss Shrine, Gainsborough painted portraits of her husband, Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart., and also of their daughter.

ART IN THE NURSERY.—II.*

By CECIL ALDIN, R.B.A.,
AND
JOHN HASSALL.

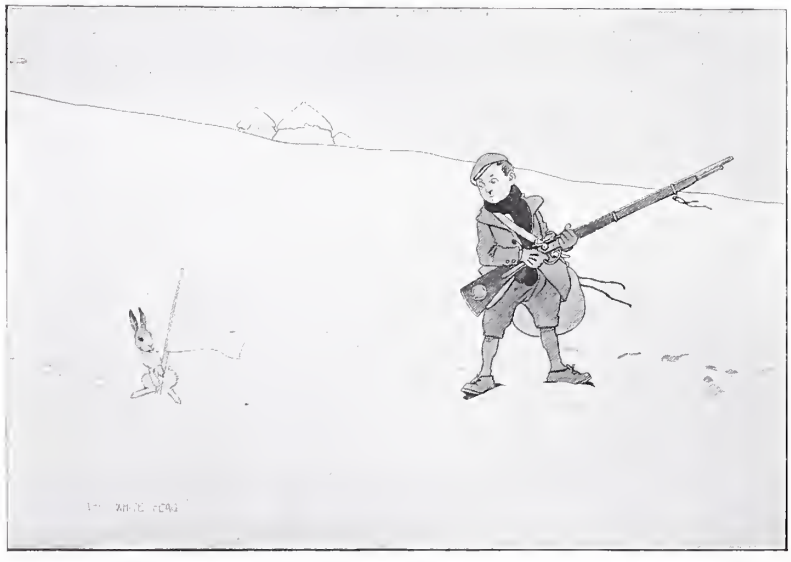
MY notes upon the day nursery were practically concluded in the first article, but there is one more of the studies with which Mr. Cecil Aldin has decorated the walls to be considered before we turn to the adjoining apartment, and that is the bibulous puppy presented in No. 1 herewith. Here, again, is an idea calculated to make children scream with laughter, and the risible faculties of even those of older growth must succumb to its pure, unadulterated humour. What Mr. Aldin does not know about dogs is—to employ a colloquialism—not worth knowing: the ways and manners of the canine family are as an open book to him, and for years he has stood pre-eminent in their delineation, but never, I think, has he, in humorous vein, surpassed this sketch, rough and impressionistic as it is. I can at this moment only call to mind one comic dog to compare with this, and that is the one portrayed by Caldecott, in "The House that Jack built," complacently smacking his lips after the rapid disappearance of the "Cat that ate the rat," etc. The two form a pair whose equal it would be difficult to find.



No. 1.—A Canine Tippler.

In studying the night nursery, after having carefully noted the features of the accompanying room, one cannot but be particularly struck by the great judgment displayed in the treatment of the whole scheme. It is in every way fitting that during the day the youngsters should revel among such laughter-inducing conceits as those from the brush of Mr. Cecil Aldin; but when tiny heads become weary, and eyelids begin to droop, then there should be nothing in their surroundings, either in regard to colour or composition, to induce wakefulness. This fact has been fully borne in mind by Messrs. Aldin, Hassall and Story in the case under review, and the result of their combined efforts is a notable success in this as in every other respect.

Leaving, then, the bright and cheery colouring of the day nursery, with its dogs, cats, fowl and hobby-horse behind, one comes upon a scheme which is the very ideal of reposefulness. Decoration is by no means lacking—Mr. Hassall may be trusted on that score—but it is imbued throughout with a spirit in every respect in keeping with the object the chamber is destined to serve—a point far too often missed by furnishers and decorators of the present day, the main object of some of whom appears to be not to woo "sleep, gentle sleep," but to render its presence impossible. How often do we see the walls of bedrooms covered with papers glaring in colour and intensely irritating in design: floors with carpets so "loud" that, to quote dear old Dick Phenyl, "they wake you up in the morning, and you fall over the pattern": hangings of a like description, and, to cap all, the gorgeous "all brass" bedstead—"as advertised"? One need not look far to discover many such bedrooms as this, and it is, on that account, all the more refreshing to find one which is all that it should be.



No. 2.—'The White Flag.'

Blue, of the most subtle and delicate shades, predominates in this night nursery. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey, by means of mere description and black-and-white illustration, the exact tones employed, but perhaps if I say that they are gradations of what is generally

* Concluded from page 252.

known as "peacock," some idea of the general effect will be gained. The walls are covered with an ingrain paper, into which the sketches are panelled with oak frames with broad gold flats. The carpet is in several shades of blue; the tiles surrounding the fireplace are of the same colour, not in one even, uninteresting expanse, but "flooded"—that is to say graduating from light to dark; the toilet service, again, is blue, while the sensible linen counterpanes of the cots accord with their surroundings in this respect, and are tastefully relieved by simple white braiding. The grate is of black iron, guarded by a tall brass fender, with fine wire mesh, and the electrolier is of dull gilt.



No. 3.—The Night Nursery, decorated by Mr. John Hassall.

Messrs. Story have adopted both wooden bedsteads and cots, and to this some readers, actuated by hygienic considerations, may take exception, but any such exception would not be justified. In the old days, much might have been, and, indeed, was said against the wood bedstead, and, in consequence, the metallic article, with the woven wire mattress, took its place. It was seen that the employment of cast-iron joints in place of those of wood was far more conducive to cleanliness, and, as a consequence, the latter material was, for the time being, banished almost completely from service, so far as the manufacture of the bedstead was concerned. But of late, I am glad to say, it has re-appeared in this connection, but freed from all its old objections. Employed solely for the foot and head, every joint and other fitting is of iron, and the day of the wooden lath is happily over. Thus, while absolute cleanliness is ensured, the beauties of many woods, the skill of the carver and of the marquetry-cutter may once more occupy the place for so long usurped by the products of the forge and foundry. I have insisted upon the advantages of this innovation somewhat strongly, as many people still look askance at the wood bedstead, being in ignorance of the vast improvements that have been made in its construction.

The part played by Mr. Hassall in this room has yet to be considered, and it cannot be anything but a delight to dwell upon his work, which is far removed from the commonplace; for it not only shows consummate draughtsmanship and mastery of colour, but something more. Mr. Hassall may well be described as an artist of many moods, and it is little short of impossible to "sum him up." His technique is remarkable, but, beyond and above that, his work is always so "thoughtful," if I may so express it, that a cursory examination is useless for its true value to be estimated. Many of his drawings I have studied again and again, and upon each fresh examination some fresh feature—probably a very minor detail, but none the less important—has revealed itself. Take his posters alone; what extraordinary versatility there is in them! whether it be an announcement to draw our attention to the good qualities of a soap or a cocoa, or a pantomime poster, we must laugh with him, whether inclined to or not, while, on the other hand, he can sadden us at will by the force

of his genius. His power lies not so much in his mastery over form and colour, which all must admit to be exceptional, as in the *idea* which underlies it all, and which he knows so well how to convey.

Of course, the accompanying studies are in lighter vein, as they should be for the position they occupy, but they are none the less interesting for all that. 'The White Flag' (No. 2) is sufficient to indicate that this artist is a humorist of the first water, while in No. 4 is a panel instinct with pure, decorative feeling. But most delightful of all, perhaps, are the daintiest of dainty



No. 4.—Panel in the Night Nursery.

conceptions, illustrated in Nos. 8 and 9, though much of their beauty is lost here, as, in photographic reproduction of this kind, whatever care may be exercised, the relative colour values must be misinterpreted. The four heads in No. 8 have a background of gold, and are treated with a delicacy—one might almost say 'dreaminess'—which must be seen for the skill of their rendering to be properly judged. As for 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Night,' they illustrate admirably what I have said regarding the *undercurrent* in Mr. Hassall's work. They are something more than merely pretty children, they convey a defi-



No. 5.—The Night Nursery, decorated by Mr. John Hassall.



No. 6.—Illustration from "Two Well-worn Shoe Stories" (Sands).
By Mr. John Hassall.

nite idea so tellingly that the presence of the indication of their intention, placed upon them, is practically unnecessary.

A promise was made in my first article to reproduce one or two plates from Messrs. Aldin and Hassall's book, "Two Well-worn Shoe Stories," and, by the courtesy of the artists themselves, and of the publishers, Messrs. Sands and Co., of Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., I am now able to redeem that promise. No. 7, by Mr. Cecil Aldin, is from "Cock-a-doodle-doo, my Dame has lost her Shoe," and shows "My Master" somewhat upset at the disappearance of his fiddlestick, and, in No. 6, the aspect of the numerous family of the "Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe" indicates pretty clearly that the thrashing which followed the broth was something more than a mere matter of form. Would that I could reproduce more of these masterly drawings, of which the book is full, but that cannot be.

I feel perfectly confident that, after having studied these two nurseries, the reader will agree with the contention, with which I commenced these articles, that, by placing young children amid such surroundings, a taste for beautiful things must be fostered and a solid foundation laid for subsequent art education.

And yet there are those who look askance at these rooms, shake their heads dubiously, and say: "Yes, they're very beautiful, of course, but would children appreciate them? Isn't a rag doll something more in their line?" Perhaps the best way by which to settle that question is for such objectors to take their children to Earl's Court, and note carefully the effect of these nurseries upon them. The experiment is a most interesting one to make. At first they stand somewhat overawed by their surroundings—so striking a contrast to those to which they are accustomed—but not for long. Some one of the pictures attracts their attention; they immediately become interested, and then wander from one to another, their eyes bright with wonder, and seeming almost as if they were in some enchanted land; for are they not actually moving about in what is practically one great picture book, whose leaves are ever open, and which cannot be "put away for the night"? We need not take the "rag doll" away from the youngsters, for many tears would be the result, and no great end would be served; but let them have it amidst some such surroundings as these, and they will learn to appreciate something better.

In my last article I contended that the educational burden of the rising generation should not be made heavier, and yet suggested that an extra "subject" might be added to their studies which would even tend to render the accomplishment of their other tasks lighter, and in these nurseries is a demonstration of how that may be done. What more ideal surroundings in which to settle down to the evening's home lessons could be imagined than those furnished here by Mr. Aldin? Little minds, tired out with futile endeavours to master the tributaries of unpronounceable rivers or



No. 7.—Illustration from "Two Well-worn Shoe Stories" (Sands).
By Mr. Cecil Aldin, R.B.A.

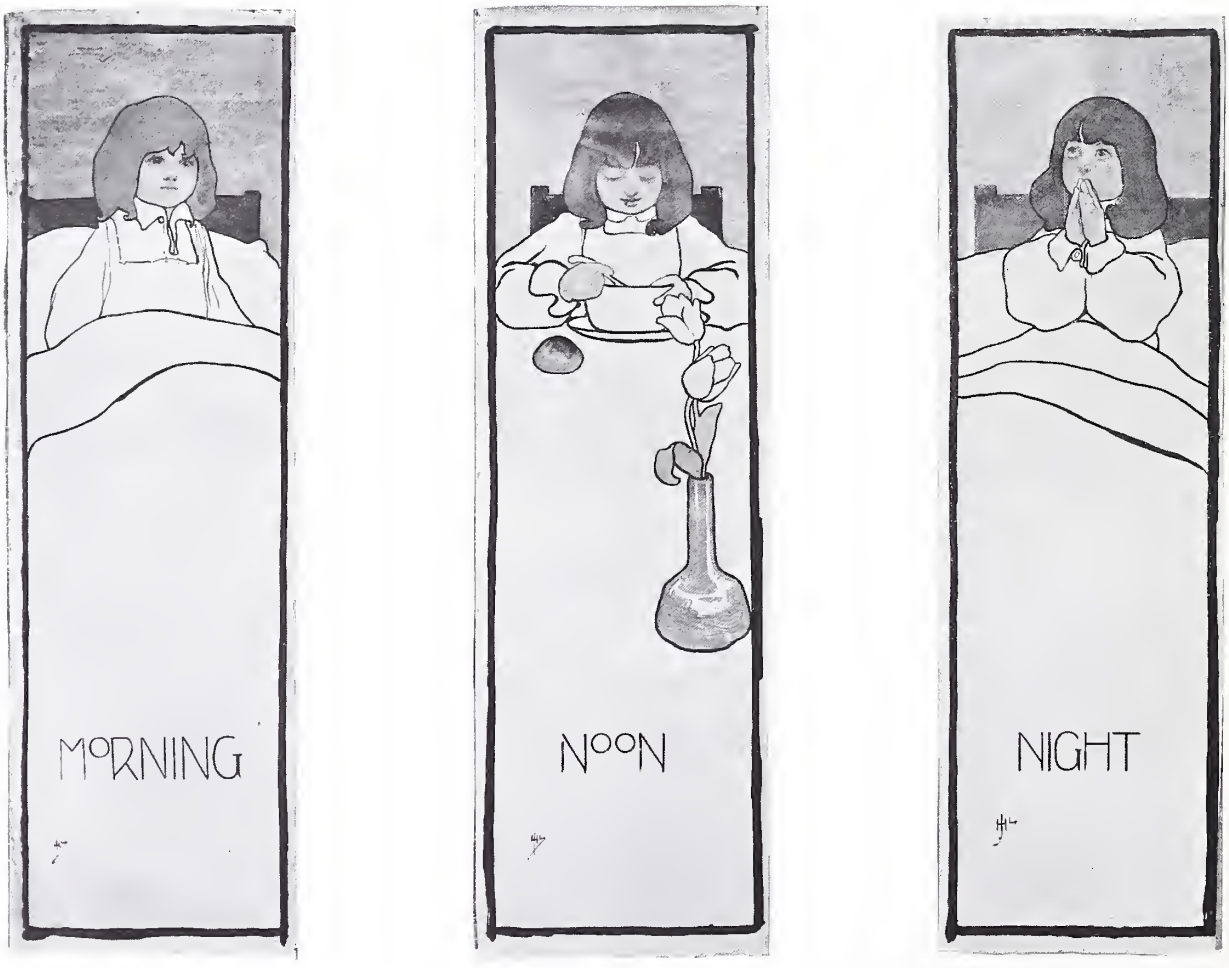
struggles to make a sum "come right," would turn with relief to the contemplation of so delightful an environment, and return again, refreshed, to their uncongenial tasks. And with the relief itself a course of art education would, unknown to the children, be followed, insensibly influencing the young minds, and training them in the way in which they should go. It might be urged that, where home lessons are to be done, such decorations would tend to distract the attention of the children; but I do not think that would prove to be the case—at least, not for any length of time. At first it might, but constant association would remove that objection: the little ones would, ere long, come to regard such decorative studies as old familiar friends, pleasant to see and talk to when there might be time to do so, but silent onlookers when work had to be done.

There is, then, in these Model Nurseries, something far more important than merely two schemes of furnishing and decoration, delightful as they are from that point of view alone; and it is to be hoped that the experiment which has been made by those responsible for them will have the result of awakening a keener interest in this subject in the minds of those responsible for the bringing up of children than has hitherto been apparent. It is one which should not be passed by as being of no great importance; for that policy has been pursued long enough. If, after seeing what may be accomplished in this regard, those who can afford to "do likewise" still compel their children to rest content with bare walls, then those bare walls will be a disgrace to them.

R. DAVIS BENN.



No. 8.—Panel over the mantelpiece in the Night Nursery.



No. 9.—Panels over the bed in the Night Nursery.

ARTS AND CRAFTS AT WILTON, WILTS.



Seal of the Great Abbey of Wilton.

THE following is a brief note of the Arts and Crafts at Wilton — some echoes of its "men of mark and likelihood."

We reproduce here the latest art interest: a great sculptor's portrait in bronze, of one unusually beautiful of face and figure, has been placed by public subscription near the entrance to Wilton House.

Is it not William Fitz Stephen who states of his day—"The only pests of London are the immoderate drinking of fools and the frequency of fires"? At Cair-Guilon of Carvilius the British prince?—Vilodunum, Ellandunum or Wylye-town—tradition and history suggests much of many periods well seasoned with Norman London's frequent pest. In the blackened soil and river bed much of art must have fallen. Early architecture seems wiped out, but of Saxon Art a seal (shown here) of the Great Abbey, used in the reign of King Edgar about the year 974, is in evidence. This bears the half length of an abbess, with inscription: "Sigill Eadgyde regal adelphe," and although the name in this is to the expert a matter for doubt, it may possibly represent Edith, the daughter of Edgar. Of this famous Abbey's origin, Leland states that Wulstan, Earl of Wiltshire, rebuilt "a certain old church of St. Mary at Wilton, which had been destroyed by the Danes, and placed in it a college of secular priests to pray for the soul of his father, Alquimond, whom the Mercian monarch had put to death." This is said to have taken place in the year 773, after Wulstan had defeated the Mercian Ethelmund. At Wulstan's death, his wife Alburga, King Egbert's sister, converts it into a nunnery. Again, in Alfred's reign, through the influence of his queen Egwina, their palace becomes the new monastery. Then of patrons it had Edward the Elder, with his succeeding sons; but when Edgar comes it is favoured by much revenue and enlargement. It is said, principally for the sake of the nun Wulfrith or Wulfrida's child, his daughter Edith of the Abbey seal extant, who, by the way, was a mistress of the arts—painting, sculpture, music, embroidery, and much more, if we are to believe another art treasure, the "Chronicon Vilodununse," for—

"Wyld hestes and folys of flyght,
To here clepyng wold come full snell,
And at hurr hyddyng thei wold lyght;—'

"And of hurr hond they wold meyte take:'

This fragment of a legend, now in the British Museum, is presumed to have been written about 1420, by a Chaplain of the Abbey. It is a genuine Wiltshire poem of over 1,200 verses—which makes mention of events from "Wolstone Erle of Wylteshyrs" time, in graphic language—of the good town, its days of peace, its Royal patron's fierce battles, its much people, its embroidery with gold and silver shrines, and of course its miracles. Here are samples of Edith's reputed arts:—

"Her voys was full clere in syngyng,
And wryte he* couthe and purtrey also,
Full thfite he was in selke worchyng,
And full well emhroudre and leyge gold th'to.

Tunyculus and chesepulus he made mony on,
And mantillus emhroudrid wt gold full redde,
And mitrus y cowchud wt mony a ryall stone,
But of worldlyche clothus of pryde he ne toke hede.

Worldelyche clothus he wold non worche,
To fader ny hrother hy no maner wey,
Bot in plesance of God and holy chirche,
Fast he wold worche every day.

Harp he couthe and syng well th'to,
And carff well ymagus and peyntede bothe,
Such y those werkus he wold well do,
Full sotelyche wt owte ony wothe.

But ev'r he lovede over all thyng,
To rede and syng upon here hoke."

Edith anyway became the patron saint of the Abbey,

* He—frequently used in this poem—from 'Heo,' *i.e.* Saxon 'She.'



Monument to the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton.
By A. Gilbert, R.A.



Seal of St. Giles' Hospital, Wilton.

and from other sources it has been gleaned that this lady appears to have governed no fewer than three monasteries—and was offered the English crown after the death of her half-brother Edward. And by Aubrey's account she was a lady of singular merit and great piety, also being more costly in her dress than seemed to become her profession, and further that one Ethelwald reprimands her, to whom she boldly replies: "That God regarded the heart more than the garments; and that sin might be hid as well under rags as robes." But returning to the Chronicon Vilodununse, we are told—

"He went y clothud full honestly,
In ryall clothyng, to yche mon syght.
But an harde hayre ffull securlye,
Was nexst her fleysshe hoth day and nyght.

This hard hayre he wered hurre body nexst,
Under a curtull of purpur byse.
Embroudrid wt gold, as saythe the text,
Wt other clothus above that wer of grett pryse."

And moreover—

"A bedde he hadde ryght well y dyght,
Wt ryche clothus of ryght gode aray.
Bot seldom he lay there in ony nyght,
Bot on an harde horde well often he lay."

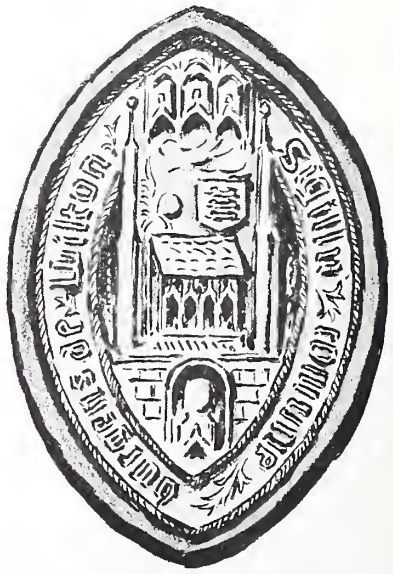
Now "lytull he ete" did this much-talked-of lady, and dies at the age of twenty-three, which fact is to some a reason for doubt as to its being her portrait on the seal; for, say they, "it represents one of mature years." But to continue: we come to a "perfect mistress of her needle"—*i.e.* Editha, the wife of Edward the Confessor—now: the excellence of Anglo-Saxon embroidery there is no doubt. She having been educated in this place, most probably at the Abbey, shows her interest in the same by having the former buildings, which had it seems been principally of wood, replaced by stone in a "magnificent style." This being again and again favoured in succeeding reigns after the Conquest.

Some idea of the monastery church may be gauged from the following by William of Worcester: "Continet in longitudine circa 90 steppys meos. Item continet in latitudine navis ecclesiæ cum duabus elys circa 46 steppys meos."

Of other seals which we illustrate, one belongs to one of two hospitals. This, dedicated to St. Giles, is probably of very early origin, situated north of the river Wylye at Fugglestone St. Peter. Of well-balanced form is this fifteenth-century seal, and an interesting example of the talent of one of these unrivalled designers, whose minute work is writ large throughout our land. The figure is St. Giles as an abbot, accompanied by his attributes, the faithful hind, etc. The legend is, "S domus elimosinare sci Egedi juxta Wilton." As those who dedicated hospitals to St. Giles seem to have had an eye for the leper beggar, they were usually placed outside a town, as at "Cripplegate." So it seems Fugglestone was to Wilton a suburb, or as Leland states: "There is an hospitale of St. Giles endowed with landes at Wilton towne ende. In hoc loco quiescit corpus St. Etheldredi regis west Saxonum Martyris qui Anno Domi 827. 13 die Aprilis per manus Danorum Paganorum occubuit." And Aubrey has the following relating to the same: "The inscription over the chapell dore of St. Giles juxta Wilton sc-1624. This hospitall of St. Giles was re-edified by John Towgood, Maior of Wilton, and his brethren, adopted patrons thereof, by the gift of Queen Adelicia, wife unto Henry the First. This Adelicia was a leper. She had a windowe and a dore from her lodging into the chancell of the chapell, whence she heard prayers. She lieth buried under a plain marble grave-stone: the brasse whereof (the figure and inscription) was remaining about 1684. Poore people told me that the fair was anciently kept here." Aubrey's note on this fair, a picturesque event even in these days, and held the 12th of September, suggests that in his time it had ceased, but by the present date it seems a survival of the festival of St. Edith, given in English service books the 17th of the same month. The little church by the site of this hospital is picturesque, and shows some interesting lines.

The other charity still in existence is St. John's Hospital, situated south of the town: it was founded about the end of the twelfth century. There is a sketch of this at the British Museum as it appeared about the year 1780—since when the restorer has not left much.

Amongst our illustrations are the old civic seals—the common and mayor's seal. The first, of the fifteenth century, has the following legend: "Sigillu comune burgens de Wilton." The shrine in the centre of this would be that of St. Edith, then in Wilton Abbey; the circular arch below contains an abbess. The other is about the same date. Of this design there are interesting examples attached to documents from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century—showing how by re-engraving, the two kings of the latter days might be said to have subtilely supplanted Mary and the angel—*i.e.*, the coronation of the Virgin—which was the original subject. Of other civic art Wilton has in its smaller mace a very good example; it is dated 1639. In the Chartulary of Wilton, among the Harleian MSS., it is interesting to note the name of a local worker in metals; it is as follows: "Grant of one hide at Winterbourne, and another in the Isle of Wight, by Edred to Ælfsige, his goldsmith, A.D. 949." Also of scarce



Old Common Seal of Wilton.



East Front of Wilton House.

coins, some Henry II. pennies bear the name of the men who struck them here. Of things at the Guildhall, a wood coffer is worthy of comment; and one notes a good motto, "Weave trust with truth," which is that of the famous industry peculiarly associated with this town, for we are told that "the first carpet made in England was manufactured at Wilton, by and under the superintendence of Anthony Duffosy, who was brought from France by the ninth Earl of Pembroke for the purpose of establishing a factory and teaching the art and mystery to the workpeople engaged." But it should be noticed that "a Guild of clothers and weavers resident in Wilton or within four miles round was incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1699, at the procuration of John Gauntlett, Esq., M.P.," and the motto "Weave trust with truth" is on the arms of this company. About forty years later than the above charter, the carpet-makers obtained a patent for the exclusive privilege of their art in England. The law, however, seems to have been quickly evaded at Kidderminster. Some few decades since this factory was picturesque to a degree, in its old-time looms in Rembrandt shadows, its fresh-cheeked country girls and homely dames spinning and weaving. It is also interesting to learn from an old resident that almost every house had its private loom of some kind. But here, as before noticed, domestic, with other architectural features, are meagre. Now, Leland states that there were twelve parish churches so late as Henry III.'s reign, of which Sir Richard Hoare gives a list from the registry of the diocese. Also the register of Bishop Waltham gives eleven in 1383.

There is a much-dilapidated market cross and a portion of the "Old Parish Church"—St. Mary. Here is a sixteenth-century brass, and from this some monuments have been removed to the well-known new Lombardic Church, which also contains much incorporated art of value from many sources—*i.e.*, ancient mosaics, alabaster, marble, and stained glass. A fine wrought-iron chest should also be noticed.

Of course, the charm of Wilton is in its rich association with, and its accumulation of Art on and about the site of, its famous Abbey. The following description of Wilton House and its contents from various sources are interesting.

"The much-noted seat of the Herbert family is seated at the eastern extremity of the town, in a fine park. The present edifice is a large and extensive pile. It has been erected at different periods, and displays very different and incongruous styles of architecture. It was formerly an abbey, and preserved some features and characteristics of monastic architecture till very lately; but the recent alterations, by James Wyatt, have swept away all its ancient members, and substituted in their place a discordant mixture, or assemblage, of Roman and 'Gothic' forms. Soon after the dissolution of Wilton Abbey, some considerable alterations were made in the arrangement of the buildings for domestic purposes by William, the first Earl of Pembroke. A new porch was built in the inner court, from designs by Hans Holbein. King Charles I. is said to have been particularly partial to Wilton, and frequently resided here. During his eventful reign many alterations were made in this mansion. Monsieur Solomon de Caus, Inigo Jones, and Webb were successively engaged to enlarge and embellish it. The first is said to have erected the garden front, which was consumed by fire in the year 1648. Philip, the fourth Earl of Pembroke, who then resided at Wilton, applied to Inigo Jones to re-edify the destroyed parts of the edifice; but, as Aubrey relates, Jones was too old to attend in person, and left it to Mr. Webb, who married his niece, to superintend the work. Few alterations are described as having been made at Wilton from the time of Webb till the beginning of the present century, when James Wyatt, Esq., R.A., was employed to enlarge the



Old Mayor's Seal, of Wilton.

mansion and adapt it for the better display of its rich stores of ancient sculpture and paintings. A chief feature of this alteration has been the formation of an enclosed or glazed cloister round a central court. This is to contain nearly the whole collection of statues, busts, basso-relievos, etc. Another considerable novelty is a large courtyard on the north, surrounded by offices, a lodge, and a new side to the house. The approach is through a triumphal arch, which is surmounted by a bold equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. This arch, etc., was formerly placed on the summit of a hill in the park, and in that absurd and injudicious situation was very properly reprobated by Mr. Gilpin in his 'Western Counties,' who therein observes that 'a triumphal arch would be perhaps too pompous a structure to form a part of the approach to the house; yet in that capacity it might have been suffered.' Passing this, the visitor is conducted to a vestibule which leads to the cloister, or rather gallery, which surrounds an open court. This cloister, as well as the vestibule, are to be filled with ancient marbles; and it is presumed that the whole, when perfected and arranged, will present an imposing and truly interesting *coup d'œil*."*

"Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, began his collection of statues at Wilton about the close of the last century. He purchased such of Lord Arundel's as had been placed in the house, and by consequence had escaped the injuries of this climate, so conspicuous in those at Oxford. They were principally busts. Lord Pembroke was particularly partial to that description of sculpture, as no less than 173 may be seen at Wilton on marble termini. The scrutinising eye of the connoisseur will not allow many of this great number to be either antique or genuine portraits. But the Wilton collection originated in others besides the Arundelian. When the Giustiniani marbles, in which were 106 busts, were dispersed, they were purchased chiefly by Cardinal Albani and Lord Pembroke. Cardinal Richelieu was assisted by Lord Arundel, when forming his collection of busts, with intelligence respecting many in Italy, which he afterwards procured. These were incorporated with Cardinal Mazarine's marbles, many of which had been bought when Charles the First's statues and pictures were exposed to public auction by a vote of Parliament. When the Mazarine collection was likewise sold, Lord Pembroke was a principal purchaser, to which were added some fine busts from Valetta, of Naples. A complete assemblage of all these forms the present magnificent collection at Wilton."†

An idea of the sculpture, paintings, etc., in the suite of apartments now so generously shown to the public may be gauged by the following :—

ENTRANCE HALL.

Of sculpture, three colossal figures, and armour of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Of these, a suit of the first Earl of Pembroke claims special notice, and some French suits brought from the battle of St. Quentin, one of them belonging to Montmorency, Constable of France, whom the Earl of Pembroke made prisoner. It is interesting to note Aubrey's statement that "There were armes" at Wilton House before the civil wars, "*sc.* the spoils for sixteen thousand men, horse and foot."

THE CLOISTER OR SCULPTURE GALLERY

contains some two hundred objects of various materials and ages, comprising more than one hundred statues, busts, and terminal heads. Of these a nymph sleeping and a seated female figure called Didia Clare are graceful. Attractive in quite a different way are some double heads. A large number of bas and other reliefs: one of these singularly interesting, from its being an alto-relievo of gold and colour mosaic. The subject is Hercules seated by the tree of the Hesperides, about which the dragon is coiled; before him stands one of the daughters of Atlas: note the colour of the fruit. Very interesting too is a white marble low relief of Jupiter seated, bearing an eagle on his wrist; before him stands a youth, whose hands are in a caldron: the archaic lettered inscription is, "Mantheus, son of Æthus, offers thanks to Jupiter for his victory of Pentathlon of youths."

An attractive sarcophagus (of which there are portions of nine examples) has in the centre a relief of a temple with folding doors.

A candelabrum, an urn, a cippus of good proportion, a deeply interesting stele; and a Roman chair is nice. Also two altars—one of circular form: the relief represents Bacchus bearded and crowned with ivy, his panther and a Mænad behind him, in front another Bacchante or Mænad. The other, a small square altar; on each of the sides a figure is perhaps the most delightful bit of sculpture here.

THE ANTE-ROOM TO THE CORNER ROOM

has some thirty pictures. Above the door on entering will be found a Frans Hals, the subject, a man and boys laughing; there is not a finer work at Wilton. A vigorous Spagnoletto. An interesting monochrome sketch by Vandyck of the Duc d'Epernon on horseback. And the famous anonymous diptich, of which the following account is by Waagen. "I examined with much interest the celebrated diptychon of King Richard II. Each of the two tablets of which it is formed is 1 ft. 9 in. high and 1 ft. 4 in. wide. On the one at the right stands the Virgin, holding on her arm the infant, which she is in the act of blessing, and partly wrapped in a golden drapery. She is surrounded by many angels, clothed in blue and crowned with white roses, having on their left shoulder a recumbent stag, the arms of the King. On the other tablet is King Richard in purple, kneeling, and with folded hands, having on a golden mantle, with similar recumbent stags. Behind him stand his three patron saints: St. John the Baptist, with the lamb; King Edward the Confessor, with a ring; and King Edmund, with an arrow. The ground is golden. It is without doubt by a very able Italian painter, who probably lived at the court of King Richard II. The finishing is as delicate as that of a miniature. This very remarkable and admirably preserved relic was given, as Vanderdoort tells us, to King Charles I. by Sir James Palmer, who had it from Lord Jennings. From the detailed description by Vanderdoort it appears that it was at that time still folded together as a diptychon, and that on the outside of the upper tablet were the arms of Edward the Confessor."

THE CORNER ROOM

has some busts and over forty paintings—the very nice small full-length of Philip Earl of Pembroke, a landscape by Rubens, and Holbein's 'Judge More.'

A lovely vignette of Salisbury Cathedral should be looked for from the windows in this room.

THE COLONNADE ROOM

has some bronze busts with about twenty paintings, including 'Four Children' by Rubens, 'Soldiers tearing

* By Britton. † By Dallaway.

the Saviour's Coat,' by Caracci, and a very beautiful study of Rembrandt's, 'An Old Woman reading a Book.'

THE GREAT ANTE-ROOM.

A few pieces of sculpture and a dozen pictures. Of these, the most notable are an anonymous work, said to have been taken from the Temple of Juno at Prænestе; a very perfect example of Lucas van Leyden; Reynolds's 'Dowager Countess of Pembroke and her Son, the eleventh Earl;' two by Vandyck, himself, and the beautiful portrait included in the latest exhibition of old masters at Burlington House.

THE DOUBLE-CUBE ROOM

contains a number of busts and other sculpture, all the pictures being portraits by Vandyck. Annotation of the famous family group follows: "Unrivalled in its kind, it is a history of the time. It throws us nearly two centuries back, to men and manners that no longer exist. The members of a noble house are brought together in *propria persona*, and appear in all the varieties of age, character, and costume. There are the old Lord and Lady Pembroke, who 'keep their state,' raised somewhat above the other groups; the one a lively old gentleman, who seems as if he could once have whispered a flattering tale in a fair lady's ear, his helpmate looking a little fat and sulky by his side, probably calculating the expense of the picture and not well understanding the event of it. There are the daughters, pretty, well-dressed elegant girls, but somewhat insipid, sentimental, and vacant. Then there are the two eldest sons, that might be said to have walked out of Mr. Burke's description of the age of chivalry; the one a perfect courtier, a carpet-knight, smooth-faced, handsome, almost effeminate, that seems to have moved all his life to the mood of lutes and soft recorders, decked in silks and embroidery, like the tender flower issuing from its glossy folds; the other the gallant soldier, shrewd, bold, hardy, with spurred heel and tawny buskins, ready to 'mount on barbed steeds, and witch the world with noble horsemanship,' down to the untutored, carroty-headed boy, the *Goose Gibbie* of the piece, who appears to have been just dragged from the farmyard to sit for his picture, and stares about him in as great a heat as if he had dropped from the clouds. All in this admirable, living composition is in its place, in keeping, and bears the stamp of the age and of the master's hand."* "This picture contains ten full-length figures—viz., Philip Earl of Pembroke and his Countess, who are represented sitting, with their five sons standing on their right hand, and their daughter and her husband, the Earl of Caernarvon, on their left; before them, is Lady Mary Villiers, who was betrothed to Lord Charles Herbert; and in the clouds appear three children, two boys and a girl, who died young. The price paid to Vandyck is stated to have been five hundred Jacobuses. In Aubrey's time it was appraised at a thousand pounds, and George the Third is said to have offered as many guineas for it as would cover the superficies of the canvas." Then perhaps another portrait of 'The Earl of Pembroke,' and 'The Duchess of Richmond and Mrs. Gibson the Dwarf,' claim first attention.

SINGLE-CUBE ROOM.

Some busts and eight or ten pictures: two fine Vandycks are 'Mrs. Killigrew and Mrs. Morton' and 'The Earl and Countess of Bedford.'

* By Hazlitt.



Sketch showing the style of decoration generally, white and gold, in the State Apartments at Wilton House.

THE LIBRARY

has of sculpture various busts, and 'The Dying Fawn,' by Gibson. Some dozen paintings: of these 'The First Earl of Pembroke,' by Holbein, and 'Mary Sidney,' by Marc Garrard, will be noticed.

In the Dining Room are some ten pictures: a vigorous study of dogs by Snyders, and a very masterly work by Van Somer, 'Portrait of a Flemish Nobleman,' represented hawking, his page before him. In its present position this fine portrait requires a very bright day to be properly seen.

In this Journal 'Holbein's Porch' has already been noticed: it is in the grounds. Of the present park and gardens much might be written, and an idea of the curious Arts that once existed in this old "Pleasance" may be found in a rare volume, supposed to be by Isaac de Caus, probably a brother of the architect, Solomon de Caus. It contains a number of illustrations, and the author states that "This garden, within the enclosure of the new wall, is a thousand foote long and about foure hundred in breadth, divided in its length into three long squares or paralellograms; the first of which divisions next the building hath ffoure platts, embroydered; in the midest of which are ffoure ffountaynes with statues of marble in theire midle, and on the sides of those platts

are the platts of fflowers, and beyond them is the little terrass rased for the more advantage of beholding those platts, this for the first division. In the second are two groves or woods cutt with diverse walkes, and through those groves passeth the river Nadder, having of breadth in this place 44 foote, upon which is built the bridge of the breadth of the greate walke. In the midest of the aforesayd groves are two great statues of white marble of eight ffoote heighth, the one of Bacchus and the other Flora, and on the sides ranging with the platts of fflowers are two covered arbours of 300 ffoote long and diverse allies; att the beginning of the third and last division are on either side of the great walke two ponds with ffountaynes and two collumnes in the midle casting water all their heighth, which causeth the moveing and turning of two crownes att the top of the same, and beyond is a comparttiment of greene, and diverse walkes planted with cherrie trees; and in the midle is the great ovall with the gladiator of brass, the most famous statue of all that antiquity hath left: on the sydes of this comparttment and answering the platts of fflowers and long arbours are three arbours of either side with turning gallaryes communicating themselves one into another: att the end of the great walke is a portico of stone cutt and adorned with pilasters and nyches within which are four ffigures of white marble of five ffoote high: of either side of the sayd portico is an ascent leading up to the terrasse, upon the steps whereof instead of ballasters are sea monsters casting water from one to the other; from the top to the bottome and above the sayd portico is a reserve of water from the grotto."

Of the same Aubrey gives this: "The grotto is paved with black and white marble; the roofe is vaulted. The figures of the Tritons, etc., are in bas-relieve, of white marble excellently well wrought. Here is a fine jeddeau and nightingale pipes. Monsieur de Caus had here a contrivance, by the turning of a cock, to shew three rainbowes, the secret whereof he did keep to himself; he would not let the gardener, who shows it to the strangers, know how to doe it; and so, upon his death, it is lost. The grott and pipes did cost ten thousand pounds. The garden is twelve acres, within the terrace of the grott." "The top of one of the niches in the grot, as one sings there, doth return the note A re, lowder, and clearer, but it doth not the like to the eighth of it." And the following on this and reference to the house and its environs is by Evelyn, 1654: "July 20.—In the afternoon we went to Wilton; a fine house of ye Earl of Pembroke, in which ye most observable are ye dining-roome in ye modern style built towards the garden, richly gilded and painted with story by De Creete; also some other apartments, as that of hunting landskips by Pierce; some magnificent chimney-pieces after the best French manner; a pair of artificial winding stayres of stone and divers rare pictures. The garden heretofore esteem'd the noblest in England, is a large handsome plaine, with a grotto and water-works, which might be made much more pleasant were the river that passes through cleans'd and rais'd, for all is effected by a meere force. It has a flower garden not inelegant. The stables are well order'd, and yeild a gracefull front, by reason of the walkes of lime trees, with the court and fountaine of the stable adorn'd with the Cæsars' heads." And to-day his words are true—*i.e.*, "But after all that which renders the seat delightful is its being so neere ye downes and plaines about the country contiguous to it."

GIDEON FIDLER.



The Library, Wilton House.

DUNKELD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

THE present town of Dunkeld consists of one main street and several small side ones, very quiet and eventless, but with an air of antique quaintness. Its site was chosen at a very early period for strategical purposes. A strong Pictish fortification, called Caledon Castle, was built prior to the fifth century on a prominent knoll behind the town, called the King's Seat, to command the passes from the north to the south; and a large number of dwellings gathered round it for the sake of security, so that for many years it was the capital of the Pictish Kingdom. When the Culdees fled from Iona, owing to the introduction of Popish rites in 729, they built a rude monastery in the vicinity of this fort, on the site of an older cell or church of clay and wattles in the style of those days, and made the place a second Iona, to which pilgrimages were appointed from all parts of the land. To this monastery was transferred many of the ancient books of Iona, and the relics of St. Columba; the parent institution, on the melancholy Isle in the western waves, having become too insecure a resting-place, owing to the ravages of the Danes and Norwegians. St. Columba, accompanied by Kentigern, visited Dunkeld on his way to convert the Picts in Inverness-shire, and many traces of him may be identified in the names of local wells and dedications of old churches in the valley of the Tay. To this period may probably be assigned the Dunkeld sculptured monument, which is a flat slab of stone, on one side having a group of figures representing Daniel in the den of lions, carved in the rudest and most conventional manner; and on the other, the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea; subjects of common occurrence in the sculptured sarcophagi of Italy and Gaul.



Dunkeld Cathedral.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

St. Columba gave his name to the Monastery of Dunkeld, where his bones ultimately reposed, after their brief interment in Iona; but his tomb has disappeared for ages from human ken, and "no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day." The festival of the Saint used to

* Concluded from page 236.

be observed locally on St. Columba's Day, 9th of June; and a fair has been held in the town from time immemorial on the day following. In 845 the Danes, under the celebrated chief Regnor Lodbrog, penetrated as far as this secluded valley, plundered the ancient town, and doubtless, as their custom was in the western Isles, burnt the wooden monastery. But Kenneth MacAlpine, who united the Scots and Picts into one kingdom, rebuilt the monastery of stone three years afterwards. In 905 the Danes returned and again ravaged the town, and destroyed the more substantial monastery. For more than two hundred years we have no record of the ecclesiastical institution that took its place. But in 1127 King David I. laid the foundation of the present Cathedral, which stands apart from the town on the banks of the river, shaded by fine old trees. It is an ideal position for a sacred building. Many a stirring incident of the hoary centuries has no chronicle save in the silent stones of these ancient ruins. Everywhere you set "your foot upon some reverend history." In the Book of Deer, preserved in Cambridge, there is a formal grant made by David I. translated from Latin to Gaelic—which was the universal language of Scotland at the time—of lands for the building of a church of Christ and the Apostle Peter at Dunkeld, dedicated to Columcille and Drostan, free from all exactions. This gift was made over to Cormac, Bishop of Dunkeld. This is doubtless the royal charter of the Institution. King David made it the seat of a Bishopric, of which the Culdees of the ancient monastery formed the chapter. Afterwards it flourished exceedingly, until it obtained for a considerable time the primacy of Scotland.



Waterfalls at Birnam.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The architecture of the Cathedral, which is a very imposing building, is somewhat composite, combining the Norman and the Pointed styles. It was built at different periods, by different founders, which will account for its mixed character. In 1318 Bishop Sinclair, who was called Robert the Bruce's own Bishop, built the choir, in the First Pointed style, on the site of part of the old monastery. This portion of the edifice was restored, and now forms the parish church. In the middle of the gable may be seen some reddish dressed stones which formed part of the old monastery, showing that they had been taken from Scone. Bishop Cardney founded the nave, which is now in ruins, in the Second Pointed style, about 1406. It was built of stones of small size, which could be carried conveniently on horseback by means of a currach; and so zealous was the Bishop that he and his noble guests took part in the transportation of the materials, like any common labourers. Six years after the completion of the nave, in 1466, the great Tower 96 feet high, and Chapter House, were begun and completed by Bishop Lauder in seven years.

For thirteen hundred years a religious institution has existed in this place; and from 1127 to 1688 Dunkeld was the seat of a Diocese. Some of the Bishops were allied to royalty, and were as conspicuous for their martial valour as for their religious zeal. They had large possessions in the Lothians and in Dull. The early Bishops lived much at Cramond, near Edinburgh; and several of them were buried in the Island of Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth. Gawin Douglas, the early Scottish poet, was the most eminent. Son of the Earl of Angus, he became Bishop of Dunkeld about 1510, during a very troublous period. Political commotions ultimately compelled him to seek the protection of Henry VIII., and he died of the plague in London in 1522, and was interred in the Savoy Church. It was at Dunkeld that he translated the poems of Ovid, and the Æneid of Virgil in heroic verse, in the Scottish language, with great spirit and elegance. The song of the Tay continually in his ears, the most rhythmical of the more obvious sounds of nature, inspired his poetic activity, as the song of the Avon entered into the immortal dreams of Shakespeare.

It may be mentioned that the only local memorial of the poet-bishop's connection with the place, is a stone carved with the Douglas arms, found among the rubbish of the Cathedral, and inserted in the front wall above the entrance of the Grammar School. We may picture stoled Abbots and mailed Bishops in these solemn shades, having their feelings sanctified by chanted vespers and the mystic beams of the entrancing moon shining in through stained windows, rising from the sense of sensual things to heavenly hopes and touched to issues strange and new.

The Cathedral was unroofed at the Reformation. The Tower was fortified and mounted with small cannon in 1689 to guard the town from the ravages of the adherents of James VII. Beneath the Chapter House is the sepulchral vault of the Atholl family; the nave contains some ancient monuments; while the tomb of the Wolf of Badenoch, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, who laid waste so many sacred buildings, and died in 1384. is situated in the vestibule.

The knoll called the King's Seat, already alluded to, received its name from being used as a look-out station for deer in the royal forest, which once extended over all this region. The early kings of Scotland were accustomed to hunt here in autumn; and we have a special record of William the Lion frequenting it, and also of Queen Mary being stationed on one occasion on the King's Seat, while the deer were made to fly past, and were shot by the arrows of the huntsmen. Owing to the frantic stampede of the game, the hapless Queen had a narrow escape from being trampled under foot, which would have saved her from the more dreadful fate in reserve at Fotheringay. In the vicinity is Birnam Hill, about 1,580 feet high, from the top of which to the north-west may be seen, at a distance of about twelve miles, the hill of Dunsinane, one of the Sidlaw range, about a thousand feet high. On the top of Dunsinane Hill are the remains of a rampart and fosse, and masses of vitrified stones, with two underground dwellings paved with rough slabs and communicating with each other. Human skeletons, a quern, and a large serpent-like bronze ring of exquisite workmanship, were found near the entrance to the circumvallation. This hill-fort is popularly known as Macbeth's Castle. Birnam Hill was once covered with an ancient royal forest; and Shakespeare in his immortal tragedy mentions the prophecy of safety given to Macbeth:

> "Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
> Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
> Shall come against him"—

alluding to the favourite method in olden times of besieging a stronghold; for not only did the large branches of trees carried by armed men conceal and defend them, but they also afforded materials for setting fire to the castle when they came close up to it. It has been conjectured with great plausibility, from the vivid accuracy of the local descriptions and allusions, that the story of Macbeth was suggested to Shakespeare during a personal visit to Scottish ground, when he passed north with his company—the servants of James VI. and I.—to perform comedies and stage-plays in Aberdeen in 1601.

On the south side of the Tay opposite Dunkeld is the village of Birnam, beside the railway station. The irregular knolls round about have formed favourite sites for most picturesque modern mansions in the baronial style. Lord John Manners resided in one of them for many years, and Sir John Everett Millais made this his summer resort, where he painted some of his finest



Birnam Hill.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

pictures, and found health and recreation in the enthusiastic pursuit of salmon-fishing on the Tay. He made the scenery of the Rumbling Bridge the subject of his well-known picture, 'The Sound of Many Waters.' His wife was a daughter of George Grey of Bowerswell Park, Perth, and in this vicinity Ruskin and he often met. At Little Dunkeld the parish church possesses a relic of the early Monastery of Dunkeld, or of the local reformation of the Celtic Church under David I., in the shape of a Bronze Bell, which forms one of the small group of Celtic bells now known in Scotland.

The scenery of Dunkeld and its neighbourhood has drawn forth the highest eulogiums from celebrated persons. The poet Gray, the author of the immortal Elegy, visited it during his tour in Scotland in 1765; and in a letter to Walpole, with whom he made the grand tour on the Continent, gives a most graphic description of the spot, with fine characteristic touches of poetry and humour. The landscape was much barer and sterner in his time than it is now, having been much softened and improved by the plantations of oak and pine which clothe the craggy hills. And yet it excited very lively emotions in his mind by its rugged grandeur. He was

in the habit of recording his impressions on the spot, and has told us that he was visibly affected by the wonderful combination of wood and hill and river. We are accustomed to date the appreciation of Scottish scenery to the days of Sir Walter Scott, and to imagine that previously the wild scenes of nature, however magnificent, could evoke no answering thrill even from poets and men of letters. Gray must therefore have been before his time, for no modern tourist could be more enthusiastic in praise of Dunkeld and Blair Atholl than he was. Among other admirers may be mentioned Miss Martineau and MacCulloch, the author of "The Highlands and Western Islands," whose praises are rapturous, especially of Dunkeld Bridge, which forms the centre and focus of all the charms of the landscape, and whose mellow breadth of grey light relieves the sombre hues of wood and rocky hill. Dr. Thomas Brown, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, was in the habit for a number of years, at the close of the winter session, of seeking oblivious balm in these hermit retreats. In May each year, the snowy blossoms of bird-cherries and wild geans whitened the woods as if celebrating a festival; and the wonderful pageant of the varied colours of the foliage, greens and reds and yellows in the tenderest shades, the same in May as in October, only more delicate, as the bloom of youth is fairer than the hectic flush of decay, used to touch vividly his imagination. Burns has breathed the spell of his genius over all the haunted scene; the music of Neil Gow has given a human pathos to the voices of the woodlands and the murmurs of the streams; Millais has embodied the fairest suggestions of falling waters, and the natural tapestry of mantling woods, in pictures which haunt one for ever. Nature is thus informed by human genius, and poetry and art and music have lent their bewitching aid to enhance the charming impressions of the spot; while the mellow tones of the Curfew Bell, rung at evening from the Cathedral, concentrating in themselves all the romance of the past, seem to give it a diviner atmosphere.

Endless walks lead the visitor from the town to most attractive scenes beyond. Breaking through the crystalline and schistose rocks which hitherto confined its own course and that of its tributaries within narrow valleys, the Tay emerges below the pass of Birnam into a wider horizon, formed by conglomerate and Old Red sandstone rocks, and flows with a deep smooth current all the way to Perth, interrupted only by the volcanic outbursts of Campsie Linn and Thistlebridge Dyke, which have thrown their barriers across its path, and so have broken up its tameness into foaming picturesqueness. The spacious domain around Murthly Castle, the seat of the Stewarts of Grandtully, which Millais rented for several seasons, with its shady walks by the river-side, and its endless views through the parks and woods, repeats the charms of the Duke of Atholl's grounds higher up the river, with superadded charms of their own. Through bosky dales, and dark hanging woods, the road passes eastward to Blairgowrie, along a chain of silver lochs that mark the track of an ancient glacier, sliding down from the central Grampians to the sea on the Forfarshire coast. These lochs, by the wonderful magic of water, gather around them all that is fairest in nature, weeping birches, and sighing pines and umbrageous plane trees, and the haze-blue of distant hills made more ethereal by vistas through the shades. In the ruined castle on the island of Cluny Loch, tradition says that the Admirable Crichton lived, whose half-mythic youth represented in itself all the culture and learning of four hundred years ago. To the north-west of Dunkeld the visitor passes up Strathbraan beyond the Hermitage and the Rumbling Bridge to the breezy uplands of Amulree, where the heather reflects its crimson shadows in the liquid silver of the romantic river, and the amethystine hues of leagues of bare lonely mountains fill all the horizon. At Dunkeld and its neighbourhood, the chief beauties of the Tay may be said to have reached their limit. Beyond this region the river, though still preserving much of its Highland loveliness, is harnessed to work in connection with agricultural pursuits, and numerous bleaching and dyeing industries, for which its soft pure water is admirably adapted.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



On the Tay near Dunkeld Cathedral.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



The Beach and Cliffs of Aval, Etretat.

ETRETAT AND ITS ENVIRONS.

PLACES, like people, often have an irresistible charm about them which baffles analysis. Once felt, the influence is as hard to cast off as the arsenic or opium habit. Etretat, and its environs, certainly possess this insidious charm. It is recognised and admitted by its habitués, who, if they play false to it for a season, usually return the next, and explain, with a resigned shrug of the shoulders, that they have tried the mountains and the plains, but that nothing could take the place of the rock-flanked, stony little beach of Etretat. To a certain extent, the primitive quaintness of the resort has been spoiled since the inauguration of the railroad, four or five years ago. The inhabitants did not understand that one of its great attractions was the long drive in the tumble-down old stage-coach, which ran between the last railroad station and the little slate-roofed village, nestled between the storm-cleft rocks, which form more splendid natural cathedrals than any built by the hands of man.

So, the most enterprising men of Etretat plotted, planned, and wire-pulled until they brought the panting engines and ghastly black smoke into the heart of their peaceful valley. Now they are up-to-date from the locomotion standpoint, but their modern improvements have driven away a certain genuine artistic element that was once the pride of Etretat.

After ten years I still vividly remember the impressions of that first drive in the now half-forgotten old diligence. After the dust, rush, and heat of the city, how delightful it was to roll slowly along those hilly, shady roads! On both sides they are hemmed in by tall willowy trees, growing on the top of grass-grown earthern walls, which surround the thatched-roofed farms and protect them from the Atlantic gales, which, without these rustic battlements, would soon lay low the fair orchards of Normandy. The trees are mainly confined to the roads and farms. Beyond, the country is a succession of undulating fields, waving in luxuriant, varied, and fenceless vegetation to the very edge of the cliffs overhanging the sea.

Then, as now, the roads are alive with ruddy, ragged, tow-headed youngsters. They run after the carriages, turning somersaults, and clamouring in a joyous and absolutely irrepressible chorus for "un petit sou, monsieur et dame." They are a grim satire upon the "Mendicity forbidden" posted up at all the crossways in the department, and another instance of the ever-recurring contradictions between theory and practice.

Modern Etretat was discovered, so to speak, by Alphonse Karr, whose portrait, in coloured pottery, still decorates one side of the Hôtel Blanquet, where, I believe, he made his headquarters in the days when the literary and artistic world ruled supreme, and nature was not outraged by the incongruities of city fashions and customs. Notwithstanding the steady and ever-increasing influx of strangers, however, the peasants here make little progress in their methods of work. The clothes, for instance, are still washed in the same old-fashioned way, which has always been one of the curiosities of Etretat.

At low tide the women congregate on the left side of the beach, near the oyster-beds, so celebrated during the third empire. By displacing a few stones they make wells which fill at once with clear, fresh water, spring-



A Cabestan on The Fishermens' Beach, Etretat.



Père Aubourg, the founder of the Gonneville Museum-Inn, seated in a corner of the large Dining-Room reserved for special occasions.

ing from an underground river, whose source is unknown.

The washing is often done at night. The white-capped women kneeling among the stones, scrubbing, pounding and rinsing the numberless piles of linen, make a marvellous picture seen by the red light of the primitive torches stuck at random near each separate well. At a distance they look like a mysterious assemblage of monstrous fireflies.

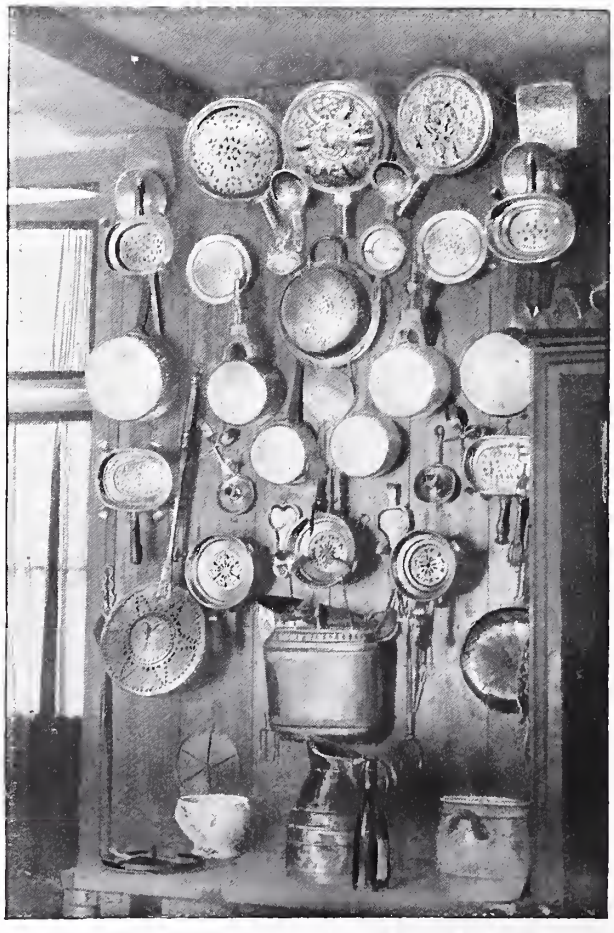
The cliffs are interesting from a geological point of view, being formed by layers of soft, yellowish-white stone. The coast is composed of a series of beaches, separated by immense projecting rocks, and caves, through a number of which the venturesome climber can pass at low tide.

The fishermen's beach is a curious sight when the boats come home. In fair and stormy weather they are landed in a manner which, I believe, is peculiar to this coast. Ropes are fastened to the boat from what is called a *cabestan*. This is composed of a short thick mast turning upon a block of wood. In the top are two holes. When an incoming boat is sighted, two poles are passed through them, and men, women, and children, four or five abreast, push in measured tread against them until the craft is beyond reach of the most ambitious wave. Rounded logs of wood are placed from distance to distance under the boats, in order to protect them from the stones and to facilitate the work of the cabestan-turners.

Beaching the boats is looked upon almost in the light of fun during the summer, when it is idealised, so to speak, by the ring of curious on-lookers, waiting to buy the fish, which is sold at auction as soon as the usually well-filled nets are stretched upon the shore. During the stormy winter nights it becomes a more serious affair. The watchers, usually women, armed with lanterns, keep a sharp look out through the sleet, wind, and rain. When the boats come into sight, not a minute must be lost in calling those whose duty it is to help steady the craft over the crest of the last wave, and land it safely upon the stony beach. Delay, or clumsiness, so easily means shipwreck.

In spite of privation and toil the sailor people seem happy. They are splendid specimens of ignorance, unambitious contentment, and health. The simplicity of their expression is refreshing after the haggard, anxious, complicated faces so often seen in the eternally social-problem suggestive throroughfares of the great cities. The scepticism of Paris has not yet reached the seaboard. The sailors are very pious, and nothing could induce them to go to sea in a boat which had not been duly baptised.

Every year, on Ascension Day, the sea is blessed in great pomp by the parish priest, surrounded by chanting, incense-burning altar boys, floating banners, and the entire population kneeling and joining in the chants. It is an impressive and magnificent spectacle, and might be studied with profit by the religion-



Corner of the Kitchen in the Aubourg Museum-Inn.

suppressing educators of Paris! The little chapel upon the top of the right-hand cliff was built by the united efforts of the people. Having listened to a series of eloquent Lenten sermons, their religious enthusiasm was so fired that a spontaneous proposition to build a chapel dedicated to the sailors' patron saint was proposed. No sooner said than done—the people formed a living chain from the foot to the top of the hill, and every stone was passed up from hand to hand until the little structure was completed.

Like most good things in the old world, Etretat, or the spot now called by this name, was not overlooked by the Romans. During one of their expeditions to England they formed a settlement there, whose traces are studied with interest by archæologists. During his excursions in the neighbourhood, Alphonse Karr also discovered the *Belle Ernestine*, then a bright, winsome peasant beauty, who managed to make her fortune out of the admiration of her celebrated admirer. She still lives in St. Jouin, in the square, old-fashioned white house which local tradition credits Alphonse Karr with having given her. Now she is not fair, she is fat, and, alas, she is no longer forty! The house has become a famous inn, filled with curios, paintings, old wood-carvings, and furniture which prove that Ernestine has gradually developed into a true art connoisseur. In every way she seems to have made hay while the sun shone, if we are to believe the equivocal and unequivocal tributes to her fascinations written, drawn, and painted in her visitors' books by two generations of passing artists.



Dining-Room in the Aubourg Museum-Inn.

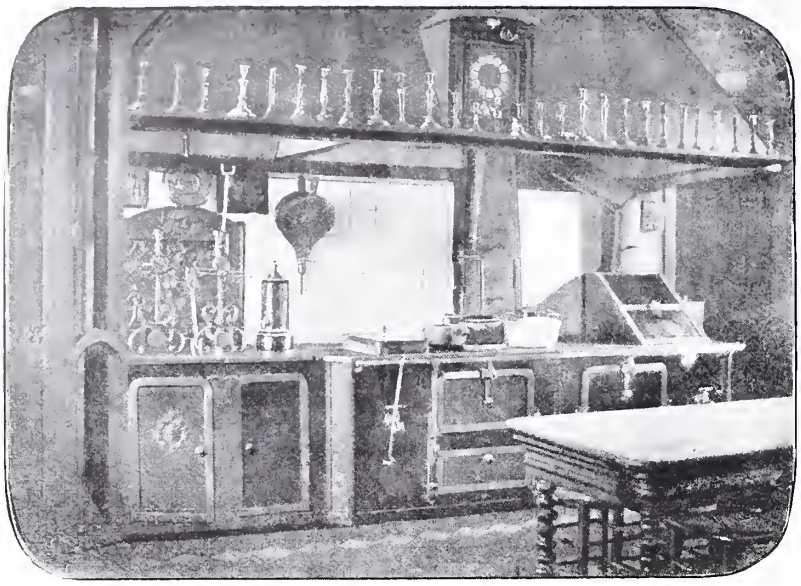


Large Dining-Room in the Aubourg Museum-Inn.

Like most women who have once been beautiful, Ernestine is capricious and, at times, unamiable. One goes there out of curiosity, but it is not the sort of place one wants to go back to, unless it is to show it to some new-comers. The really interesting, hospitable, sympathetic place is the Musée Aubourg, in Gonneville. It is kept by the sister-in-law and nephew of Ernestine.

The père Aubourg, who died a few years ago, was a born collector. For years he scoured the country in every direction, and bought up everything of any artistic interest he could lay hands upon. No farm, no barn, no stable

escaped his search, and many a valuable old *bahut* has he saved from fire and axe. The peasants were, and still are, happy to exchange their worm-eaten, time-stained old pieces of furniture for nice, light, brand-new pinewood wardrobes and bureaux. So little by little, Old Aubourg formed a splendid collection, which at present is of great value.



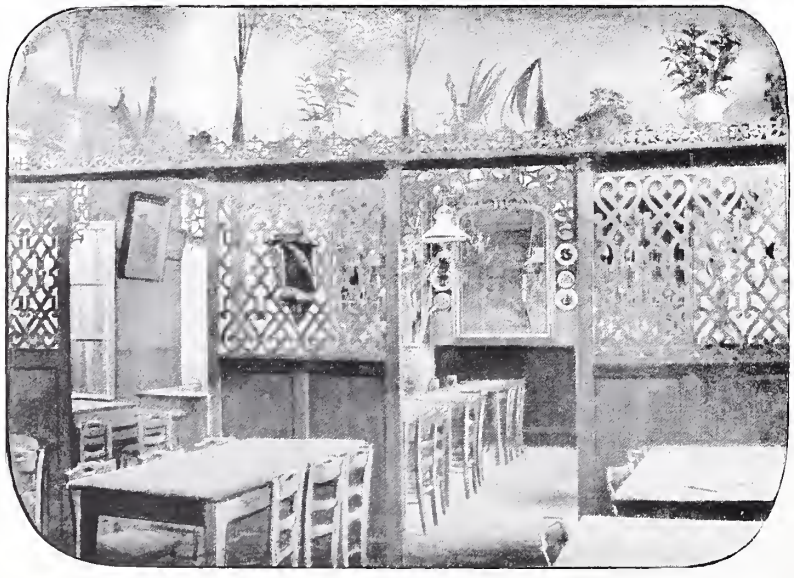
Aubourg Museum-Inn Kitchen.

The front of the inn is entirely decorated with fine specimens of porcelain and pottery incrusted in the mortar of the walls. The kitchen, to the right of the entrance, is a veritable symphony of dazzling brass and copper pots and pans. Here Caesar Aubourg, the jolly, fat, and excessively worldly-wise young host, decked in his immaculately white cap and coat, cooks the "Aubourg chicken," as famous in its way as the "omelette" of the "mère Poulard" at the Mont St. Michael Inn. The panels of the doors and wainscotings are covered by the whimsical paintings of the best-known artists of the day, all of whom, at one time or another, have rested for an hour, a day, or a week under the hospitable roof of the Aubourg family. Hospitable is the only word to use, as, whatever the innermost feelings of Caesar Aubourg and his buxom, energetic mother may be, every guest is made to feel that he or she is the one for whom the inn really exists. You may go there a hundred times, without perceiving the slightest difference in the heartiness of the welcome. The "petit Tron Norman"—a small glass of brandy served in the middle of the dinner—and the parting stirrup-cup, are always offered in the same spirit of apparently irresistible spontaneity. After dinner, the great visitors' books are brought forth, and you are mysteriously made to feel that they are not confided to everyone in the same way they are to you.

When the time comes for leave-taking, the most phlegmatic visitors cannot help feeling a thrill of enthusiasm as they drive off into the summer darkness, accompanied by the sounds of bells, drums, and horns, which every member of the household either pulls, beats, or blows, with a gusto worthy of a better cause.

Ernestine and the Aubourgs have made their fortunes, and the inhabitants of Etretat proper squeeze enough out of the visitors during the short summer season to enable them to spend the endless intervening months in monotonous and, I am afraid, gossipy idleness. Very different is the condition of the half-clothed, half-starved peasants scattered through the country a few miles back of the coast.

A. TOUCEY GIBERT.



Public Coffee-Room and Bar of the Aubourg Museum-Inn.



Salisbury. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE TURNER WATER-COLOURS FROM BRANTWOOD.

DURING June and July the water-colour drawings of Turner collected by the late John Ruskin were on view at the Fine Art Society's. Twenty-two years ago, it is true, practically the same assemblage was exhibited in the same galleries; but the intervening two decades have dimmed the memory of some, the young meantime have reached maturity, and many have passed into the shadow. Surprise, of course, has been expressed that these drawings should have already been offered for sale, for it was understood they were to be left to a public collection, but lovers of Turner had no objection to offer to such a splendid opportunity to secure a fine work.

A dual interest attaches to the collection. In the first place, the drawings worthily represent perhaps the greatest of water-colourists, represent his various phases of development, his manifold moods, his early loyalty to detail, no less than his magic power in later years pictorially to express nature as seen in vision. The second point of extreme interest is that these drawings were brought together by John Ruskin: the man who devoted much of his lofty thought, his profound appreciation, his subtle power of shaping to strange beauty the English tongue, to the interpretation, or at least to the exposition, of Turner's art.

At first we are captivated by the technical excellence of many of these drawings; soon we become conscious, however, that this accounts for a small measure only of their appeal. In 'The Aiguillette' we have revealed not only the solemn beauty of the hills in a harmony of blue and brown, but Turner's hunger for that which is perfect. Profoundly as we are impressed by the painting of the water in 'The Bridge of Narni'—and Turner seized the secret of its detail as it flowed over that line of stones—it is the glamour over the scene as a whole that supremely delights. 'Nemi,' lying blue as a lake of peace, in the heart of a fair landscape, charged with atmosphere; the rhythmic sweep of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in calm majesty looking down thereon; 'Scarborough,' the coast washed by living waters, an exquisitely poised figure on the wet sand under the cliff; 'Heysham,' whose sky alone suffices to evoke a feeling of wonder; 'Richmond, Yorks,' where on a larger scale is worked out the architectural suggestiveness which we discover in that trio of minute drawings, 'Turin, from the Church of the Superga,' 'Florence, from Fiesole,' and 'Rome, from Monte Mario': in each of these the imaginative grip of the artist transcends the almost miraculous surety and dexterity of his touch.

I am fortunate enough, by consent of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn and Mr. Geo. Allen, to be able to reproduce the lovely 'Salisbury.' As Ruskin pointed out, an effect of April shower with gleams of bright sunshine is here expressed as it seldom has been expressed. As to sentiment, the earth's welcome of the rain, its rapture in the following love of the sun, is borne in upon us; see, too, how nobly rises the cathedral spire, to what significant beauty the distant landscape is wrought. The best of these drawings—and among the most exquisite are the Vevay and the Bonneville—express what is best in the art of Turner. There are other drawings no whit less potent to stir us to pleasure of rare kind: several, for instance, of the group entitled by Ruskin with so much of poetic justice the Sunset group: 'The Splugen,' for instance, with its dreamlike gradations, its rock-set chapel, its majestic golden hills; and the 'Constance,' where the lake in the background, with smoke from the steamers rising heavenward, is of wholly satisfying beauty.

F. R.



Springtime.
By Miss Anna Nordgren.

THE PARIS CLUB OF INTERNATIONAL WOMEN ARTISTS.

LIKE many great movements, the Paris Club owed its origin to small things. Its start may be traced back to a conversation held one day in Paris between two students, during a studio rest. They were speaking of the extreme difficulty of "getting a fair start," especially if one had been trained in Paris; a prejudice existing against the French nation in this as well as in all other directions. One of the students remarked upon how unfair this was, as almost all the women painters of the world had studied in Paris; then they went on to say, "What a pity it is we cannot start a club and society of these painters, gathered from all over the world." These words, spoken carelessly and without much thought, were the seed of which the Paris Club is the abundant fruit.

For some little time nothing was done; but this idea of forming a society for the mutual help of all women artists who had been trained in Paris, never left the two students, and, in the early summer of 1898, they talked the idea over with a friend, an American artist; thus from the very beginning giving the club the international character, which is perhaps its most striking feature.

These three students at once determined to try and form a society. They did not waste time nor allow the grass to grow under their feet. Asking two other friends to join them, they started the Paris Club for International Women Artists on June 1st, 1898.



"I'm the Sweetest Little Geisha in Japan."
By Miss Florence Neumegen.

The objects which they hoped to gain by the forming of this society can, perhaps, be best given in their own words.

"The aim of the Paris Club is, first, to unite together women artists for mutual help in exhibiting in different countries, and, by means of centres, to lessen the cost of sending pictures; secondly, to create club-rooms for the use of members; and, lastly, to help forward the cause of international women artists in every way."

Such were the aims which these five women set before them, and one is almost inclined to wonder at the faith which gave them strength to form and carry out such a plan.

One is glad to think that such enthusiasm can still be found in our day of shattered hopes and *blasé* purposes. It gives one fresh courage as one remembers that still it is true that all things are possible to him that believeth.

No stringent code of qualification was drawn up. Two things only were needed—first, that each member must have studied in Paris, and, second, that they must do strong work.

The club was not to be representative of any one school of painting or work, but to exhibit fairly all schools, just as all schools are represented in Paris. Nor was membership to be confined to painters alone. Sculptors and handicraft workers were to be admitted whenever they were able to fulfil the two conditions of membership.

Thus much for the start of this movement which has grown so unobtrusively that it has broken upon the art world with somewhat of a surprise.

There are now more than a hundred members, who represent among them seventeen different countries.

French, English, and American artists, at present, predominate; but there are also members from Canada, Australia, Norway, Russia, and Germany, and several other countries.

Centres have already been formed in London, Paris, Philadelphia, and Melbourne, and one is soon to be started in Toronto.

The exact way in which the work of these centres will be carried on has not been permanently decided, but at a meeting held on June 1st, which the club will always keep as Founder's Day, the whole working of each centre was gone into, and put on a solid foundation. The London centre will remain the head, a kind of parent nucleus round which the other centres will gather. But each one is to be independent and self-governing in its character.



"Motherless."
By Miss Iso Rae.

In the meantime, the London centre has been giving its *raison d'être* in the Picture Exhibition, which has recently been held in the Grafton Galleries.

Even a cursory glance at the three rooms which make up the Grafton Gallery would have been sufficient to show that there was something different in this Exhibition from the ordinary London picture show. Not only the arrangement, but the general character of the work itself, seemed much more influenced by the Champs de Mars Salon, than by that everlasting backbone of British Art —the Academy.

The pictures were not crowded, nor hung like a chinese puzzle, with a total disregard to anything but size and fit. For the most part each artist's work was kept together, thus enormously aiding in the formation of some true estimate of each one's work.

The whole character of the work bore the impress of the French school rather than the English.

There was a harmony of tone, a breadth of handling, and an individuality of treatment which prevented the weariness that so often follows a visit to the usual run of picture galleries.

Perhaps in no one's work was this more clearly seen than in the pictures of Miss Blanche Mathews, who seems to have the unusual gift of equal facility with portrait and landscape.

Her portrait of a gentleman was certainly one of the cleverest pictures in the Exhibition. The technique was splendid, while the easy pose and alert look of the figure made the portrait a very living one. Her landscapes, on the other hand, were full of poetry and charm, 'An Early Morning Mist' being a perfect little idyll in paint. A larger picture of a Breton peasant, entitled 'La Fin de la Journée,' which combined both figure and landscape, showed the influence of the French school very strongly.

The pictures of Miss Anna Nordgren seemed like old friends; but they were none the less charming for having been seen before; so infinitely beautiful were they in their tender truth.

'Springtime' tells, with faithful charm, the old story of love which comes to rich and poor alike. The look in the eyes of the boy as he glances up into the face of the little servant girl, who has forgotten her task of peeling the apples, as she hears his whispered story, breathes of the very essence of love.



Straw Gatherers in Roxburghshire.
By Miss F. E. Haig.

The same in spirit, though different in form, was 'Motherhood,' where a young peasant mother was shown with her babe in her arms, and her little child clinging to her dress. The kiss the young mother presses on the baby's brow can hardly be described in words.

Very good drawing was shown in Miss Florence Neumegen's 'I'm the Sweetest Little Geisha in Japan,' but, perhaps, her best piece of work was a study of an old woman knitting, entitled 'Mère Bonbon.'

As might be expected in such an exhibition, there were several followers of both the French and English impressionist schools.

Mademoiselle Dufan's landscape, 'Le Ravin de l'Al-

hambra et la Sierra en Autonine,' might be taken as a very good example of the French impressionist style; while the pictures of Miss Iso Rae, an Australian, and Miss Beatrice How, an Englishwoman, had more the feeling of the English school of impressionists.

In Miss Iso Rae's pictures this tendency to the impressionist style was perhaps carried a little too far; the mist, through which nearly all her figures were seen, becoming almost annoying. But, in spite of this, her 'Motherless,' a group of little, white-capped children, sitting forlornly at a table, made a very sympathetic study. Quite different was her 'Potato Gatherers,' a study on unprimed canvas, in which no mist was seen, the figures standing out distinct and clear, and the only fault being that the outline, especially of the houses, was rather unpleasantly insisted upon.

Miss Beatrice How's 'Betty, a Study in Holland,' gave an impressionist picture of a totally different character, which needs special praise on account of its beautiful colour.

Many of the other pictures were of great interest.

Miss M. D. Hurst, the founder of the club, showed some very pleasing little water-colour sketches of Rye.

Miss Spence Bate's landscape, 'In the Month of Gold and Silver,' was a pleasingly bright painting. Miss Biddy Macdonald's work was interesting, though hardly beautiful, which might also be said of a very French study by Mademoiselle Dufan, 'Le Soir à Grenade,' which very strongly affected the "affiche" in style.

The followers of the *plein air* school found an able exponent in Miss F. E. Haig, whose 'Straw Gatherers in Roxburghshire' was full of sunshine, and very pleasing to look at.

The group of portraits by Mrs. Lancaster Lucas possessed much merit, though one might have wished for a slightly different arrangement of the figures. Miss Sybil Dowie's pastel portraits showed good handling of this difficult medium, while Miss Edith Somerville's 'Sailor's Funeral at Étaples' was a charmingly bright and sunny little bit of painting.

Miss Mary Hill Burton, so well known for Japanese studies, showed several pictures, all noteworthy for their pleasing colour. 'I kao, Japan,' was a faithful representation of a Japanese street scene, with several figures in the foreground. 'Poppies,' 'Geranium,' and 'Queen of the Meadow and Wild,' were flower studies of great charm; while 'Hide and Seek' was a clever painting of two children playing together in the fields.

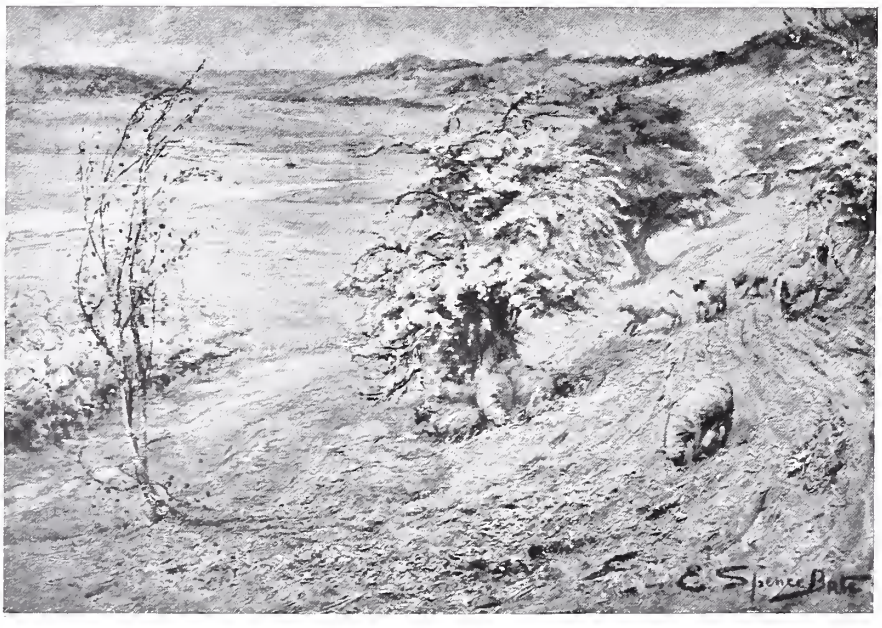
Great interest must attach to the work of this artist on account of the unfortunate circumstance of her sad death, which has so recently taken place. She may almost be called a martyr to her art, for it was while studying in Rome, collecting materials for a picture show of Old Gardens, to be held at Clifford's, in the Haymarket, that she died. She was revelling in the beautiful colour of the old Roman gardens, and working with the indefatigable zeal so characteristic of her when she was taken ill. Her loss will long be felt, not only by those who had the privilege of knowing her personally, but by the larger circle of the many who knew and admired her work.

Miss Edith Somerville had some very charming studies of Irish people. She had caught the very character of the West Country folk in her 'Connemara People.'

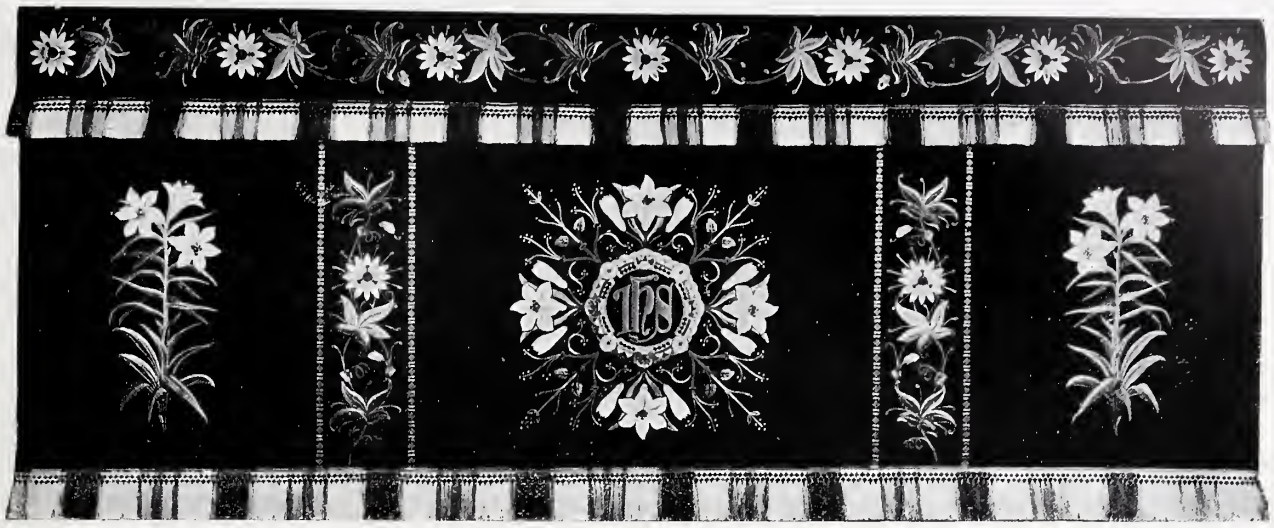
Several cases of miniatures were shown, some of which were more French than pleasing in style, but those sent by Miss Edith Cotton Haig were charming in every particular.

Statuary and crafts work were but poorly represented, and it is to be hoped that future exhibitions will show an improvement in these directions; but, on the whole, the members of the Paris Club may be very justly proud of their first exhibition. And, unless the club falls from its first fair promise, it will do good work, not alone in making the career of women artists less full of difficulty and up-hill toil, but in giving a living example to the world that women are at last learning the lesson that "Unity is Strength."

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.



"In the Month of Gold and Silver."
By Miss Spence Bate.



Altar Frontal. Executed for Jesus College, Oxford, by Messrs. Jones and Willis.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

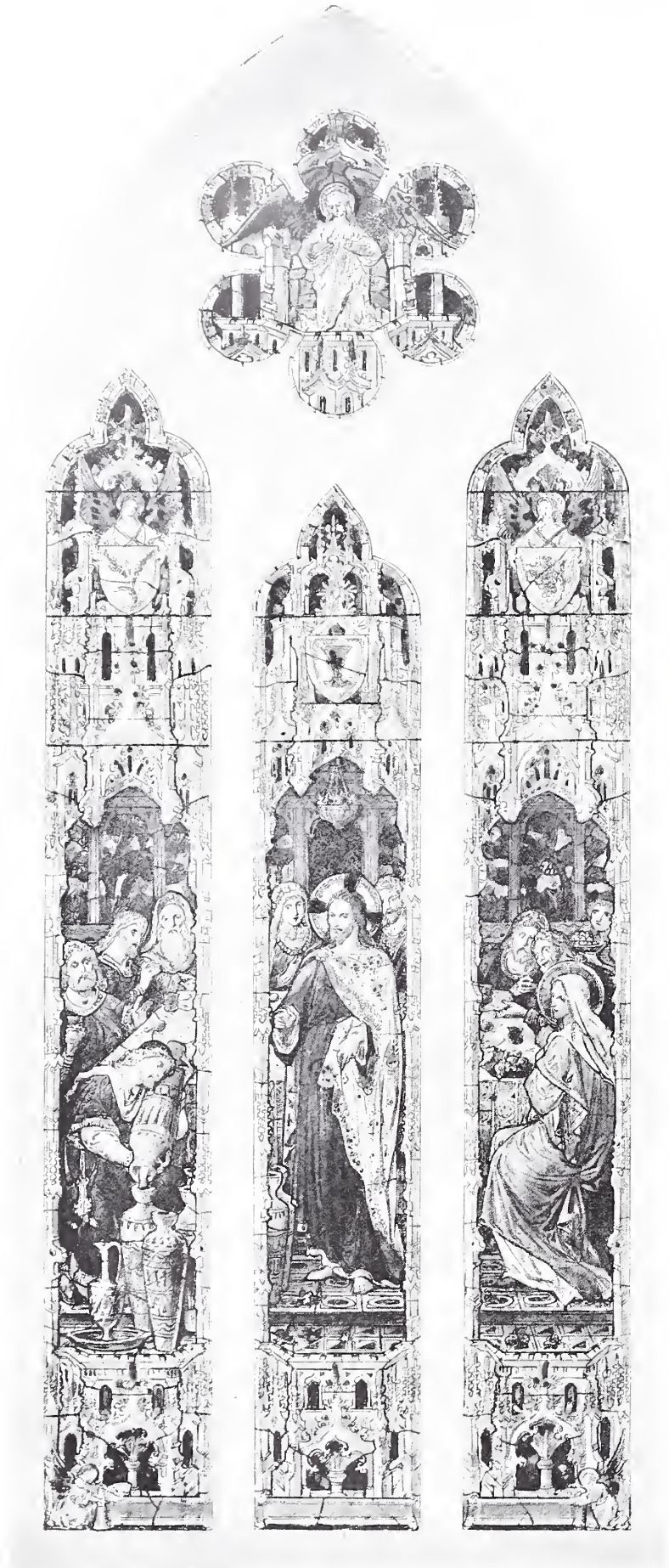
THE question of church furniture has at all times been a difficult one; there is much to be considered and studied, and every article one would wish to be of the very best description possible, good in design, of the best material, and harmonious and rich in colouring. If expense has to be considered, it is advisable to go in for great simplicity, for that, if sometimes a little bare, at least can never be objectionable, and the simple things themselves can be of the best material, which is far more dignified and reverent as adornment of a church than a profusion of cheap decoration worked on to an inferior foundation. It is also a great saving of time and trouble when all one's requirements are to be found under one roof; and this is the case at Messrs. Jones and Willis', Great Russell Street, who supply every kind of church furniture, from the smallest article to large stained-glass windows and elaborately carved stalls. The glass is all prepared on the premises, and a small coloured design is, in the first instance, submitted to the customer, after which a full-sized paper cartoon is made, and the design finally put on the glass.

This firm is now engaged on a very handsome window, which is to be put up at St. Matthew's Church, Hull. The subject is the first miracle of Cana, representing the guests sitting round the table; in the foreground is the figure of our Lord, standing with Mary on his left and the attendant filling bottles on his right. There was another and still larger window, destined for a church at New Barnet, representing the Martyrdom of St. Alban, in which the rich crimsons of the soldiers' costumes were remarkably effective and well treated. Another beautiful single-light window represented our Lord as the Good Shepherd. Not only is the stained glass done on the premises, but also the embroideries which embellish the tapestry hangings are worked under the actual supervision of Messrs. Jones and Willis. We all have admired the design and colouring of the beautiful work, both ancient and modern, that deft and loving fingers have contributed for the adornment of various places of worship, and the ones on view at Great Russell Street are worthy of all praise. There were several beautiful specimens, and amongst the very best was certainly an altar frontal which was being embroidered for Jesus College, Oxford.



Lectern. Executed for the English Church, Smyrna, by Messrs. Jones and Willis.

In the metal department of church furniture, one which is susceptible of much development and improvement, I was glad to notice a happy departure from the usual "eagle" lectern with which we are all so familiar. This lectern was formed of the figure of an angel, and the book board rested upon the wings and uplifted hands. It was entirely carried out in brass except the stand, which was of marble. Many of the alms dishes were repoussé brass, some with copper figures of angels round the edge, and the Good Shepherd in the centre. There were also some brass flower vases mounted with aluminium, and chalice cups and patens made of silver gilded, either plain, or inlaid with precious stones, and Messrs. Jones and Willis have made some specially valuable ones in 18-carat gold. The wood carving is yet another branch, and a most important one; some beautifully carved oak stalls, screen and gallery were destined for Princethorpe Priory, near Rugby, parts of which were shown me, and from which some slight idea might be formed as to how handsome the whole



Stained-glass Window. Executed for St. Matthew's Church, Hull, by Messrs. Jones and Willis.

will be when finished. The small oak bosses have each one a different design. St. Cuthbert's, at South Kensington, have lately had a rood screen and gallery made, the figures on which are more than life-size. The priest's stall in the same church is a most elaborate one, with carved canopy; the whole being quite 60 feet high, must form a very important feature in the church.

The Coates Memorial Chapel, at Paisley, is another that has been entirely furnished by Messrs. Jones and Willis. Amongst some of the most important of the furniture may be mentioned the massively-carved table, with figures of the four Evangelists, and the screen with a group of standing and adoring angels holding scrolls and musical instruments, to carry out the idea of praise. The whole design has been most carefully and thoroughly thought out, and, even in the smallest detail, proper consideration for the ruling idea is clearly visible, without undue insistence in the more subordinate parts. There is, I believe, no carving in England comparable to that which still delights and astonishes our eyes in Antwerp; but assuredly Messrs. Jones and Willis's work must have done much to raise the standard in our country; and the immense number of orders for choir stalls which they have to execute gives gratifying evidence of the public appreciation.

We are all familiar with the so-called lover of books, who selects his authors according to their bindings, and arranges them in his shelves according to their colours, and while deprecating this mode of cultivating literature, we must confess to the love and attention that we like to see our favourites honourably and suitably bound. Messrs. Karslake, agents of the Guild of Women Binders, at Charing Cross Road, have a great variety of books ready bound, or will undertake orders for special volumes, and supply designs. The "Niger Binding" still seems a great favourite, and the dull Venetian red colour improves with age. The dye being a vegetable one, does not fade or readily soil; it can also be washed, which renders it particularly suitable for books that are constantly in use. Tooled with gold it is very pretty, and has a good effect when only ornamented with blind tooling, as in the copy shown me of Isaac Walton's Angler, of which the sides were covered with fish swimming in waves. A great deal of inlaying is being done at the present time; a small specimen book was on view, which was a marvel of workmanship. No fewer than 250 pieces were inlaid, showing how much can be accomplished with experienced hands. This volume is being sent to the Paris Exhibition. Another volume, not so elaborately treated, was a book of Children's Tales. It would seem that there is rather a tendency to overdo the outside cover in this inlaid work, and that the inside, and less noticed part, was artistically the best.

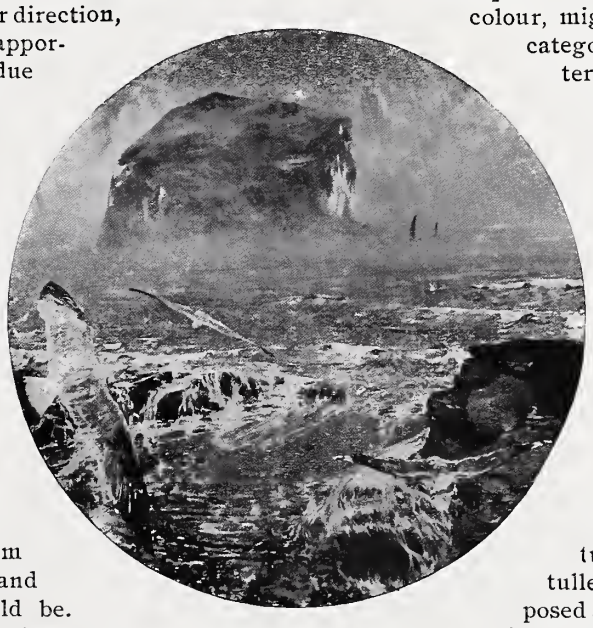
E. F. V.



The Hill-Farm Pond.
By Charles H. Mackie, Chairman of the Society of Scottish Artists.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF SCOTTISH ARTISTS, EDINBURGH.

THIS Society, though young, has not lived altogether in vain. One of its aims is to "Stimulate the younger artists to produce more original and important works"; another is "to procure for its annual exhibition interesting and educative examples of various schools of modern and past art." We believe it has not been wholly unsuccessful in either direction, though it might be difficult to apportion the exact amount of credit due to it for the progress the younger artists have made since it was called into existence. That the Soeiety has been a healthy and stimulating factor in art circles in the east of Scotland few would care to deny. For one thing, it has done much to improve the formerly bald appearance of the galleries in which our exhibitions are usually held in Edinburgh, and that is a great point gained. The Exhibition now open at the Mound Galleries is a model of what, from the point of view of decoration and hanging, a picture show should be.



Photo, Balmain, Edinburgh.

The Bass Rock.
By J. Thorburn Ross.

Some 295 works of art have been placed, and in so far as the pictures are concerned, the most of these have been contributed by Members. Fewer works on loan have been sought this year than usual. The pictures of outstanding merit are necessarily few; but at the same time, the general standard of attainment is remarkably high, and from the exhibition, the many strangers who are at present in Edinburgh cannot fail to take away with them a very pleasing impression of the abilities of the younger Scottish artists.

Among the loan pictures is an interesting work by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., 'The Spanish Dance,' which, in respect to artistic handling and beautiful colour, might be mentioned in the same category as this artist's Venetian interior in the Royal Academy this year. In portraiture, Mr. James Guthrie is an easy first with two superb works, which have been seen at Knightsbridge and at the English Art Club, viz.: 'A Woman in Grey,' and the full-length of Sir Edward Sandys Dawes, in riding costume. E. Manet's picture, 'Jeune fille au fichu,' has been given a centre in one of the galleries, and has attracted much attention. This young girl, in a simple walking costume with a goodly-sized soft tulle necktie, who has been frankly posed against a slaty-blue background, is not a particularly attractive type of her sex, but the extremely clever manipulation of the paint has decidedly made it a thing of artistic beauty.

Mr. William McTaggart, who has practically ceased exhibiting in the Royal Scottish Academy, is here represented by two comparatively recent works, quite representative of his broad and effective style in the

treatment of landscape. 'On the Esk,' is a river scene with children wading across a shallow reach, brushed in with a vigorous hand, and pervaded by pure upland air and sunshine. 'Where the Smuggler comes Ashore' is rather a meaningless title for a splendid expanse of sea and shore, the latter terminating in bold rocky cliffs, with a group of fisher children upon the sand by the water's edge. The Chairman of the Society, Mr. C. H. Mackie, is one of the members who of late has, in the words already quoted, been doing "more important work"—quite personal in character and also increasingly artistic. This is well illustrated in a portrait group of Captain and Mrs. Mackie. Two landscapes, 'The Windmill between Showers' and 'The Hill-Farm Pond' (given here), by the same artist have been closely observed. They



The Tulip-Stealer.
By J. Dick Peddie.

are simple in arrangement, thoroughly open-air in effect, and show good style in colour and handling. Mr. Robert Burns is a figure painter *par excellence*. His picture of a girl sewing tapestry is most complete, fine as it is in colour and with every inch of the canvas invested with interest and contributing to the general effect. No one, perhaps, in the gallery gives evidence of more improvement than Mr. J. Dick Peddie. His fancy portrait of a child, which we reproduce here, reminiscent possibly of Velasquez-cum-Sargent, is an attractive and pictorially-treated work. Among the marine pieces prominence is given to a large painting, shown on the previous page, by Mr. J. Thorburn Ross, of the Bass Rock. The action of the water having been well studied, and the masses of blue in sea and sky pleasingly harmonised.

W. M. G.

PASSING EVENTS.

BY the munificence of the late Mr. Constantine Ionides, of Brighton, the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington is enriched with a bequest of unusual importance. The collection is such as would be formed by a connoisseur of eclectic tastes, and, besides including examples by the Old Masters, contains representative works of the Barbizon School and fine canvases by Rossetti and Mr. Watts. For instance, there are Rembrandt's 'Expulsion of Hagar,' a Botticelli, Paul Potter's 'Studies of Cattle,' two Poussins, and Ter Borgh's 'Guard Room.' Of the moderns there is Millet's famous 'The Sawyers,' well known through Mr. William Hole's masterly etching. Then there are Corot's 'The Storm,' 'The Flood,' by Rousseau, Degas' famous 'Ballet in Robert le Diable,' and several works by M. Legros. The testator has stipulated that his pictures shall be accepted and exhibited in their entirety.

MR. VAL PRINSEP succeeds Mr. Herkomer to the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy Schools. In the voting for the office Mr. G. A. Storey received seven votes, as against eighteen accorded to the new Professor.

THE election of Mr. Joseph Farquharson to the vacant Associateship in the Royal Academy caused by the retirement of Mr. P. R. Morris is evidence of the esteem in which he has long been held by the members. It is seventeen years since his 'Joyless Winter Day' was purchased for the Chantrey Collection. Mr. Edward Stott's candidature, it is pleasing to note, was again warmly supported. Surely it cannot be long now before the claims of this gifted landscape artist receive the cachet of Academic approval.

ROYAL permission to wear King Leopold's Order has been recently granted to Sir J. C. Robinson, Mr Lionel Cust, and Mr. Claude Phillips, in connexion with their labours on the Committee of the Vandyck Exhibition held at Antwerp.

MR. WATTS' scheme, alluded to in these columns some months ago, to found a little gallery in which memorials of heroism in humble life might be placed, has at last been carried out. At the artist's expense a building has been erected in the Postmen's Park, Aldersgate Street, and already four commemorative tablets have been placed in it. The idea has a charm about it that makes encouragement and imitation a natural result.

PRINCIPAL GRANT-OGILVIE, of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, has been appointed Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, in succession to the late Sir R. Murdoch Smith.



In the possession of T. B. Bolitho, Esq., M.P.

An Alsatian Flower Stall.
By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

IF the careers of several artists are compared, a very curious amount of difference will be found in the way that each one expresses his sense of professional obligation. In one case the summary of many years' work will be simply a catalogue of more or less satisfactory achievements, each a repetition of the one that preceded it, and the whole list nothing more than an uninteresting record of plodding industry confined within narrow limits. In another case there will be extraordinary variety of effort and accomplishment, constant changes of direction, and an almost restless anxiety to break away from methodical expression of any special set of ideas. The artist who chooses his groove early in life and refuses to allow any influence to divert him from it can hardly be called an engrossing subject for study. He may quite possibly be a specialist of extraordinary skill, and may deserve praise for having brought to perfection one or two picturesque tricks; but he is apt to become wearisome by the very completeness of his training. He is too placidly self-satisfied to stir any pulses, and, unimaginative himself, he pleases only those people who worship the obvious and hate the fatigue of thinking out subjects that are novel or out of the beaten track.

On the other hand, the restless wanderer over the whole range of artistic expression is an endless source of interest. He has a speculative charm, for it is hardly possible to prophesy the direction in which he may be expected at any moment to strike out in search of new ideals. He deals in surprises,



In the possession of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.

The Morning Walk.
From the pastel drawing by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.



In the possession of Mrs. Wolf Harris. *The Schoolmaster's Garden.*
By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

and has an attractive habit of experimenting that gives variety and vitality to his methods. To the general public, perhaps, he appeals less strongly than the conscientious plodder who has neither the will nor the power to be anything but a follower of a set pattern, for the plain men, who make up the bulk of what is called the general public, wish their art to be like their lives, methodical, commonplace, and strictly regulated by convention. But the people who regard æstheticism as a living thing, and not a matter of mere mechanism, welcome the lover of experiment because he gives them something fresh to think about, and does not reduce everything to matter-of-fact rule; because, in fact, he has enthusiasm and a wholesome mind that is impatient of commercial restrictions, and is more concerned with the advocacy of great principles than with the cultivation of a wide popularity.

It is this love of variety and this eager pursuit of novelty that make the work of Mr. R. W. Macbeth so instructive to every student of the artistic developments that have marked the latter half of this century. His record is one that will bear discussion and that will very well repay the closest analysis, for the more it is examined the more interesting will it be found to be in its manysidedness and consistent aim. Mr. Macbeth has never committed the mistake of treating the artist's profession as one in which strict attention to business is the first essential, and he has never sunk his individuality for the sake of catching popularity by painting only what the public think they want. Fortunately for the art of this country he has from the first realised completely that by following his own inclinations, and by exercising his particular powers of observation and thought, his chance of reaching the higher levels of æsthetic accomplishment would be far greater than it would have been if he had set himself to harp, year by year, on a single note in the hope that he might, by constant repetition, attract attention to himself and his doings. He has never permitted his ambition to excel as an artist to be dulled by the desire to amuse the common herd. He has neither touted for popular approval nor has he surrendered an atom of his independence to ingratiate himself with the collector who likes to lay down the law about the way in which an artist's work ought to be done.

In the process of mapping out his career Mr. Macbeth has, however, had the wisdom to allow his tastes to be guided by the traditions of one of the best schools of romantic painting that has ever flourished in this country. He is to-day the chief representative of the movement that owed its vitality to Fred. Walker, G. J. Pinwell, George Mason, and a few other men of kindred feeling; and he brings to our own times the artistic flavour that made the productions of this group of painters so distinctive and delightful. Yet he is not a copyist of the methods and manner of the school. His sympathy with them is beyond question, but it does not descend into imitation for imitation's sake, and it is emphatically free from mechanical repetition of second-hand ideas. Obviously his association with the men among whom Fred. Walker ranked as leader and chief has come about solely because he found their view of art to be one that agreed completely with his personal belief, and because their way of dealing with Nature's facts impressed him as correct.



The Gipsy's Sunday.
By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.



In the possession of W. H. Wills, Esq.

Cider-making.
By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

By heredity and early training he belongs to quite another school. His father, Norman Macbeth, was a member of the Royal Scottish Academy and a portrait-painter of note, and the son, who was born at Edinburgh in 1848, might fairly have been expected to follow the traditions of Scottish art with which he must have been familiar enough in his boyhood. Indeed, the whole of his artistic education was obtained in his native place, for, when he decided, at the age of eighteen, that the painter's profession was the one in which his imaginative sense, and his very evident love of construction, were most likely to give good results, he became a student in the Scottish Academy Schools. Before he began his regular training he had shown plainly that he had capacities which only needed shaping and control; and it is, therefore, not surprising that his school career should have been distinguished, and marked by many successes—among others he was awarded the Stewart Prize for imaginative composition.

His student life ended in 1870, when he migrated from Edinburgh to London and established himself in a studio of his own. He was at once engaged as one of the staff of brilliant draughtsmen who were building up the reputation of *The Graphic* as a periodical with rare claims upon the attention of all art-lovers; and for some while he continued to contribute a very large amount of work to its pages. But at the same time he did not neglect any chances of advancement in other branches of practice. His first appearance in a London exhibition had been made in 1869, when he sent from Edinburgh a water-colour to the Dudley Gallery, and soon after his arrival in London he was able to give further proofs of his skill in this medium which were convincing enough to secure his election as an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. In 1874 he exhibited his first picture, 'Sunlight and Shadow,' at the Academy, where he has been represented since by an almost unbroken succession of works. He is one of the few artists who can say that he has never had a picture rejected in his life.

It was in the following year that he began the series of pastorals by which his sympathy with the romanticists of the sixties has been most definitely asserted. In his choice of his first subjects he was influenced by an article that appeared in *The Times*, on the field labourers of Lincolnshire. There was in this article so much suggestion that good material for pictures was available in the out-of-the-way parts of the Fen country that he thought it well worth his while to go and study the local manners and customs on the spot. The most immediate results were seen at the Academy in 1875 and 1876, when he exhibited his 'Lincolnshire Gang' and 'The Potato Harvest,' two great compositions, each nine feet long, that were in every sense remarkable as the works of a young painter; but these were only the first-fruits of a special course of study which has remained a permanent influence in his life. It has inspired him in the production of such notable pictures as the 'Cambridgeshire Ferry,' 'Coming from St. Ives,' 'The Fen Flood,' 'Sodden Fen,' 'The Coming Storm,' 'Sheep-shearing,' 'The Fen Farm,' 'The Ferry Inn,' 'The Cast Shoe,' bought by the Chantrey Fund Trustees, 'The Lynn Ferry,' 'His Last Copper,' and many others that he has painted during the last five-and-twenty years. The Fen subjects have, indeed, recurred at very frequent intervals, and though his record is full of digressions into other classes of material, he has never kept away long from his first love.

One of these digressions was made about 1880, when he paid a visit to Brittany and produced his 'Sardine-fishing,' 'Landing Sardines,' and two or three other canvases of similar intention; and another was made in 1883, when 'The Sacrifice' appeared, a picture of a girl selling her long hair to a last-century wig-maker. Four years later he decided, at the suggestion of Mr. J. W. North, to settle in Somersetshire, and to occupy himself with another type of rustic material. During the ten years that this stay in Somersetshire lasted he painted mostly the subjects that he found ready to hand, and to this period belong his 'Diana,' 'The Gipsy's Sunday,' 'Cider-making,' 'Hunting with the West Somerset,' 'Hunting in a Fog,' 'Marauders of the Moor,' and 'The End of a Good Day,' as well as a number of water-colour drawings; but he reverted several times to the Fens, and exhibited more than one picture in his earlier manner. Since 1897, when he returned to London to live, he has been prevented by illness from completing many large undertakings, but in at least one work, his dainty 'Sparklets,' he has shown an inclination to launch out into new directions and to attempt forms of expression quite out of his accustomed vein. At present almost anything is possible from him; he has never made the mistake of formulating his convictions, and he has remained as receptive and as responsive to impressions as he was when he first attached himself to Fred. Walker and his school.

In another way this early association has very strongly affected his career as an artist, for it led to his enrolling himself among the few men who can translate a picture into black and white with intelligence and discretion. He had become an etcher in 1878, chiefly in response to the suggestion of his friends, Edwin Edwards and Charles Keene; but at the outset the craft was to him little more than an occasional pastime. When, however, Walker, Mason, and Pinwell died, he decided to undertake the reproduction of some of their most important works as a kind of expression of the affection that he had for them and their art. So he etched Walker's 'Bathers' and 'The Plough,' Pinwell's 'Elixir of Love,' and Mason's 'Pastoral Symphony'; and his success in handling these pictures brought him commissions for other plates of the same character. He has done important etchings of Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' and 'Garden of Love'; Velasquez's 'Tapestry Weavers,' 'Alonzo Cano,' and 'Surrender of Breda'; 'The Old Garden' and 'Christmas Eve,' by Sir John Millais; and he has reproduced admirably very many of his own paintings. But his success as an etcher is only an incident in his busy life; his reputation has been made chiefly by his pictures, and he takes his place among modern artists by virtue of his rare understanding of what is best in the painter's craft. His merit has been recognised both at home and abroad; he is an Associate of the Royal Academy, a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and a Member of the San Fernando Academy, which last honour was bestowed upon him when he visited Spain in 1886.

A LULLABY.

The phase of Mr. Macbeth's art that is illustrated in his etching, 'A Lullaby,' is one that is to many people comparatively unfamiliar. Various as he is, and fond of seeking out new forms in which to express his imaginings, he has yet made himself best known to the majority of art-lovers by his consistent study of open-air life. Mr. Macbeth is too much in sympathy with the rural atmosphere to make mistakes about the character of his subjects, or to miss the essentials that the painter of pure nature must seek after devotedly. It is interesting, therefore, to see the manner in which his æsthetic principles have guided him in his treatment of such a motive as is dealt with in 'A Lullaby.' There is to be noted in this etching the same love of selection that marks all the work of his life, the same desire to insist upon the large sentiment of human existence rather than its small trivialities, the same spirit of wholesome vitality. The mother who is rocking her child to sleep, peasant woman though she may be, is a personification, a type of a great class, not a mere individual cottager who was persuaded to pose for her portrait. She typifies life that is clean and unspoiled by the sordid struggle after things not worth possessing; she represents the motherhood of nature and the vital principle that governs all creation, and her simplicity and unconsciousness fit her well.

A. L. BALDRY.



Diana. By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

The Art Journal London H. Virtue & Co. 1881



'A Lullaby.'

An Original Etching by R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A.



Designs for Gesso Bookcovers.—Silver Medal.
By Fred Paul (Leeds).

"L'ART NOUVEAU."

NO one who has during the last few years been in the habit of glancing at the magazines can have failed to be aware of a change which has come over the spirit of design. The influence of William Morris appears to have gone by, or to act mainly upon designers who, being strictly speaking only amateurs in practical design, and lacking the invention of the master, find excuse in his theories for affectations with which he would have had no sympathy. The fashion is no longer for mediæval romance but for latter-day anarchy in design. The precise origin of this state of things is difficult to determine. It came about only by degrees; though perhaps it first manifested itself plainly in the work of Aubrey Beardsley. His was an imagination touched with a taint of decadency, caught, no doubt, in Paris. At all events the idea, essentially pessimistic, was sympathetic to, if not congenital with, the French art student—so called, perhaps, because he is by nature not studious—and it has spread abroad like a fever. Germany and other countries have caught the contagion; and at the Paris Exhibition, where the pulse of modern art beats palpably, the new idea of design appears to be raging.



Stencilled Hanging Design.—Gold Medal.
By George F. Wood (Bradford).

Of course, there are conservatives in all countries, who keep closely to the beaten track; one section of the French in particular clings to traditional forms, as though there were no safety to be found outside the bounds of imitation; but of sane and serious recognition of the new century there is very little. New departure is in the direction of mere novelty. Former International Exhibitions impressed one with the difference between what was being done in one country and another; this time one sees the likeness. Taste has become more cosmopolitan. National character is less and less conspicuous — if even it is to be detected. The coming race, whencesoever they may start, are making all for one direction: they are all struggling to be "up to date"—writhing, one may say—for the lines of their design are with one accord contorted, in a manner which begins to be as trite as the severest of classic forms; the trick is already a convention, only an ugly one instead of a beautiful.

It is used to express no matter what—flames of fire, wreaths of smoke, waves of water—and is an invaluable means of veiling forms, such as the nude figure, which it is inconve-

nient to draw definitely. It stands for the hair of impossible human creatures, or for their drapery, or for the stalks of abnormal and sapless flowers. It represents the forms of reptiles, worms, and all manner of wriggling things—in which may lurk perhaps some mystic meaning; but that is not the impression they convey; one gathers rather that the snake, the lizard, or the octopus, was chosen because it gave the flowing line without which the art of 1900 would not be up to date. It may mean as little as the flourish of a last-century writing-master; but the more extravagant the modernity, the less intelligible to the man in the street, the more surely it pretends to signify something beyond mere finite comprehension. "*L'humanité, le temps, tout marche à l'infini*" is the inscription on a *fin de siècle* statuette. If only we might translate the word "infini" to mean unfinished, the quotation would be singularly to the point. The ideal to which all this modernity tends is literally the unfinished, the half done, perhaps the only-just-begun. William Morris used to speak of logical and coherent ornament as "organic"—a phrase which did not seem to convey quite what he meant; but now it is explained by the new ornament, best to be described as "amorphous."

A curious thing is that the new artistic revolt against order brings us round again to ornament which at times distinctly recalls the old period of French license. This is most apparent in the work of the Germans, who caught the new epidemic just as they were getting better of a severe attack of the Rococo. But it may be detected also in French work—and in fact the deliberate avoidance of symmetry is a link of sympathy between the style of to-day and that of Louis Quinze, different as in most respects the two may be. It is not surprising, then, to find that the oozing forms of the new design strike one as less offensive in lace—for it is an industry in which we have never been accustomed to much restraint or reticence of design, and memory makes therefore no prejudicial comparisons. In wall decoration the new endeavour results in restlessness where most we seek repose; in furniture it is responsible for forms attractive only in the sense that you can't help seeing them, and resenting their self-assertion.



Design for Printed Muslin.—Gold Medal.
By John A. Ray (Battersea).

The new design goes hand in hand with the new workmanship—if that may be called workmanship which never goes beyond playing at work. The quarrel of the *fin de siècle* is with tradition and all its works, including the accumulated experience of long generations of skilled workers. Reaction is the temper of the new artist, reaction against rule of any kind. It has just dawned upon him that nature does not give him quite all he wants in design, that in ornament line should flow ornamentally; and he just lets it squirm about without aim or order. He has got so far as to realise that hard and mechanical finish is not art; and he makes no pretence of carrying anything further than a sketch. He has recognised at last the deadness of flat



Stencilled Design for a Wall Filling.
By Fred. Smith (Keighley).



Stencil Design.—Silver Medal.
By Agnes B. Harvey (Glasgow).

tints, and the broken quality of colour which comes sometimes by accident, and he proceeds to splash pigment about, in the vague belief that something will come of it.

How absolutely his material is beyond his control is to be seen in the pottery of the artist amateur. Now and again the fire gives him a splash of beautiful colour; but, be it crude or beautiful or merely muddy, it is the effect of accident, not of art on his part. The uncertainty of colour which has to pass through the fire (upon which only science and experience can safely reckon) accounts very likely for the favour with which for the moment the potter's craft is viewed. There is always the chance at least of a happy fluke. And the decorator up to date is only too ready to make use of earthenware of all kinds, embedding it in wood, or otherwise mating it with a material with which it has nothing in common. What then? It is all in the direction of the fashion! Design may be spasmodic, execution fumbling, colour casual,—these are but signs that here is no trade work, but art unmistakeable; by its faults you shall know it: he is a mere workman who does not blunder. And so you may see at Paris, and in places of honour, stoneware so unequal in shrinkage and so warped in the baking that no two slabs join evenly; so casual in colour that it is brown or blue or muddy grey according as the fire happened to play about it, not as the artist willed. There is this to be said, indeed, that it could never be reproduced in facsimile—and that is deemed enough. No accident that could happen in the kiln is so disastrous but that some one will be found to gush over its effect, nothing can turn out so ugly but that it may be described as quaint, the more preposterous it is the more surely it may be recommended as unique. Now is your chance of foisting upon the public your failures of years past as specimens of to-day's craftsmanship. But you must be quick about it. The fashion for flukiness, like the fever of the new design, is raging so furiously it must before long wear itself out. ("Manufacturers, please note.")

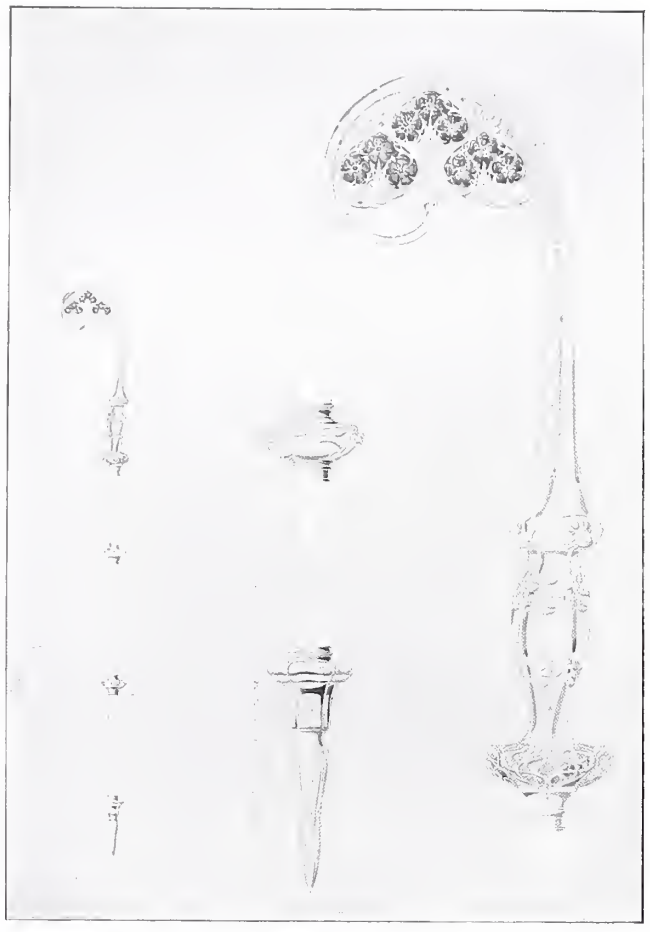
The newest design is by artists who are something less than craftsmen. That is not unknown to us on this side of the Channel. But when we speak in this country of the "new art," it is with an inflection of irony in our voice; abroad they take it quite seriously. You ask the price of a piece of jewellery or pottery, or decoration of whatever kind, and the excuse for exorbitance is that it is "the new art," as though that could of course command a higher price; had it been the old, you could equally of course have had it for less.

The question whether the new is worth more than the old is easily answered. The new art certainly gives you less for your money than the old. That is to say you get work less thoroughly good at a price decidedly higher. As accomplishment the new art is not merely no better than the old, but distinctly more elementary in design, and more tentative in execution. It is more for what it promises than for what it is, that one values the new endeavour to find at any cost a way out of the commonplace.

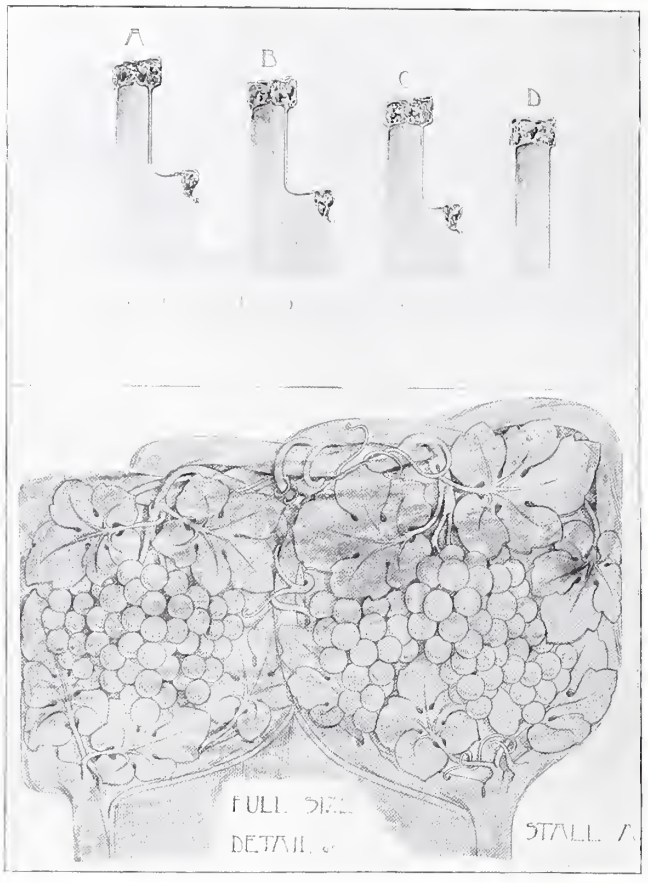
The artist's impatience with humdrum and commercial ideas of design is a sign that he is alive. One recognises therefore, even in altogether extravagant productions, the promise of really valuable work, when the artist shall no longer be quite of the new school, but shall have sobered down into steady and more serious doing, and forgotten what a genius he is. So much for the hopeful side of things. The fear is that



Design for Church Tapestry.—Gold Medal.
By Arthur E. Payne (S. Kensington).



Design for Crozier to be executed in Silver-gilt and Enamels. Silver Medal. By Edith J. Pickett (New Cross).



Sketch for Choir Stall and full-size detail.—Silver Medal. By Augusta Trimmer (New Cross).

the impatience of the younger generation is not merely with accepted types and outworn conventions, but restiveness under restraint of any kind. There are some at least who not only throw off all moderation, but are bent upon displaying their contempt for it and revelling, in fact, in a very orgie of extravagance. It is in no such mood that great, or even good work is done. One need be no more than commonly farsighted to see that without more strenuous and more persistent endeavour than the new artist appears to think in the least necessary, he will never arrive at doing what he may have it in him to do. The highest triumph of art is not a poster—which appears to be the ideal of many an artist engaged in the design of tiles, embroidery, and even what should be serious mural decoration. Much of the new art, as we see it, reaches a standard just about on a level with what a wall advertisement demands. It is astonishingly clever—and all too anxious to astonish. It is lively—and even rollicking. It is fanciful and fantastic—to the point of the grotesque. It is amusing—until you weary of it. It is daring—to the degree that you suspect the artist to have been ignorant of the danger he has run.

Possibly, indeed, ignorance is at the root of all this extravagance. No workman thoroughly trained in his craft, and quick therefore to recognise really cunning workmanship, could be content to turn out work technically beneath contempt. No artist of culture enough to appreciate the best that has been done could ever be so heedless of it; for to understand the qualities whether of design or workmanship which give to the performance of the masters its claim on our respect, is to seek (if you are an artist) to emulate them. The distinctive sign of the new art is its immaturity. As it grows older it may mend its ways; just now it is sowing its wild oats. If only it does not go too far! Wild excess is not demonstrably the surest way to sobriety; and the elder of us could find it in our hearts to wish that even in its cups young art were capable of some self-government.

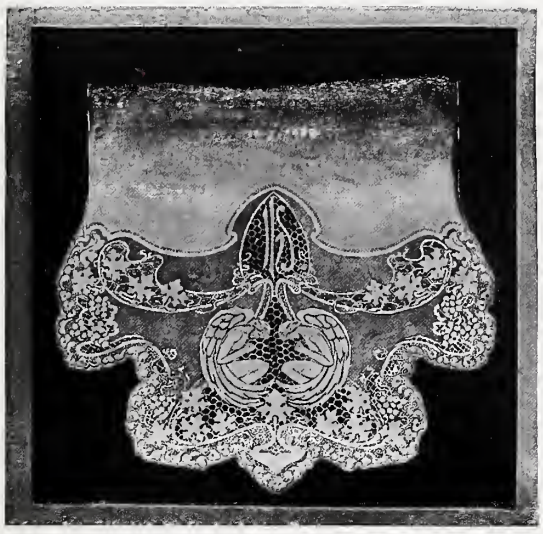
There are signs that a section at least of the new art has gone, if not too far, at least in a direction out of which there is only one issue. It shows symptoms not of too exuberant life, but of pronounced disease. It is more than morbid; there is a suspicion about it of something downright loathsome, something you cannot precisely put into words, but which makes you feel you would not care to know the man who could imagine it. If this is the direction into which the new art is to flow, why then indeed the devil has got hold of it at last.

And that brings me to a comparison of the state of things at home and abroad. British decorative art is not quite free from the odour of decay—but it is on the whole much cleaner and wholesomer than the art of Continental decadents. It is less accomplished than French work, but not so wild, nor yet so wilful; and the best of it shows not only a true appreciation of natural beauty, but a consistently ornamental treatment of flower forms. True, the principle of growth is not always conscientiously enough adhered to—the stems of plants may remind one at times, for example, more of whip-lashes than of any growing thing—but the problem of duly decorative modification of ideas derived from nature, and of adapting ornament both to the purposes it is designed to fulfil and to the means by which it is to be rendered,

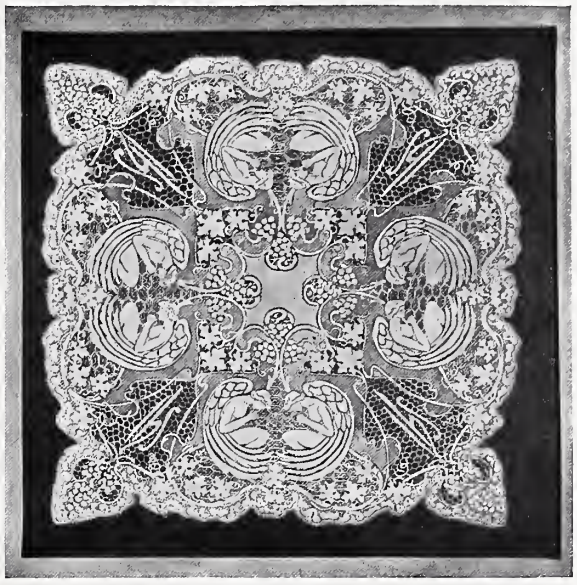
is on the whole so satisfactorily solved, that it seems as if we were really on the way to building up a style of decorative art which may hereafter be identified with the turn of the century. The designers of this country seem to me to have less skill perhaps, but more originality certainly, than their Continental rivals, and a sort of conscience in design which is their own. That is even more plainly shown in the work of students than in that of older men. A comparison, for instance, between the works of the Ecole Normal at Paris with the National Competition work at South Kensington is all in favour of what used to be called "the Department."

It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to illustrate in these pages both sides of my argument. The few English prize works given will help to substantiate one side of it—and to show that design is being done, even by students, which is fresh without being wildly up to date. If only they would give more attention to the best that has been done, and less to the average of what is being done—they can't miss seeing that—the outlook would be more hopeful still.

LEWIS F. DAY.



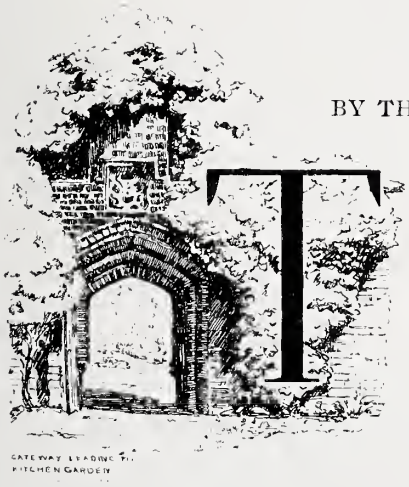
Design for lace end of a Linen Maniple.



Design for Chalice Veil in Venetian Point Lace.
By E. A. James (Bradford).

FULHAM PALACE.

BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.



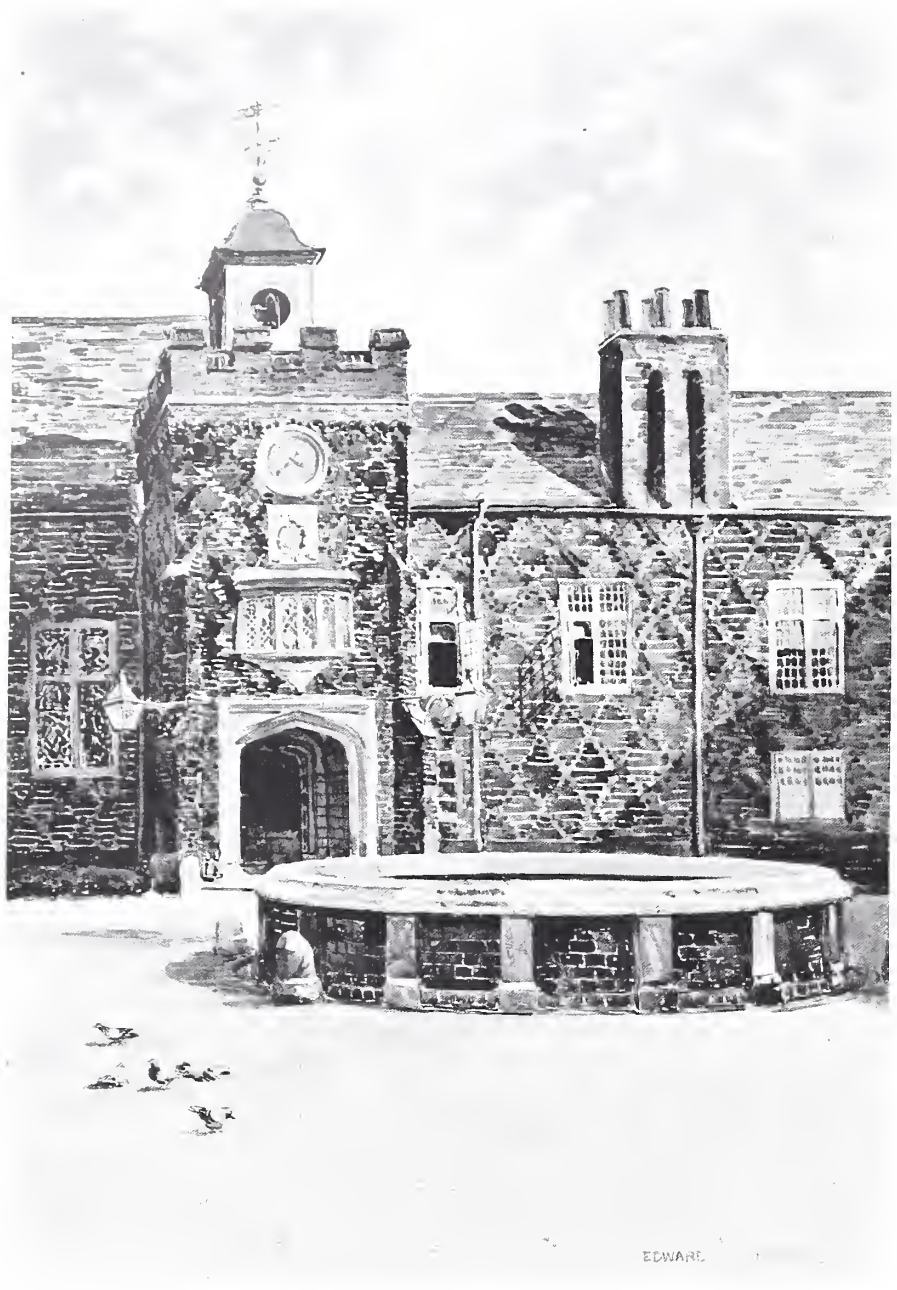
THE Palace of Fulham is situated on the banks of the Thames some six miles up the river from Westminster. Glimpses of its low roofs, barely visible amongst the trees, can be seen from the tow-path opposite, and from Putney Bridge, which crosses the river immediately to the east.

The Manor of Fulham is one of the most ancient in England, for it has been in the possession of the Bishops of London ever since the year 691, when it was granted to saintly Bishop Erkenwald and his successors after him by Tyrhtilius, Bishop of Hereford, with the consent of the Kings of Wessex and Mercia.

Only once since then, and that but for a brief period, has it had other than an episcopal owner. This was during the Commonwealth, when the property, together with the leasehold lands belonging to it, was sold to Colonel Harvey, one of Cromwell's soldiers, for the sum of £7,600 8s. 10d. For thirteen years this bluff soldier was Lord of the Manor of Fulham, and we read of his entertaining the Protector there in great magnificence in the November of 1655. When not in jail for defrauding the Government of large sums of money he seems to have enjoyed living at Fulham, and took much interest in the church and other local affairs. But he died in prison, and at the Restoration in 1660 Fulham Palace became once more the possession of the see of London.

The grounds, of about 30 acres in extent, are surrounded by a moat which, it is said, was first dug as a defence by an army of Danish invaders who encamped on that piece of land during the winter of 880. The Bishop found the enclosure a most convenient spot for his residence when he came to build it, and the moat has been kept up ever since.

Very little is known of the early history of the Manor



Main Entrance in the Quadrangle, Fulham Palace.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

House or Palace, except that for eight centuries, at least, it has been the summer residence of the Bishops of London. The oldest portion of the existing building dates from the time of Bishop Fitzjames (1506-1522), who pulled down the ancient and ruined edifice which he found, and erected another on the same site. All that remains of Bishop Fitzjames' Palace is the red brick quadrangle into which one first enters, and which, in spite of much renovation and restoration, still preserves a venerable and old-world appearance. As one passes under the low archway, one feels transplanted straightway to some peaceful country retreat, far from the noisy hum of cities and the busy haunts of men—and it is difficult to realise that London and all its bustle was only so lately left behind. One is not impressed with any idea of episcopal magnificence at the sight of the quaint low buildings of red brick ornamented with a straggling diamond pattern, up which the vine clambers—the red-tiled roofs and cooing pigeons—but assuredly Fulham Palace strikes one as a delightful house to live in, a very pleasant and comfortable home.

In olden days the Bishops had on the premises their own brew-house, bakery, laundry, and dairy, and two sides of the courtyard are taken up with these offices, though they are now for the most part turned to other uses, or stand empty. Under the archway to the left is an interesting old room, used as a passage-way, which formerly was the armoury or guard-room. It still possesses its ancient hearth with some fine old carving above.

Facing the archway is the main entrance door, built in a Gothic tower with a clock and a bell turret. Beneath the clockface is a stone bearing the arms of Bishop Juxon, and the date 1636. This date is unfortunately misleading, the escutcheon having been discovered lying discarded in the grounds and placed on the tower as recently as 1885.

Immediately to the left on entering is the hall, probably the most ancient room in the Palace, though it has been so sadly knocked about and modernised that little, if any, of its original structure survives. It was probably completed during the episcopate of Bishop Fletcher, whose monogram, with the date 1595, is to be found in some old glass in one of the windows. It barely escaped destruction in the time of Bishop Howley (1813-28), who intended to build on the site a new chapel, in place of the old one which he demolished. Fortunately, however, he contented himself with using it as a chapel as it was, and it was spared. The present chapel was not erected until Bishop Tait's time (1866-7). It was built by Butterfield, and presents few features of interest.

It is very much to be regretted that the Bishops of London wrought so much havoc to the habitation entrusted to each of them for such a comparatively short time. Some seem to have lived chiefly in London and taken little interest in their country seat, allowing it to fall into disrepair and ruin. Others—and this was far more fatal—evidently had a mania for building, and desirous, perhaps, of trying their hand at architecture as a recreation from their episcopal labours, ruthlessly tore down large portions of the existing house and erected others in their stead, according to their own taste and ideas of beauty and fitness. The host of venerable historical associations which cling round Fulham Palace and its precincts, and which, fortunately, are not so lightly destroyed by the hand of the philistine, must therefore compensate for much that is lacking in the way of architectural antiquity and beauty.

Bishop Robinson, on his appointment to the see in 1713, sent a petition to the Archbishop asking "leave and Licence to pull down such parts of the Pallace as shall be found superfluous, for," he said, "it is very old and ruinous, and much too large for the revenues of the bishoprick." This permission was granted, and large portions were accordingly demolished. Very destructive also was the episcopate of Bishop Howley (1813-28), who unfortunately took, it is recorded, "a deep interest in architecture." He demolished the picturesque east front, with its towers looking on to the garden, and did away with the old library and the chapel. On their site he erected the plain, uninteresting garden front containing the present library and adjoining dining-room, drawing-room, and sitting-room. An interesting old water-colour hangs in the Chaplain's study, representing the house as it looked before Bishop Howley's alterations.

The library, built in 1814-15, is known as the Porteus Library—for the books, which are mainly theological, were bequeathed to the see by Bishop Porteus (1787-1809), together with several portraits of former bishops which hang above the bookshelves. His object was to bring together a complete series of the portraits of his predecessors, starting from the time of the Reformation. He himself collected eighteen, and his successors added others, so that now, with the exception of Bonner and Stokesley, the series is complete, and thirty-two bishops look down from the walls of the library and adjoining dining-room.

There is a remarkable similarity of appearance amongst many of these old bishops, with their wigs and ruffles and their fat red faces; but this perhaps is due to want of skill on the part of their painters. The portraits are not all original works of art, but there are several interesting pictures among them well worthy of notice. The earliest portrait hangs in the entrance hall—that of Bishop Tunstall (1522-30), the scholarly statesman, who, throughout the troublous times of the Reformation, remained consistent in his hatred of persecution and his love of toleration and justice. His is a strong, wise face, and he looks out of the canvas with a firm and honourable glance. The painter is unknown.

In the library can be seen the noble countenance of the martyred bishop, Ridley (1550-53), and near him the gaunt, puritanical-looking Sandys (1570-77), the first married bishop, an obstinate, quarrelsome man, who, in spite of his sour visage and bad temper, found two good women to marry him, and left a large family. Here may also be noticed Queen Elizabeth's handsome favourite, Bishop Fletcher (1595-97); who, however, ended by incurring her severe displeasure by his second marriage, and that with a widow.

A portrait of Bishop Aylmer (1577-95), who scandalised the puritans by playing at bowls on Sunday in his garden at Fulham, hangs in the dining-room. He it was who instructed the precocious Lady Jane Grey, and of whom she wrote to Roger Ascham: "Mr. Aylmer teacheth one so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing which I am with him." An interesting portrait is that of grave and pious Bishop King (1611-21), by Cornelius Janssen, and near him hangs a picture, said to be by Vandyke, of Bishop Juxon (1633-1660), loved by all for his sweet and gracious manners, his tolerance and goodness. He attended his royal master, Charles I.,



General View of Fulham Palace from Putney.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Garden Front, Fulham Palace.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

to the scaffold, and comforted his last moments. In the dining-room also hangs a fine portrait by Hoppner of Bishop Porteus (1787-1809), the kindly, courteous gentleman who had a deep affection for his home at Fulham, and was a true benefactor to it and to the neighbourhood.

To come to more modern times, we may notice a vast, full-length portrait of Bishop Tait, painted by Sydney Hodges, which hangs at one end of the dining-room. In the same room is a striking likeness of Bishop Jackson, by Ouless; a vigorous portrait of Bishop Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, by Herkomer, and one of the present Bishop, by Harris Brown.

A fine room, and worthy of notice, is the kitchen. It was formerly the dining hall, rebuilt by Bishop Sherlock in 1750, and used as such up to the time of Bishop Howley, who turned it into the kitchen. The moulded ceiling is now perhaps the only feature of the apartment which still retains its original character. It has been completely metamorphosed, in order presumably to fit it more worthily for the requirements of the culinary art. Over the chimney-piece, it is said, there formerly hung a whetstone, the emblem of lying. The story goes that Bishop Porteus, whilst on one of his visitation journeys, passed through a small town, and seeing a crowd assembled, put his head out of the carriage window to enquire the cause. He was told that on that day a whetstone was to be publicly presented to the biggest liar. Shocked at such depravity, the good bishop addressed the assembled crowd on the enormity of the sin, ending up with the emphatic words, "I never told a lie in my life," whereupon the prize was unanimously declared his, and the objectionable whetstone thrust in at his carriage window. The bishop was amused, for he fortunately possessed a sense of humour, and he took home the whetstone and placed it in a prominent position in his dining-room. During subsequent alterations it has been removed, and tradition says it lies, discarded, somewhere in the gardens.

The grounds of Fulham Palace are very beautiful and full of interest. The thirty acres of land within the moat still remain in the hands of the Bishop, but the meadow and pasture lands outside—formerly the possession of the see—were handed over by Bishop Temple in 1887 to the Fulham vestry for the benefit of the public, and have been turned into a park and pleasure grounds.

In early times the Bishop's Meadow, with its chestnut and plane trees, sloping down to the river's edge, must have been a pleasant and picturesque spot. A public footpath ran through it, of which Bishop Porteus writes in 1808: "Many persons think this walk a great nuisance to the Palace; but I am of a very different opinion. It gives life and cheerfulness to the scene, and especially on a Sunday, being the church path to a great part of the inhabitants, who then enliven it with their numbers and their neat Sunday clothes; particularly several large schools of boys and girls. . . . . The female children especially, walking two and two in their white dresses, between the large green trees on each side of them, form one of the prettiest and most picturesque processions that can be imagined."

But whatever beauties these meadows possessed vanished many years ago. The removal of some of the old bridges with their ponderous piers, together with other changes, increased the flow of water in the river, and necessitated the raising of the bank and the destruction of the trees. For some years the site lay waste and was converted into a dust-shoot. Often during high spring tides the river would overflow and cause considerable damage by flooding the gardens and even some of the rooms of the Palace. Now a solid river wall of concrete forms a complete protection from the recurrence of such an annoyance.

The gardens first became famous in the days of Bishop Grindal (1559-70), who was a great gardener. He it was

who introduced the tamarisk into this country from Switzerland, where he was an exile during the reign of Queen Mary, and it flourished in the soil of Fulham. His vineyard was famed for its delicious grapes, of which he annually sent a present to Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in them. Forcing houses were not known in those days, and Bishop Grindal's grapes were cultivated in the open.

From early times the trees at Fulham seem to have been renowned. A great outcry was made against Bishop Aylmer, or Elmer (1576-1598), "for that he did cutt-downe a noble crowd of trees at Fulham," and the Puritan pamphleteer, Martin Marprelate, made one of his characteristic attacks upon him by saying that though his name was Elmar it might very well be Marelm, for he had marred all the elms at Fulham. It is doubtful, however, how far this imputation was deserved, for when Queen Elizabeth stayed at the Palace a few years later as the guest of Bishop Bancroft, Strype tells us she said to her vice-chamberlain that she "misliked nothing there but that her lodgings were kept from all good prospects by the thickness of the trees"; so that some, at any rate, seem to have survived the bishop's destroying hand.



A Bit of the Moat, Fulham Palace. A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Bishop Compton (1675-1713) was a distinguished botanist and devoted to his garden at Fulham. He introduced many new plants and trees into this country, and his choice collection of greenhouse plants and hardy exotic trees, particularly from North America, was quite celebrated amongst naturalists at that time. To him we owe the American maples, oaks, acacias, magnolias, walnuts and hickories, which flourish now in so many old gardens. On account of his refusal to institute to a benefice a papist who was nominated by the King, he was suspended from the exercise of his episcopal functions by James II. and ordered to live in retirement at Fulham. There he spent two years very pleasantly, dividing the time between his garden and his books, and to this day some of the rare and fine old trees planted by him still remain. Unfortunately, however, as we read in a speech delivered by Sir William Watson to the Royal Society in 1751, in which he gives an account of the Fulham Garden: "The successors of this bishop in the see of London were more distinguished for their piety and learning than for their zeal in the promotion of natural knowledge, and the curiosities of this garden were not attended to, but left to the management of ignorant persons; so that many of the hardy exotic trees, however valuable, were removed to make way for the more ordinary productions of the kitchen garden."

Since then several bishops of London have been interested in carrying on the tradition of Bishop Compton's time, and vigorous young trees are springing up to take the place of his venerable giants, which year by year become more maimed and stricken with age, and which cannot survive many more storms. Most famous of them all is the ancient cork tree, the largest of its kind in England. It is enjoying a hale and hearty old age—though obliged now to lean for support upon a sturdy ivied bough.

Wide lawns, dotted with flower-beds, surround the Palace on three sides. In the centre is the walled kitchen-garden, which is entered by a picturesque red brick gateway nearly 400 years old, with the weather-beaten arms of Bishop Fitzjames above the door.

Along the north side of the garden lies the meadow or Warren, bordered by a grove of trees, through which runs the moat. To the west of the Warren are the stables and farmyard, and here may be seen the remains of the old tythe barn, built in 1654 to receive that portion of the rent which was paid in kind to the Lord of the Manor. It has been much restored and the ancient roof replaced by a modern one, but part of the old timber sides remain still, blackened and weatherbeaten.

In the tangle of trees and bushes along by the moat herons and spoonbills used to breed in days gone by. Even now many birds, not often found so near London, build there year by year. In the spring of 1899 a cuckoo was bold enough to lay its egg in a wagtail's nest upon the walls of the house, and whitethroats, tits, flycatchers, wrens, owls, crows, as well as the more ordinary birds, find this ancient piece of land, with its trees and wide stretches of green, a welcome

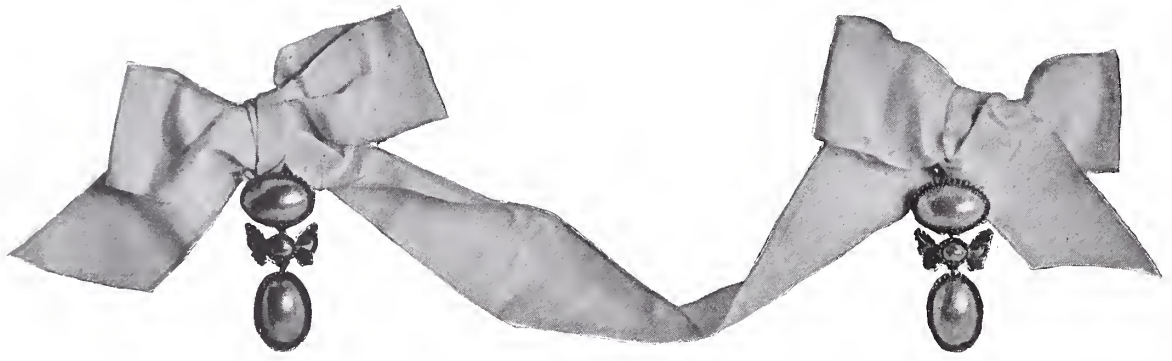


Outhouses near the Stable, Fulham Palace. A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

oasis in the midst of a wilderness of continually encroaching bricks and mortar. The moat affords them protection from cats, and they delight in the trees and shrubs by the water's edge, where they are not disturbed, but allowed to dwell in peace.

Fulham Palace has lost much of its architectural interest by the fact that it has been continually inhabited by a series of owners who adapted it to their own needs. It does not suggest grandeur or magnificence, but quiet domesticity. The antiquary may regret its frequent transformations, but it remains an unpretending country house, devoted to quiet repose.

BEATRICE CREIGHTON.



Earrings as worn by Vandyke's Fair Women.

OF JEWELS: AN APPRECIATION OF IMITATIONS.

AND now to the proving of my theory.

What theory? That the paintings of the old and other masters teach us that there have been *other* masters in the world, masters of yet another art of "counterfeit presentment," not portraiture, but gems.

The notion came to me, and it's "a truth before ne'er started," during the late show of Vandykes at Burlington House. Three hundred years ago pearls were not borne in such lavish quantities as those worn by these fair women, and the more one walked in that august assembly, the more one was convinced of the fact that women, and very great women too, were not afraid to appear in the most palpable of shams.

Where were "the galleons of Spain" and other countries which might have brought such treasures to our shores? They came for warlike and not mercantile pursuits, and though it is said that a certain breed of sheep harks back to one of the ships of the Armada wrecked on the shores of Galway, no mention is made of pearls, and no pearl fishery of those days could have produced such endless chains. That they were made seems much more probable. Their absolute rotundity of form also lends itself to the proving of my notion. And this was painted with a patience literally ghostly, for "ghosts" (as used in painter's parlance) existed in the world of art even so long ago, and they may have executed the jewels thus faithfully from some kindred feeling that the jewels were, like themselves, but substitutes after all.

In Italy Vandyke remained over four years, painting there more than one hundred pictures. May not his artist's eye have noted how well the "gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls" went together in the country where they were made? and it might have been he who brought them over and introduced them to his English sitters.

For who has the courage of their opinions sufficiently to say "nay" when art commands? In support of this view comes the curious similarity of the ornaments worn by his sitters.

Royalties and nobilities in crowds he gives us, all wearing the same ornaments. Later, Chalon's beauties wore them too, and in our own day, in the very latest jewel robbery, did not a Princess herself confess to the falseness of her chain of pearls?

Not long after the notion occurred to me, luck brought me exquisite specimens of the actual things themselves. There they lie, jewels "scattered on a mirror"—*autrefois* mirrors were made of metal—and right worthy are they, shams though they be, of their exquisite reflector, an old French casket lent me by my friend Mr. Vander. There lies Queen Henrietta Maria's necklace, and there the makings of the ropes of pearls worn by the endless noble ladies. Moreover, Vandyke was not the only man whose sitters wore these *soi-disant* pearls.

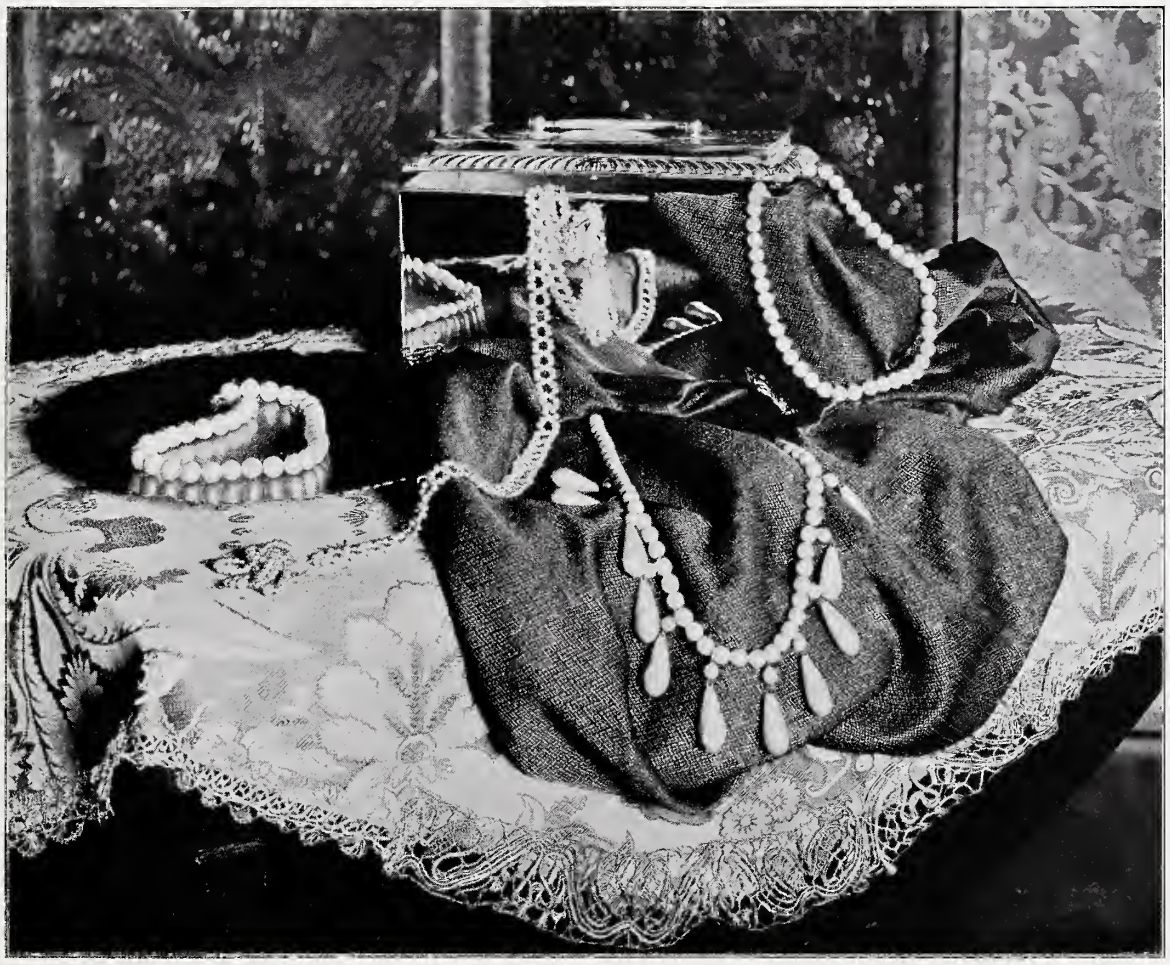
To prove by ancient pages of this Journal the wisdom of what one writes to-day is labour to delight in. Page 66, March, 1899, shows a portrait of the Duchess of Kent, by Chalon. She is apparently wearing earrings of the kind shown in the head and tailpieces which adorn this article. These also appear constantly in Vandyke's portraits, and are, and are *not*, imitations. Made of the finest nacre from the nautilus shell, they feign would be a pearl and yet are not. Her necklace is the very moral of the one with pendants of the real old Roman kind which I show. Grateful as one is to the process of deduction for working out proofs, I have for both necklace and earrings, and indeed for all my treasures, shewn further corroboration and of a kind I love, *e.g.* direct from my worker. For when on scouting bent—and I shall show anon the result of my latest expedition into a little-known land—the "man who knows the country" is ever my first-sought ally.

How can I swear to the falseness of these painted gems? By the workman's method.

"The pearls in they earrings if they was real are lots too heavy for the ears—you couldn't wear 'em." And of the pendants of the necklace: "Real? Why you couldn't match *half* a dozen *real* pearls as near as they o' that size, let alone a dozen."

And the professional expert and the connoisseur of gems are also with me here.

In any campaign, whether the pursuit be knowledge or warfare, firstly to the Intelligence Department. "And so to the British Museum"; to discover if the "knowledge dwelling in the minds of other men" could in any degree verify "the wisdom" in this matter which I knew "dwelt in my own." No scouting had been done by those days. These taught me that pearl beads are *not* always made of glass, but are ofttimes made of alabaster. They are covered with a skin-like adherence of exquisite pearliness, which easily peeled off if you were on mischief bent, and which was, moreover, very susceptible to heat. The two bead necklaces, and that with the pendants, as shown in both Vandyke's and Chalon's portraits, are of this kind. They are the old Roman pearls; those met by the connoisseur of to-day with the remark: "You are actually wearing *real* old Roman pearls!" and envied by those who remember forty, or perhaps fifty years ago, the sport of casting these same make of pearls midst the real jewels to see who could tell "t'other from which."



"Like so much Jewellery scattered on a mirror."—Ruskin.

given to book-learning alone. (Alas! my friends of the Jewellery Department were "not at home.") They had my sympathies, since in a subject which naturally involves so much secrecy as to technique, little can have been written. The only decided information obtainable (after certain gross mis-statements as to one of my pet minerals) was a reiterated statement that "pearl beads were made of glass," founded on the fact of a recent conjugal gift of a five-guinea bracelet of that make! Equally decided was the polite assertion that I personally "knew nothing at all about it!" Ah, weel! "Verdict first; evidence afterwards" pays sometimes in other lands than that of Dodgson's Alice, and when mine evidence be given I am content to appeal to the "Right Respectable, my ancient and well-beloved Patron, the Public," for my character.

To my wisdom: firstly, that which dates from nursery

So exquisite indeed is their beauty of colour, shape, and finish, specially at the pierced ends—a notable spot for the detection of falsity—that this is a difficult task even to the expert in gems himself; a "glass bead" never puzzled anyone! The long chain lying across the casket, threaded in dainty circlets, is of the "glass bead" order at its very best. With the tassels it is altogether a model for many so-called "originalities" in the bead line of to-day, which are but imitations after all. This chain refers me to the wisdom of the "Child's Guide to Knowledge" date, for it must have been side by side with the question, "Who invented gunpowder?" (I note a warlike, rather than a sporting tendency in this article!) that I learnt the so tedious process of coating the interior of glass beads with a solution made of fishes' scales.

These two facts were mine, and remembering that a

certain successful campaign of late was said to have been conducted without reference to any Office, Circumlocution or other, I started on a private scouting expedition of my own. Verily, the spoor of imitations is hard to trace and far to find! Nathless, I have to my infinite satisfaction verified and added to this original wisdom. So much so that, Editor permitting, I could supply the lover of technique with directions of the minutest order; down to the very "ingriddiments" (as "Punch" has it on the making of puddings) required for the art.

Time would fail me to tell of the infinite variety, not only of these pearls themselves, but of the various processes necessary to their attainment. These pertaining not so much to trade as to science, thus raising the making of imitations far above the level of the modern lay, whose refrain reminds us that "the man who plants cabbages imitates too."

While there is yet space, to a little of the wisdom. A "glass bead" is but a very infantine condition in the life of a mock pearl, and these are of the commonest kind, and to be met with daily. No sooner is the bead blown than time and patience proceed to fill it with a pearly essence obtained by an endless process of soaking the scales from the under side of a fish called Bleak. These have a silvery appearance, and in combination with various gums, colour the bead internally—next it is again heated, and in this condition, acting as a blowpipe, it sucks into itself a sufficiency of wax to give it the desired weight. *All* pearl beads are *not* filled with wax; some are empty, while others have a filling of a more lasting, and as I now know, of a resinous nature.

There is yet another kind of pearls not figured here, and not made of glass, but of a vitreous substance all compact. In these the colouring matter or essence aforesaid, is an integral part of the whole. These beads are made with irregularities which are afterwards burnished, which heightens their resemblance to realities, although the process is of the most complicated. It must, I think, be to this kind that necklaces bought at the '62 Exhibition belong; they still survive, but are no longer made. They are of an exquisite lustre, and far surpass the skull-like whiteness of modern counterfeits, so uncomplimentary even to the fairest skin. This kind is of Venice, though often called of Rome.

Irregularity, that sure sign of Nature, and so sought after in imitations, is shown also in the pendants of the Henrietta Maria necklace, where they are softly finished and with no hard twist, which would have been the case had they been "made of glass." These Alabaster beads, by frequent dippings into a solution made with the pearliest parts of oyster and other shells, grow into Roman pearls, and if one wishes for a *memoria technica* as to which be pearls of Rome and which of Venice, to call the former *exogens* (growing outwardly), and the latter *endogens* (growing inwardly), will suffice.

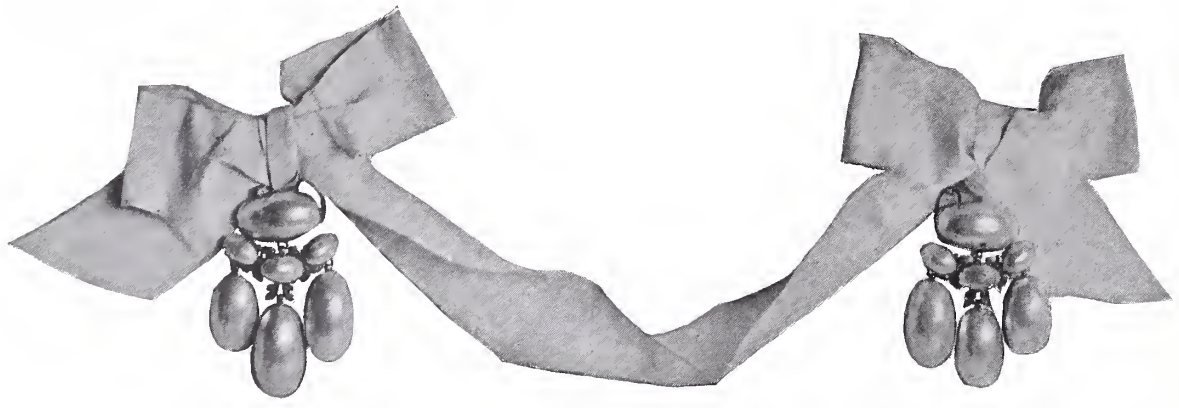
I will but add once more an inducement to a fresh study of a deteriorated if not defunct art—defunct only in that the better kinds are known no more.

To take up the making of Roman pearls, since while the world wags imitations will be worn: in this the modern worker has still a "philosopher's stone" to discover. The chief object of his search must be to retain all their former undeniable superiority, and by some means to counteract their susceptibility to heat, which must be the reason so few have survived.

And now for the verdict of my "Public." Will It, after evidence given, say I know nothing of my subject? I trow not, for I know It too. At any rate, It will not now join the cry "Pearl beads are made of glass" without a certain amount of caution.

For myself I am inclined to ask a question, the use of which I have so often deprecated, and I ask it with reference to our aforesaid Intelligence Department, namely—*Cui bono?*

E. BRUCE CLARKE.



Earrings as shown in the Portraits by A. E. Chalon, R.A.



Photo. Alinari.

Portière with figure of "The Earth." A Tapestry by A. Bronconi. From the cartoon by L. del Moro.



Photo. Alinari.

"Purity." A Tapestry by G. B. Termini. From the cartoon by an unknown Florentine Artist.

THE MUSEUM OF TAPESTRIES AT FLORENCE.

THE Tapestry Museum at Florence is necessarily an artistic institute of the first order. It is, however, little known, even in the town itself, by reason of being overshadowed by the celebrated Uffizi and Bargello collections. Florence has long been noted for its art tapestries, and the whole of Italy has largely contributed to the success of an industry which England, Flanders and France were acquainted with from an early period, and brought to a high state of perfection. It should be remarked here, however, that tapestry of high warp was formerly imported by Italy, which, in this way, came to form the nucleus of an industry, the artisans for which were recruited from various directions, but principally from Flanders. The term "d'Arazzo" (Arras tapestry), by which, to this day, tapestries of high warp are known, is sufficient to establish the origin of an industry which has held a high place in the history of Italian art, but which had to look abroad for help in its execution. Thus it was the custom in Italy, especially at the time of the "Haute Renaissance," to entrust to tapestry workers, particularly the Flemish, cartoons designed by painters among whom were to be found such celebrities as Cosimo Tura, Mantegna, Leonardo, Raphael, Giulio Romano and Andrea del Sarto.

Florence, in the development of the textile art, took its place only at a later stage. So far Mantua occupies the first place amongst Italian towns devoted to tapestries of high warp. Venice ran Mantua very close, and then, in turn, appeared upon the scene Ferrara (1436) and Siena (1438), and from the moment that tapestries in Italy received their greatest impetus Florence tried hard to make up for lost time. The Florentines had both taste—which is nothing else than the art of distinguishing between the beautiful and the commonplace—and independence of ideas, a love of art and the means of satisfying that love, so that in every branch of art they have enjoyed the advantages of cultivators and patrons, and the patrons could not fail to be attracted by tapestries, which owe their inception and progress in Tuscany to the famous Medici family, to which also Florence is indebted for a large part of its artistic treasures.

It was Cosimo I. who, in 1545, established the first atelier of tapestry, from which the street called "degli Arazzieri" took its name, and which was directed by Niccolo Karcher and Giovanni de Roost, who came from Brussels and who had previously worked at Ferrara. These artists executed many beautiful tapestries from cartoons by Bronzino, Salviati, Pontormo and Bachiacca, the most eminent painters of the period; and their Florentine pupils worked after Stradano, Allori, and Poccetti. The Medici's atelier, under the direction of Karcher and de Roost, attained to a high state of perfection, and from the moment that the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II., summoned Maître Pierre Fevère from Paris, the Florentine atelier took the lead of all its rivals. This was the period when Florence produced a quantity of tapestries so closely resembling oil paintings as to make it almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other; a performance which, in one way, did honour to the weavers, but, on the other hand, diverted the technique of tapestry from its true intention into a wrong path altogether. We had now come to the eighteenth century, which saw the closing of these ateliers, for at Florence weaving died out with the Medici, to whom it owed its introduction. In the end

the Regency of 1737 suppressed the atelier, and many workmen migrated to Naples. Records of the period tell us that between the years 1740 and 1744 an attempt was made to resuscitate the craft, but to no purpose, and from the year 1744 we find no further reference to the Florentine workshops. Nevertheless, while the industry there lasted, it turned out an enormous quantity of tapestries. The Grand Dukes of Tuscany and the various palaces were plentifully supplied with them, and they were likewise employed in the decoration of the Loggia de la Seigneurie and the Façade of the Palazzo Vecchio; a portion remained with the "Civil List," others served to embellish the halls of the Palazzo Vecchio and the Palais Riccardi, and still others remained at the Uffizi awaiting a better destination, for the Florentine galleries had exhibited a portion of the specimens in quite a provisional way only in the corridor uniting the Uffizi with the Pitti; and when the establishment of the tapestry museum was decided upon, the Uffizi collection passed to this museum, where it was assigned a convenient position. I use the word "convenient," because the lodgment of this museum at the Palace de la Crocetta was not expressly made; in Italy there is no building devoted to the purposes of a museum, unless it be the Modern Gallery of Rome, which is arranged for art collections, and the Palace de la Crocetta, which dates back to 1630, served as a place of retreat for various princesses belonging to the Medici, and for the foreign guests of the Tuscan Court, previous to housing the collections which cover its walls. The entrance to the museum is from the Via della Colonna (Place de la SS. Annunciata), and the tapestries occupy the second floor of the museum, the ground and first floors being given up to the archæological section, represented by Egyptian and Etruscan collections, as well as to a collection of Greek and Roman bronzes formerly at the Uffizi.



Photo. Alinari.

Phaeton's Fall. A Tapestry by L. Bernini. From the cartoon by V. Meucci.

The uniting of several collections, therefore, has been the means of creating an important museum at Florence, of which the section which claims our present attention, *i.e.* that of tapestries, occupies, from an artistic point of view, the most prominent position. The Museum of Tapestries is the pioneer in Italy of similar institutions, designed to collect and display the most exquisite specimens of a particular industrial art; and the Florentine Museum supplies the binding, as it were, of the history of textile art generally, and of its Tuscan period in particular.

Our attention in the Museum of Tapestries is at once arrested by a series of "portières," portières of the seventeenth century, of a striking decorative amplitude, of which I will describe two specimens, in order that the reader may himself judge of the strength of those *baroque* artists who were formerly so contemned.

A fantastic frieze, composed of "putti," heads, leaves, and fruits, encircles a beautiful crowned figure, representative of The Earth, at whose feet is a restive lion with an immovable lioness at his side. The breadth of the work readily convinces the spectator that he is in the presence of an artist who is thoroughly at home in the matter of technique, and equally sensible of the *raison d'être* of tapestries. And it is especially from this point of view that the work is a remarkable one. The designer of the cartoon is Lorenzo del Moro, a Florentine painter of the eighteenth century, quite a second-rate artist, and the master-weaver a certain Antonio Bronconi, who in the year 1728, the "portière" period, directed the atelier of the Medici. Possibly the figure was designed by G. Sagrestani, noted for a very beautiful figure representing Air, shown in the "portière" exhibited by the side of the one we reproduce and close to the other, depicting on a large escutcheon the arms of Cosmo III. of the Medici on the left and of Marguerite Louise d'Orléans, his spouse, on the right-hand side. So far as decorative composition, reproduced in tapestries, is concerned, it is difficult to find anything more genial and sumptuous than this masterpiece; it has the brightness and power of grand ornamental productions, and it is to be regretted that a reproduction in black and white would not convey a satisfactory idea, in all respects, of the beauty of the design. It is also regrettable that both the designer and weaver of this fine production should be unknown to us, though there seems little doubt that the composition is of Florentine origin.

Amongst the tapestries of first rank there is a "dossier" of grotesques, animals, figures and garlands, belonging to the earlier Florentine school. It is, moreover, especially remarkable for the fact that the cartoon was supplied by Francesco d'Ubertino Verdi, who went by the name of Bachiacca, whilst the working out of the pattern was due to the Belgian, Roost, who, at the foot, has woven his



Mark of Giovanni Roost.

peculiar mark in the shape of a piece of meat stuck

through a spit hanging from a tripod. This tapestry forms part of a series of "dossiers" *(spallière)*, the outcome of the collaboration of the two masters, the Florentine who furnished the cartoons and the Belgian the tapestries. Bachiacca likewise supplied the cartoons for the *spallière* woven by the other Belgian, Karcher, who, together with Roost, directed the atelier of the Medici at its commencement. These same "dossiers" are at the Florentine Museum, so that those who desire to become acquainted with the decorative power of Bachiacca and the technical capacity of the Belgian artists to whom Cosmo I. confided the direction of his atelier cannot forego a visit to the Florentine Museum. Bachiacca excites admiration not only as a decorator,

The cartoons of Bachiacca, which, in all likelihood, were woven by Roost, raises the question as to the existence at Florence of a son of this Belgian master, a certain Marc, also a weaver, who, according to Vasari, was said to have woven Bachiacca's cartoons instead of his father. However, the researches so far made do not confirm the asseveration of the Plutarch of Italian artists. Still, we must not lay too much stress on these little lapses of Vasari. While it is true that he only wrote of things he had seen or persons he may have known, it would not be the first time that Vasari has misrepresented things that happened under his very nose. But, be that as it may, what is especially interesting here is the beauty of the tapestries.



Photo. Alinari.

The Swooning of Esther. A Tapestry by G. Audran.
From the cartoon by G. F. de Troy.

using the word in its strictest sense, but as a figure painter; and here it may be well to recall his series of cartoons, full of vivacity and imagination, representing the Months of the Year, which Bachiacca gave to the Florentine atelier, and which to-day gain the admiration of every visitor to the Florentine Museum. Bachiacca, a pupil of Perugino, according to Vasari, and afterwards of Franciabigio and Andrea del Sarto, was not indifferent to the teachings of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, as a result of which he became an eclectic painter, and his pliant and fruitful talent secures him a foremost place in the history of art. This fact must be borne in mind when speaking of the contributions of the Florentine master to the art of tapestry, contributions which were ingenious, entertaining and of a surprising originality.

Side by side with the Belgian weavers Pierre Fevère was also an artist of leading importance at the Florentine Museum. Under his direction the atelier of the Medici attained the apogee of its development. This Fevère was a Frenchman, and the able co-operation he afforded the Florentine atelier is the most interesting ever rendered by a foreign artist to Italian art industry. For Italians gave little proof of the power of assimilation and of a wider eclecticism, except in the matter of tapestry, and although the Flemish were given the preference over the Italians, French weavers were numerous in Italy at the period when tapestry took the place of painting. I have further back mentioned the Mantua atelier, which was the oldest in Italy. I may here add that from 1419 to about 1442 the Gonzaga family there employed a French weaver named "Johannes

Thomæ" (John, son of Thomas), and, a little later on, other fellow-countrymen of his—Niccolo, Guidone and Adamante, who, like Fevère at Florence, worked out in tapestry a number of cartoons, of which some are still extant. Those executed by the weaver of the Florentine atelier are to be seen at the Museum, and are in a very good state of preservation; but it is curious that as regards several of Fevère's tapestries there should be no clue as to their designer, whereas there is no doubt whatever as to the productions of the French master, for each one bears either his full name or initials together with his sign—a red ball. It is known, however, that at the time Fevère gave a fresh stimulus to the atelier of the Medici there were active on behalf of Florentine weavers the painters Cinganelli, Coccapani, Tarchiani, Vignali and Lippi, painters who occupy one of the back positions in our picture. To judge from the productions of this period we should say that, after all, these painters possessed the necessary "knack" as designers of cartoons intended for tapestry.

Fevère is brilliantly represented at the Museum by a series of hangings, such as 'The Seasons,' 'Night,' 'Day,' 'Samson and Delilah,' and 'Samson a Prisoner,' etc.; and he had the honour of transferring to his loom the compositions of celebrated masters such as Andrea del Sarto, Bachiacca and Cigoli. Of the first named, the glory of Italian art, the French weaver translated into tapestry 'La Sacra Famiglia,' which is preserved at the Uffizi. The Virgin is seated, holding the Infant Jesus on her knee, the child's sweet face being fixed on John the Baptist, who is leaning against Saint Elizabeth, a scene full of love and gentleness. It is a perfect translation. Of Bachiacca, Fevère executed a tapestry which Karcher even had woven, viz. 'The Month of May.' These productions are exhibited at the Museum, and the difference of the time between the two works is about eighty years. Curious to relate, Karcher's handiwork was restored by Fevère, who added his own initials to it. To my mind, the copy of the French artist ranks above that of the older Belgian master, and the comparison is very instructive.



Photo. Alinari.

The Gardeners. A Tapestry from the cartoon by an unknown French Artist.



Mark of Niccolo Karcher.

A set of scenes from Genesis, Flemish, is said to have been worked from the cartoons of Raphael, or, as is discreetly added, of his pupil, Van Orley. The complete set consists of seven pieces. Two are to be found at the "Magasin" and a third in the Princes' Chapel of the Medici at Saint Laurent, which is not that of Michael Angelo, but that built by Don Giovanni de Medici, with the assistance of Nigetti. All these tapestries are of Belgian workmanship, though the weavers of them are unknown. The beauty of design is suggestive of Raphael, though in this connection, as has already been said, is mentioned the name of the artist Van Orley, a Flemish painter, who was a pupil and follower of Raphael, to whom, on returning to his native country, was entrusted the weaving of several cartoons by Italian masters, as well as the alteration of design of several cartoons. It is not improbable that the set in the Florentine Museum belongs to Van Orley; but there is no doubt that the tapestries in question are of the very first order, the purchase of which was due to Cosmo I., and dates back to the year 1553. These hangings, according to the student Gaye, were the property of Giovanni Van der Welt, from whom Cosmo I. is said to have bought them.

In 1591, when they were found to be in need of restoration, Guasparri di Bartolomeo Papini was entrusted with the task, of which he acquitted himself with all honour. But this is not to be wondered at, since Papini was a most distinguished artist, and his tapestries at the museum excite admiration both by reason of their quality and number, the Florentine collection being enriched by a good many of them. He was principal weaver for the Medici during the end of the sixteenth century and the commencement of the following, and was noted for his weaving of figures. Hence many of his tapestries represent subjects in which figures play the principal part. There is a tapestry in the museum, after the cartoon of Alexandre Allori, having for its subject the Holy Supper. The design strikes a peculiar note. Christ is seated at the table, dispensing bread and wine to his disciples, whilst opposite our Saviour is Judas, feeding a cat. The idea of the cat, so significant of treachery, is very suggestive, and is worthy our notice. By the side of this tapestry Papini is represented by others of a similar character, whilst his productions depicting Phaeton, after cartoons by Allori, being two of six stories of the Son of the Sun, are especially noteworthy. The others are at the "Magasins." Belonging to the same subject is the hanging 'Phaeton's Fall,' woven by Leonardo Bernini in 1737, from the cartoon by Vincent Meucci, which is contemporaneous with the end of the Medici dynasty and the closing of the Florentine atelier. Thus 'Phaeton's



Mark of Guasparri di Bartolomeo Papini.

Fall' may also be said to signify the fall of the Medici as well as of the atelier to which we owe, in great part, the very existence of the Museum of Tapestries. On the 9th July, 1737, there died Giovanni Gastone, the last Grand Duke of this family, at whose death was formed a Regency, under the title of François de Lorène, which, on the 5th of October of the same year, resolved upon the closing of the atelier. We give a reproduction of the last-mentioned specimen, an examination of which will provoke regret that the resolution to close the atelier should have been determined upon. An artistic institution, with an exuberant vitality such as that resulting from 'Phaeton's Fall,' designed by Meucci and woven by Bernini, cannot die like an organism afflicted with anæmia. The composition created by Meucci received an irreproachable interpretation at the hands of Bernini, who in consequence signed the work with his Christian and surname, adding also "and collaborators," viz. :—LEONA^{do} BERNINI E SUA GIOVANI 1737.

Amongst our illustrations one entirely architectonic in character deserves especial mention. In a niche, crowned with garlands, a standing female figure, 'Purity,' is engaged in prayer, and kneeling at her side is a genius, the Genius of Purity, offering her the flower of his soul, the lily. The whole has a picturesqueness such as they knew how to impart in the tapestry period (1705), and is the work of a principal weaver of the Florentine atelier, Termini, who translated it from the cartoon of an unknown artist. This sumptuous yet temperate composition is well suited to the splendid colouring which largely contributes to the decorative effect of this superb piece of workmanship.

I have had to limit myself both as to choice of reproductions and range of notes, the foregoing forming part of those I made on the spot. For this reason I have not been able to touch upon the German tapestries, in which the Florentine Museum is rich, nor have I alluded, as I should have done, to the Flemish tapestries and Gobelins ('History of Esther,' by Audran, from cartoons by De Troy; 'Water,' by Jans, after Le Brun; 'Triumph of a Goddess,' by Sovet, after a design of Coypel, etc.); nor even to the galleries containing patterns of precious fabrics; but, then, a review notice is not exactly a treatise on tapestry. However, I should, in conclusion, call attention to the fact that at the Florentine Museum there are ticketed "unknown Flemish weaver" three pieces of tapestry, which remind us of Raphael; and, in this case, legitimately so. Raphael painted the designs for the tapestries, delineating the Acts of the Apostles, woven by Belgian looms, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century the friezes were utilised for the three hangings in question. These friezes are composed of handsome ornamentation, grotesques, heraldic flowers and figures: 'The Hours,' 'The Seasons,' 'The Fates,' all blending most admirably with the strictly ornamental features, so that these compositions offer a by no means mediocre attraction to those visiting the museum. Those skilled in textiles will find an interest in these tapestries apart from the weaving and beauty of design. It is the mark which will prove of interest. We observe a "G" and "R," surmounted by a "4." Now this "4," as M. W.



Mark of an unknown Tapestry-maker of Flanders.

Wauters tells us in his work "Belgian Tapestries," is the merchant's cipher, signifying that the tapestry was made for a merchant or by a weaver who also dealt in tapestries.

The Museum of Tapestries further contains rich costumes of the eighteenth century, and, from every point of view, it is a museum which appeals to heart and eye, both from its æsthetic beauties as well as the vicissitudes of its history. To inspect it should be the mission of every intelligent visitor to Italy.

Florence, Sept. 1900. ALFREDO MELANI.

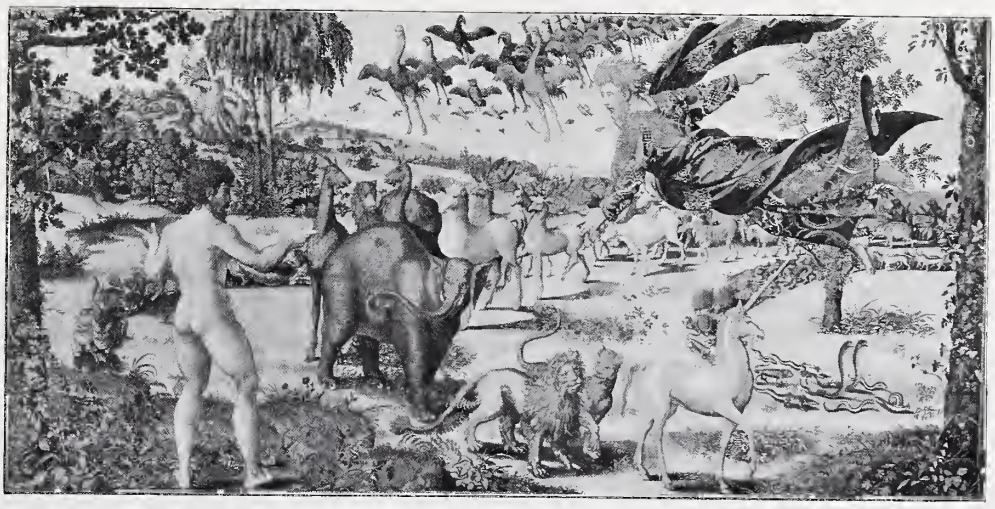
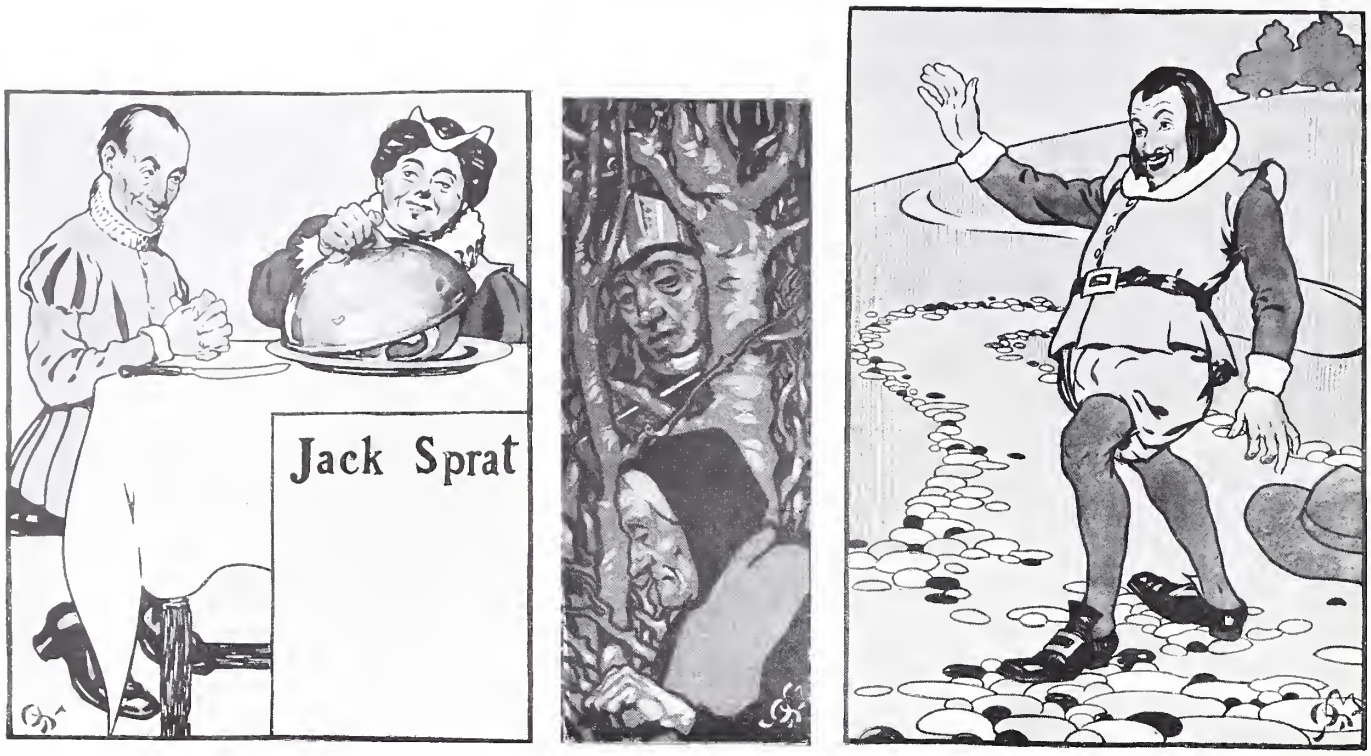


Photo. Alinari.

God giving Adam dominion over the Animals.
From a cartoon by an unknown artist.



Some drawings by Monro S. Orr.

MONRO S. ORR.



The Sandwich Man.
From a drawing by Monro S. Orr.

IN a young Scottish artist—of Glasgow, yet hardly to be classified as of the Glasgow School—whose name is not yet known beyond a narrow professional public, I think we have a new-comer of exceptional promise. Mr. Monro S. Orr has a limited reputation in Glasgow: in London and elsewhere one or two publishers have admired his work and commissioned cover-decorations; and that, I think, is all as yet. It is certain, however, that an individuality so marked must make a wide impression, and we may expect to hear soon that this latest recruit from the city which has given us so many brilliant painters has won his way to popular recognition.

Mr. Orr, however, has not yet entered the lists as a painter: that he may yet do; and from what I have seen of his work, may do well and successfully. At present he is occupied with black and white, or with colour-touched black and white or crayon drawings. Trained at the Glasgow School of Art, under Mr. Newbery, he studied assiduously from course to course; drawing and painting from the life and anatomy being the studies to which he gave the most painstaking attention. We can readily trace this in his work, where a singular thoroughness for so young a man reveals itself side by side with an unobtruded if unmistakable knowledge of the figure. There are no loose lines in Mr. Orr's drawings, and the almost austere simplicity of his few but firm contours must not be mistaken for barrenness of invention in design or detail, but the carefully considered economy of the severe artist who, as Delacroix said in one of his letters, has an instinctive passion for reducing the redundant to the explicit. So thorough, I may add, was Mr. Orr's training in this essential but far too frequently neglected branch of technical training, that, having made anatomy a subject of special study, he set himself to some useful practical work in this direction. The threads of a man's life are woven in his teens, says a North-country proverb—akin to the familiar "The child is father of the man"; and the earnest diligence and peculiar individuality which Mr. Monro Orr now shows is indicated in the fact that, some years ago, when still in his teens, he obtained at the admirable School of Art in question a Queen's prize for anatomy. This was the more creditable as Mr. Orr was not in a position to give his best, much less all his time, to his art training. His circumstances made it impossible for him to do as every desire inclined, and he had to give his daily hours to business, contenting himself with eagerly arranged for and eagerly valued visits to the School of Art in the evenings. Ultimately, however, he was able to attend the drawing and painting life class during the day. Then, after some little success, but with much anxiety of his own and others, he felt sufficient confidence in himself to relinquish business and to devote himself to art as a profession.

In common with all the men of the Glasgow School,

Mr. Orr has concerned himself with decorative art. He has done some excellent work of promise in decoration, including stained glass. In the latter, indeed, he ought to succeed, though even here he must refine upon his somewhat coarse or at any rate too heavy handling. He has, in his decorative design, neither the grace of Mr. Macgregor nor the artistic invention and mastery in design of Mr. W. B. Macdougall, two fellow West-Scottish artists, with whose work soon or late his must be confronted.

Most of Mr. Orr's decorative designs show a genuine sense of rhythmic balance and dignity, but hardly a like acute sense of delicate contour or grace of line, lightness, and charm in composition. He may develop in invention; it is probable that he will. So far, and I judge of course only from what I have seen, his invention is too much in one direction. With the mental as well as manual pliancy which will come as he advances in scope as well as achievement, he will doubtless reveal what at present is only hinted in his work. In an admirable little drawing of his which was sold at the Glasgow Institute last spring there is a new freshness and lightness which show that he will not allow himself to be carried in one current.

Some of Mr. Orr's book-covers have been effective. I think, however, that he is able to do much better than merely effective cover-designs. In those I have seen (for Messrs. Blackie, John Murray, Pearsons, Burn and Co., etc.) I find a strong sense of the arresting, as the French say, but not a strong sense of grace or charm. It may be urged that this is just what the publishers prefer—an emphatic or arresting design being of far more immediate service to them than grace and charm, which appeal to the few, not the many; moreover, as a publisher complained publicly some time ago, the few are more liberal with their opinions than with their custom. Nevertheless, artistic success does not lie within this consideration; and as Mr. Orr is an artist, and must wish to succeed by virtue only of fine and original work, we may hope that he will lend his collaboration to the few who are now doing their very effective best to make a new and delightful art of book-cover design. I have seen one or two covers of his which are admirable in their kind. Only, he must bear in mind that a good poster is not necessarily a good book-cover design, any more than an ideal cover-design is necessarily (or even likely to be) a good poster.



A Puritan Guard. From a drawing by Monro S. Orr.



The Conspirator. From a drawing by Monro S. Orr.

If Mr. Orr were a Parisian, or if the craft of the poster had in this country the status of an art, he would not lack for employment. His particular powers, his method and manner, fit him for success in this direction.

If we look at his drawings we discern this. How excellent in their kind these are! What firmness of line and handling, what surety of knowledge in the delineation of pose and feature! Look at the drawing of 'A Puritan Guard'; the modelling of the heavy but powerful features, the virile hand in its firm nervous grasp of the pistol, the massive frame set in that effective if simple decorative frame of bare, snow-patched, winter boughs. In this finely-toned drawing Mr. Orr shows what a true pictorial sense he has. As a contrast in severe simplicity look again at 'The Sandwich-Man.' How few touches, hardly more than half-a-dozen broad black lines, to give so much character. It requires no Sherlock Holmes to read the story of this broken man, in his slouching feet, bent figure, furtive glance, and hat pulled low above the



The Nun. From a drawing by Monro S. Orr.



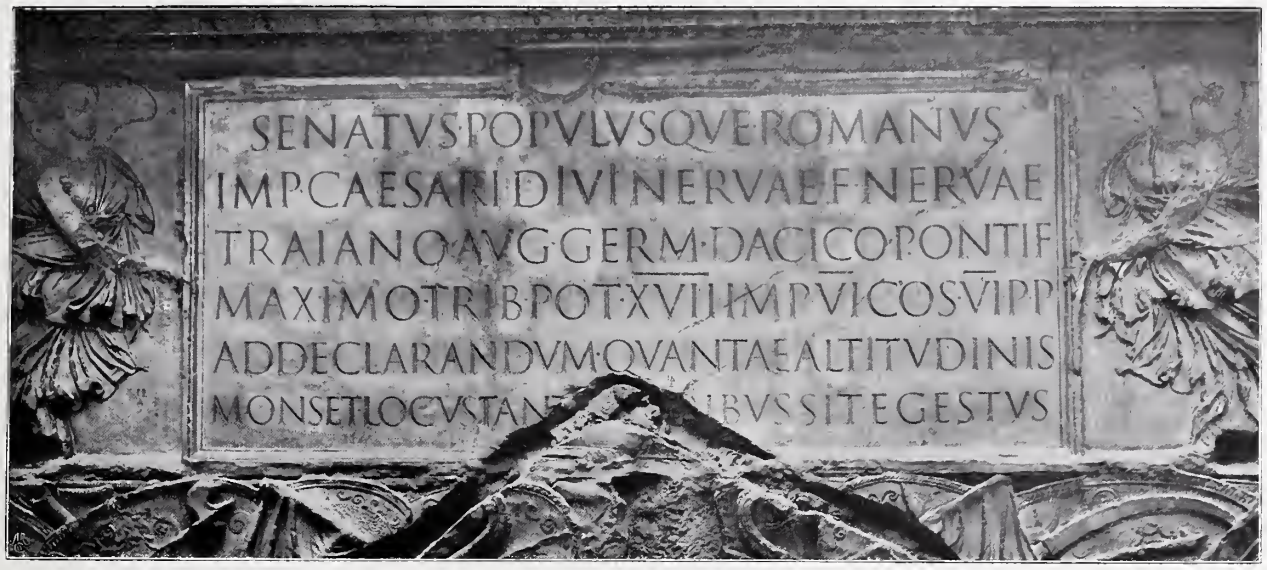
The Watching Monk. From a drawing by Monro S. Orr.

hunger-worn face in partial effort to disguise. Here, and with its single touch of vivid red at the neck, is a capital poster ready to hand. Mr. Orr is fond of the strongly marked features of the old and the fanatical, as, to select a typical drawing, in his 'Old Woman and Cromwellian Soldier in a Wood,' or in his fine drawing 'The Conspirator,' or in 'The Watching Monk.' In figures of fantasy, too, he has an excellent touch, as in his study for 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

In this new school, of which Mr. Orr is an efficient lieutenant, the motive eagerness is too often an effort to attain at any cost "a catching effect." That this must be disastrous is obvious, since such an end presupposes the intent to please the unready eye at the expense of those qualities for which the educated eye looks. It would be well if all the more or less able and several promising workers in illustrative drawing, who constitute this school, would take a lesson (since, for some occult reason, young artists do not so willingly learn from masters with whose work they are superficially familiar) from one or other of the past-masters in the art of drawing the figure in action and repose with the greatest economy of detail and the maximum of effect. If the student wish to see with what knowledge and skill one of a great name and little familiarity here has worked, let him study the drawings of Goya. In the brilliantly effective work of the great Spanish artist (reproductions of whose drawings are now easily to be seen) there is invariably a powerful result with great economy of means and with signal unobtrusiveness of method. The same may be said of the famous German artist, Menzel, who probably stands first among modern draughtsmen in the qualities of vivid precision and clairvoyant thoroughness from the first touch onward. But for an artist such as Mr. Monro Orr, who has less need to learn from strength and solidity than from freedom of handling with a certain apparent "looseness" and from deft and swift grace, it would be salutary to study the startling verisimilitude in the drawings of Forain, the notable surety, grace, charm and exquisite felicity of the few yet always ample and persuading lines of M. Helleu.

A final word as to the immediate aspect of Mr. Orr's work. While it is thoroughly individual, it is obvious that he has adopted the convention of another artist. Possibly it would be more accurate to say that he has learned from certain recent French experimenters in black and white as much as he has learned and frankly adopted from Mr. Nicholson. At first the example of that artist was unmistakably followed by Mr. Orr. Already, however, his real individuality is making itself felt. One no longer may say "this is Nicholson," but "here is work of Nicholson's kind, only it is Monro Orr's." In a short time, I am sure, there will be no qualification of the kind: Mr. Orr will find his own way.

WILLIAM SHARP.



No. 1.—Inscription on the Base of the Trajan Column at Rome. A.D. 114.

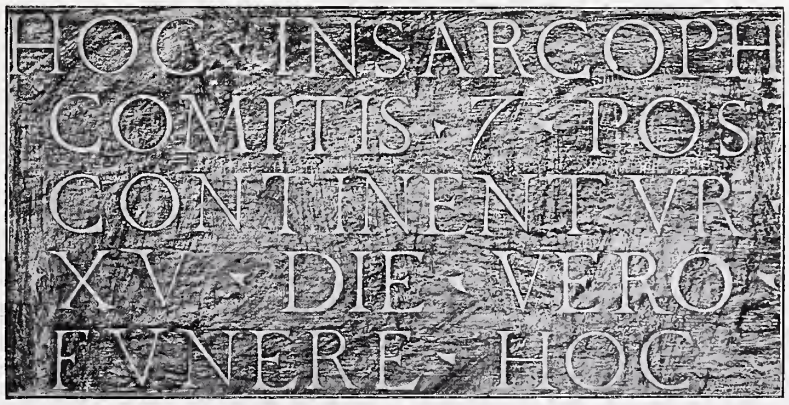
THE PRACTICE OF LETTERING.

IT is curious to consider how far afield we go sometimes in our speculations on things artistic; and with what ease we evade some matters of great importance which lie all the time on our doorsteps. It were no hard task to quote instances of these wanderings; but for the present I concern myself with one only: the practice of lettering as found in public announcements of one sort or another.

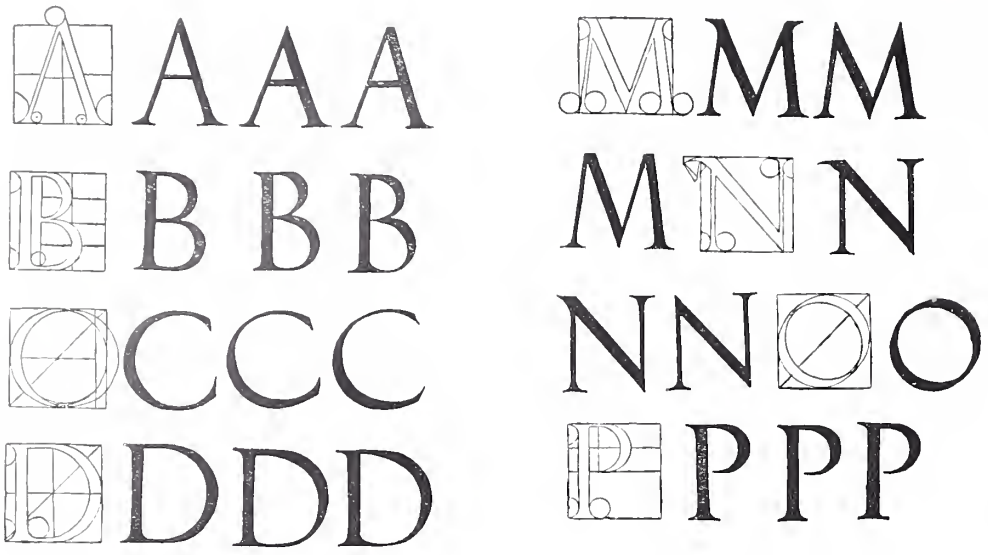
That this formal lettering is bad is an admission to be gained perhaps from some few artists, and some few persons of literary taste; but not as a rule from the makers of it, or the users. Those of the two latter categories who care at all have grown to love a peculiarly vicious set of perversions. The printer, for example, delights in his so-called "fancy" types—ugly and vulgar forms in which the highest flight of fancy consists of the substitution of eccentricity for dignity, or the distortion of the natural structure of the letter into a well-nigh meaningless mass of heavy ugliness. The sign-writer, again, is an almost invariable offender. He is fond of investing his letters with quaint curls; or shading them to what he considers to be the effect of masonry. His model is almost invariably derived from one of the meaner forms of type, and on this he works by rule of thumb, without ideas of any but mechanical spacing; without feeling those demands for small variations which the letters themselves make upon the taste of anyone who possesses it; but, unhappily, not without a stock of so-called ornaments wherein his soul delights, as proofs infallible of high skill and dexterity.

The poster-artist, on the other hand, generally relies on his imagination for the successful distortion of the original forms of letters. He, and many of the draughtsmen of black-and-white for book-illustration, seem to think that they can design their letters. They find it easy to burlesque them, to parody them, to mutilate them in weird and unexpected ways, to render them wildly and uncouthly illegible; but they never succeed in designing a letter. And that for the best of all reasons, that the letter already exists. There is no room for further invention; and efforts in this direction can only tend to weaken the original purpose of the letter—legibility.

For a letter is a conventional sign derived remotely from some pictorial source; but now and for many ages accepted in almost unchangeable form. The alphabet may be said to be the current coin of civilisation; and the constancy of its form is the guarantee of its circulation. It is impossible to trace the invention of any one letter to any individual source; or even to fix with accuracy the causes which crystallized the old variants of it into their present rigidity. So he who would undertake to design a letter proposes to himself a task of no little magnitude. He will find some difficulty in persuading the millions of persons concerned, of his authority to intervene in this matter; even if his powers are so great as to ensure their mere knowledge of his



No. 2.—Rubbing of part of the Inscription on the Tomb of Henry VII. of Luxembourg, in the Cathedral, Pisa. By Tino da Camiano. A.D. 1315.



No. 3.—From the "Geometria" of Albert Dürer. A.D. 1525.

effort. And the change of form of any one single letter of the alphabets now, and for so many hundreds of years, in current use, would be a literary revolution unparalleled in the world's history. It is hardly likely to be effected by any of the little men of our day; but certain of the vainer of them seem to dream of it from time to time.

There should be small need for the production of definite evidence of the invariability of the essential forms of the chief alphabets we now use; but, unhappily, the study of the whole subject has fallen into such disuse that one feels impelled to go somewhat into detail. To begin at a sufficiently early date, a reference may be made to the inscription on the base of the Trajan Column at Rome, which was erected A.D. 114, and which we give as our headpiece. These letters are as legible to-day in every single detail as when they were cut. They have been equally legible to every educated person who has seen them during the intervening eighteen hundred years. And no artist, either of our day or during that long period of many tastes, has been able to produce a better, a more beautiful panel of its kind than this work of the unknown Roman sculptor of so long ago. Archæologists know that it is by no means a solitary or a pre-eminent example of its period. Every epigraphical museum is full of examples of equal excellence; for the Romans knew the high value of simplicity. Their inscriptions were set up for all the world to see; and the style of them, with its perfect adaptation to this end, its exquisite sense of proportion, and its virile dignity, towers infinitely above all the little personal affectations which have since dared to compete with it.

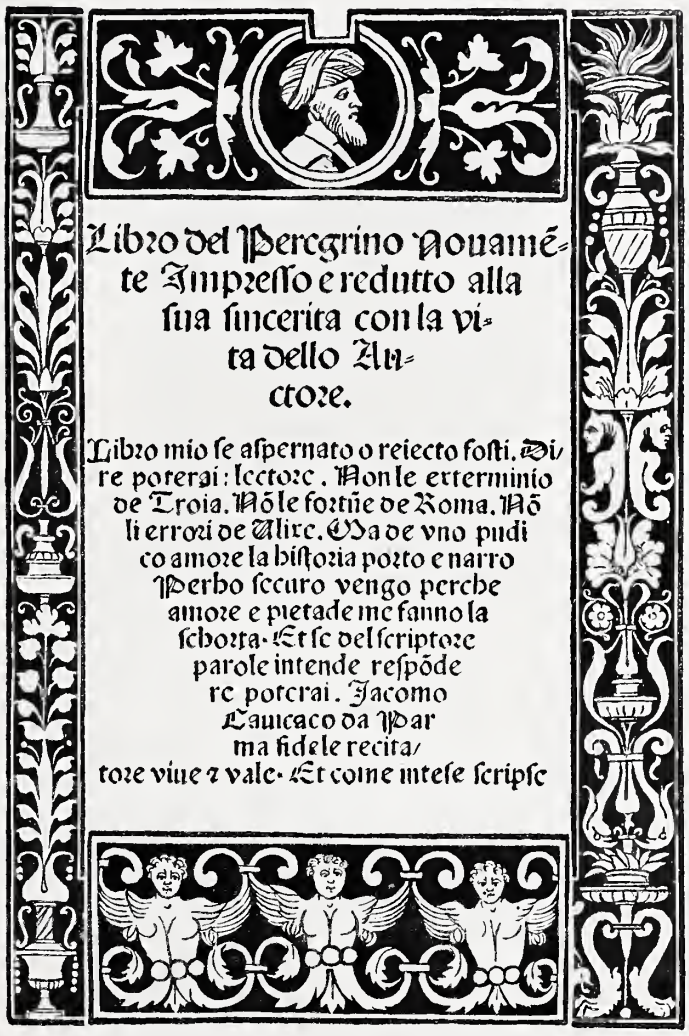
The tradition of this fine lettering was never lost in Italy. The great sculptors of the Renaissance never dreamed of indulging in fantasy, or of trying to invest their inscriptions with a meretricious decorative value by playing with the limbs of the letters. They knew how beautiful was the pure form, and what a splendid foil it made to the most elaborate surroundings. And in all essential qualities the inscription by Tino da Camiano on the sarcophagus of Henry VII. of Luxembourg, in the Cathedral at Pisa (No. 2), will be seen to be identical with that of the Trajan Column.

This uniformity was, then, a fact that none of the artists of the Renaissance ever questioned. And when the invention of printing had placed the means in their hands, those of them who were sufficiently concerned with the subject made haste to publish it in popular and therefore easily intelligible form. There are few more interesting phases in the history of education than the development of the writing master from the earlier scribe of monasteries and chanceries. It began with the publication of pattern-books of examples of lettering cut in soft metal in the early part of the sixteenth century; and furnishing specimens of the various kinds of letter useful to the craftsmen of the period. We need only concern ourselves with that now under discussion—the Roman or Square Capital letter. It was seen to be a great convenience for a recipe to be formulated for the making of this in its due proportion; and every writing-book of the period contains such a formula. That of Albert Dürer is perhaps the best known, although by no means the first in chronological order. Dürer laid down the construction of each letter in his *Geometria* A.D. 1525 (No. 3), working from the letter to the measurements, and not *vice versâ*—a point of some importance. For it is a common error to ascribe to him the invention of this alphabet, when he was merely making a plain statement of certain proportions already known in the workshops for generations, but only within his time published for the benefit of the uninitiated. He did not invent these proportions. The experience of ages had shown them to be good for their purpose; and he put them forth in company with geometrical problems and the proportion of architectural columns as ascertained and undeniable truths. When the letter was placed in a square he found the main limbs required a width of one-tenth of a side of the square. The circles from which the curves of the round letters are struck needed to be nine-tenths of a side in diameter; those for the smaller curves one-third, one-fifth, or one-tenth of a side in diameter as the case might be. So he—in common with everyone else who wrote on the subject—gave a simple series of measurements, the results of which might be safely trusted to by the craftsman. And he used it himself: again, with unquestioning faith and without fanciful variations of any kind whatever. That alphabet also is good for modern use. In short, one may clinch the whole argument by pointing out that the lettering used by Burne-Jones in his 'Perseus and the Graiæ' Series is the same—if not so well drawn—as the Roman specimen herein given; and that both would have been equally intelligible during the whole term of years which passed between them.

What is true of the old square capitals is also true in principle of lower-case letters, and need not be repeated in detail. It must be accepted as an axiom that the letter is above the powers of the designer; the question for the latter being the use to which it should be put.

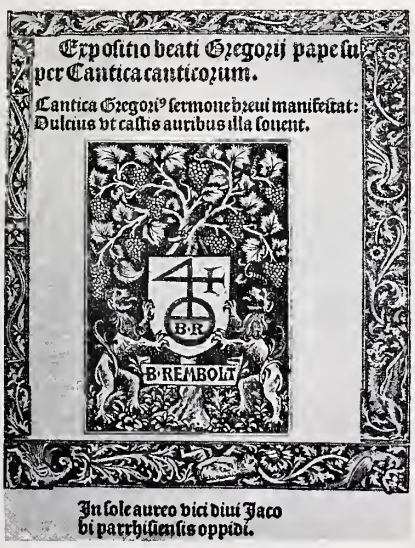
There is no limit to the opportunities for the display of good taste in designing with letters, and the examples reproduced to illustrate this essay have been selected merely as examples to illustrate the point. The first consideration must, of course, be the specific purpose of

the inscription. In the common case of a title-page one has to think of the relative values of the different portions of the announcement, and whether the lettering used is to consist of type, either with or without printers' ornaments, drawn letters forming part of a decorative design, or letters of either kind depending solely on their arrangement for any beauty which it may have been thought worth while to achieve. The title-pages of the early printers furnish many delightful specimens falling within each of these categories. We give one of the former class (No. 4), printed (and doubtless arranged) by Manfredus Bonum de Montis Ferrato at Venice, in A.D. 1516. Here the problem before the printer was to combine an unusually long title with a descriptive subtitle of very considerable length, in such a manner as to prevent either from being overshadowed by the rich borders he possessed and desired to use. He has completely accomplished his purpose by the use of two founts of type only—a display of reticence very notable in comparison with the habits of modern printers. This type is arranged in two blocks, so disposed as to give an effect of colour which entirely harmonises with the elaborate ornamentation; a result entirely due to the fine sense of proportion displayed in the spacing and the contrast of the lines of the composition. In the second title-page illustrated (No. 5), printed by B. Rembolt, at Paris *circa* 1498 A.D., we see the same judicious selection of two types. But the lettering is much less in quantity, and there is the necessity for finding a place for the very beautiful printer's mark which occupies the centre. Here the danger that the essential purpose of the page might be obscured, is much more imminent. But it has been avoided by a pleasant irregularity in the setting; and a proper balance obtained by placing the imprint, quite arbitrarily, outside the border. These two examples should give some slight idea of the number and range of the devices at the disposal of any designer of title-pages, who takes the trouble to think.

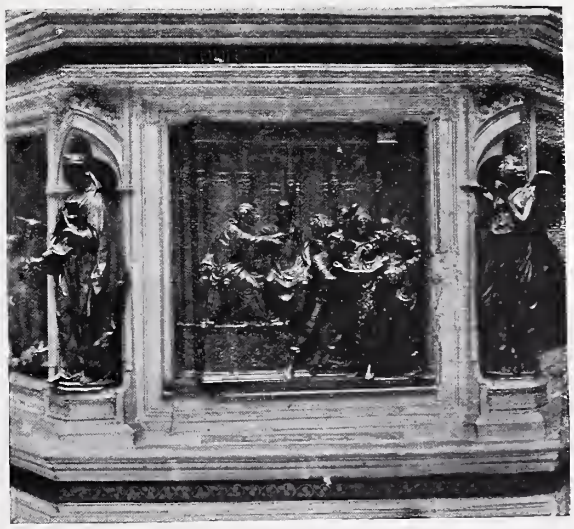


No. 4.—Title-page by Manfredus Bonum de Montis Ferrato, Venice. A.D. 1516.

A useful instance of the combination of a single band of lettering with a most elaborate piece of sculpture is to be found in the font by Jacopo della Quercia, in the church of S. Giovanni at Siena (A.D. 1430), of which one panel is given (No. 6). The question again is that of giving the inscription its proper place in a most elaborate composition; in which, if due care had not been taken, it might have been a merely trivial if not degrading detail. It occupies a single band around the top, set among simple mouldings; and attention is drawn to it, in addition to the necessary balance being procured, by the device of inserting a band of similar size at the



No. 5.—Title-page by B. Rembolt, Paris. Circa A.D. 1498.



No. 6.—Font in the Church of S. Giovanni, Siena. By Jacopo della Quercia. A.D 1430.

base of the font; which, however, is decorated only by a running foliated ornament of extreme simplicity worked in the same way as are the letters.

A specimen of a sculptured inscription holding its own among a mass of low-relief ornament is to be found in the panel (No. 7) from a staircase added to the pulpit of the Cathedral at Siena by Francesco Tolomei, in A.D. 1543. The lettering of this speaks for itself, and it requires no detailed description to point out what a superb foil to the general richness of the decoration is supplied by its simple dignity, or how well its spacing lends itself to the lines of the compartment in which it is placed.



No. 7.—Panel from the Staircase to the Pulpit in the Cathedral, Siena. By Francesco Tolomei A.D. 1543.

The question of the material in which the object intended to bear the lettering is to be worked, is again one for deep consideration. If the artist or craftsman is properly furnished with a good character of letter, his knowledge of his craft will keep him right in this respect; but the beginner must be warned against taking letters which have acquired certain characteristics by a use in one medium, and trying by brute force to adapt them to another. The cherub holding a scroll (No. 8), which we have chosen to especially illustrate this point, is of white Della Robbia ware of the sixteenth century. The letters are produced by a brush; and this naturally reacts on their form; for it were unnatural to expect the rigidity of type or the precision of the chisel to be imitated successfully in this wise. Again, the worker in bronze has to think of the self-protective qualities with which he should endow his inscriptions for their better preservation; and this will produce a certain sturdiness which need by no means be incompatible with grace. There is also a possible loss of precision in the process of casting to be faced, which tends in the same direction. Both these difficulties have been well overcome in the bronze plaque (No. 9) from the cemetery of Nuremburg here shown; and students will not fail to remark how well the thickness given to the lines of the letters accords with the character of the ornament composing the border.

Instances might be multiplied to almost any extent; but perhaps enough have been given to show how truly the decorative value of an inscription depends on the choice of an absolutely simple lettering used with taste and discretion. The makers of letters must take themselves seriously. They must understand that their art is more than a trivial detail to be scamped without study, or made a plaything for an untrained imagination. It is an easy thing to spoil the finest work of art ever made by inattention to this need; a fault that transforms what should be a judicious foil to the rest of the work, to a slur upon it which only advertises the carelessness of the executant. And it should be remembered, also, that he who makes an inscription makes it not for himself, but to convey a thought to other people, perhaps infinite in number. For whoever considers the magnificence of the audience to which his words will in future ages appeal, can hardly fail to set about his task in the true artist spirit of thoroughness and self-abnegation—and so succeed.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



No. 8.—Della Robbia Ware, Sixteenth Century.



No. 9.—Bronze Plaque in the Cemetery of Nuremburg. A.D. 1552.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE publication of the honours list in the British section of the Paris Exhibition has been received with mixed feelings by the artistic community. Yet many of the exhibiting painters should have been well prepared for the anomalies of adjudication, seeing that so many arbitrary limitations had been fixed by the authorities at the outset. A few names appear in the fourth and fifth classes, which certainly suggest that parts of the list might have been reversed to do real justice to the varying claims. Artists are undoubtedly as human as other people, and those who were at one time bemoaning their ill-luck in not being represented, are finding some compensation in the misfortunes of some of the exhibitors. The names of members and associates of the Royal Academy are to be found in each of the four classes of medallists. It is easy to suggest a corrected order of merit, and many will feel that it would have been much better and wiser for the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s to have been considered "hors concours." Two artists not yet in the English Royal Academy, Sir George Reid and Mr. J. H. Lorimer, have been fortunate enough to win gold medals, and nobody can deny that in each case the reward has been well earned. The greatest personal triumph has been Mr. J. M. Swan's, who has won gold medals both in painting and sculpture. In our special numbers on the Paris Exhibition, we give a complete list of the awards to British Artists.

BY the generosity of a large body of friends and admirers of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the nation has become enriched by the presentation to the National Gallery of one of the finest pictures of that great artist. This is 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' of which, by the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi, the publishers of the large plate, we here print a small reproduction. In THE ART ANNUAL on Burne-Jones (Virtue) Mrs. Ady thus describes this picture: "'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' is the most generally admired, and, in some ways, the most complete of all Burne-Jones' works. The same romantic sentiment which had inspired 'Love among the Ruins,' the 'Chant d'Amour,' and the 'Garden of Pan,' here attains its highest development. All the wealth of the painter's fancy and splendour of colour at his command are employed to glorify his favourite theme. The most costly marbles and richest draperies, the brightest hues of blue and purple, of rose and violet, adorn the throne where the maid of low degree sits in her plain grey robe; the chased armour of her royal lover and the crown which he bears in his hand are marvels of the goldsmith's art, and beyond the faces of the fair children who stand behind the throne, we catch a glimpse of blue sky and woodland. But all these separate details only serve to give fuller expression to the central thought of the picture—the passion of worship in the eyes of the warrior king, as, lost in the supreme abandonment of love, he gazes on the face of the shrinking beggar maid whom he has raised to share his throne. This picture excited universal admiration in Paris at the International Exhibition of 1889. On that occasion it occupied the place of honour in the British gallery, and the best French critics paid the highest tribute to its impassioned sentiment and high technical merit."



King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.
By Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.
By permission of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co., Publishers of the large plate.

IN addition to the placing of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' on a special screen, considerable changes have been recently made

in the arrangement of the pictures at the National Gallery. These have been made possible by the extension of the Tate Gallery, and the consequent removal thereto of thirty more British pictures. In Room 21 a magnificent display is now made by the three noble Constables—'The Hay Wain,' 'The Valley Farm,' and 'The Cornfield.' On the north wall six fine Turners are spaced out, including the 'Windsor' and the 'Abingdon' landscapes, painted in the artist's earlier period, when he was devoted to the delicate tone of brown and grey. The screens have been removed from all the British rooms, and all the pictures are now hung on the walls.

THE record of sales at the Royal Academy has been returned at £16,084, as against £21,670 in 1899, and £13,730 in 1898. The nonagenarian, Mr. Sidney Cooper, again had a successful year; his four pictures of the 'Seasons' realizing £1,800. Mr. Herbert Draper was not only fortunate enough to sell his Academy picture, 'The Ebb,' to the Preston Art Gallery, but also was honoured by the Manchester Corporation, who purchased his New Gallery exhibit, 'Water Baby.' Mr. Edward Stott's tiny sketch, 'Sundown,' fetched £80. This occupied only a few square inches in the central room of the New Gallery.

BY the will of the late Mr. H. F. Hornby, Liverpool becomes enriched with a fine art library, containing many valuable books and portfolios, with a sum of £10,000 to provide for an appropriate building. The establishment of the famous Rylands Library in Manchester should urge the citizens of Liverpool to make the most of this munificent nucleus.

LORD BALCARRES, whose interest in the arts is well known, is trying to impress on the War Office the necessity of choosing a South African war medal of which the design shall be, for once in a way, both artistic and appropriate.

PUBLIC interest in poster-designing will be increased by the formation of a Poster Artists' Society. The Committee formed to advance the project consists of Messrs. Robert Sauber, Cecil Aldin, Tom Browne, W. S. Rogers, and John Hassall.

A PRAISEWORTHY endeavour to extend the scope of the Crystal Palace School of Art is being made by the teaching staff, and in this connexion the free lecture by Mr. Matthew Webb, on September 27, should be mentioned, dealing with the interesting subject, "Past and Present Modelling in Gesso."

INDUSTRIAL ART.

MESSRS. JOHN WILSON & CO., of New Bond Street, are a firm exclusively devoted to damask and linen. It would seem, to a superficial observer, that that must be a branch of trade in which the public taste would be easy to hit, but from what I heard from the head of the firm, there is no more difficult and "chancy" thing than the placing out of a design with the public. Many of what the firm considers its best designs, not only in conception but execution, fall utterly and incomprehensibly flat, while others of which often they have themselves no very high opinion "catch on" and are an enormous success.

Mr. Anning Bell has composed a very charming pattern having for "motive" "The Midsummer Night's Dream," a frieze of figures form the border (which we illustrate)—but where the plates come the pattern is formed merely of twisted ornaments and, above them, where the cloth comes again into view, is another frieze of equally charming figures. The centre has been very wisely left plain. Another good design is that of seaweed and fishes, designed by J. G. Hardy. The most popular ones are bows of ribbon, or ribbon with flowers intertwined; in fact, either in curtains or damask, ribbon designs always prove the greatest favourites.

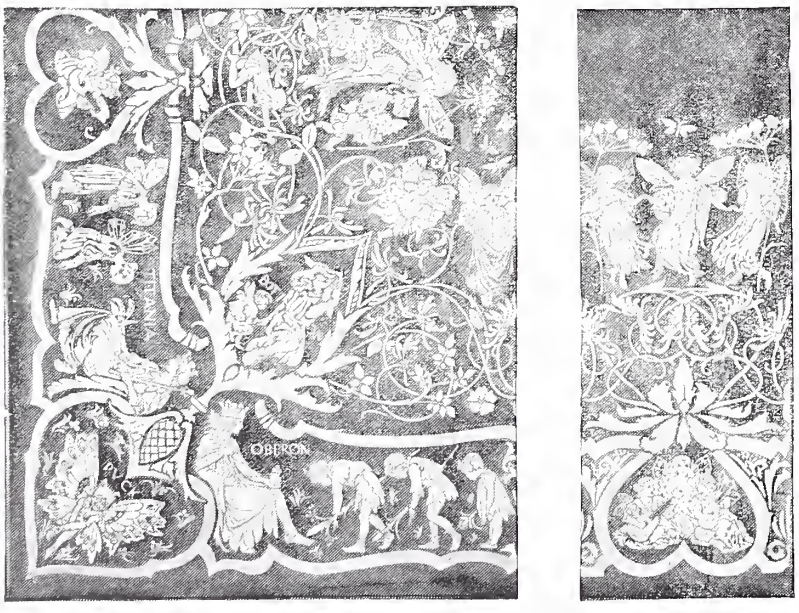


Table-Cloth, "Midsummer Night's Dream." Designed by R. Anning Bell. (John Wilsons' Successors.)

An original design by Mr. John Wilson named "Cartes Blanches," Renaissance border, shows a conventional border of pomegranates, and over the centre playing cards scattered; this, I am told, looks remarkably well on a table, but not many are bold enough to choose it. In the curtains the designs are even more numerous, from the simplest to the more elaborate, such as the "Store" curtain special Peacock design, which is a mixture of pure white and pale cream, the cream only making the pattern look handsomer, the bird, with tail and wings outstretched, occupying the centre place. A more simple pattern is that of the Octopus, the lines of which are very gracefully interwoven. The 'Water-lily' is a prize design gained in L'Art de Décoration, and is made as a "Store" in linen. In most of these newer designs can be traced the influence of the Japanese and the Japanese manner of treatment, either in the swirling water or arrangement of the lines in the flower decoration.

E. F. V.



Jack Straw's Castle.
From the Etching by W. Monk, R.E.

ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.

MAN for the pen and for the needle she, is the just estimate of Mr. Day's and Miss Buckle's book, "ART IN NEEDLEWORK" (Batsford); a so-evident duet that one wonders at its appearing externally as a solo.

To the novice the elaborate descriptions of method may be puzzling; but patience convinces of their accuracy and usefulness. Technical knowledge and help abound, even to the consideration of the "seamy side" at the back of the sam-cloths. It is now rather a moot point as to what may fairly be called Art and what Education. Samplers must be classed as the latter, and to these our authors have lent their best endeavours, while the illustrations given fully sustain their claim for embroidery to the title of Art.

There are useful chapters on every conceivable stitch, enlightening one as to the infinite variety one word conveys; while that on couching in gold and silver brings out the near relationship of another art—the goldsmith's.

Were it the art of the pen which was under discussion, there are points to which exception might be taken; as it is, the sort of devil-may-care-so-long-as-I'm-clear arrangement of words has a freshness quite exhilarating. Some principles laid down are so excellent one might quote them *in extenso*, and the urging upon designers first to study the technique of the arts for which they design, cannot be too highly praised.

Good work disarms the critic of his weapon, and there are but few faults to find; yet, lest praise should be but flattery, we note those few:—For instance, it is scarcely fair to filch from the sister art of lace No. 73. It is veritable Point tiré, the linen threads left being worked into the *réseau*, and the modes are of lace stitches all compact. The same is true of 61, this being Point coupé and a variety of Carrickmacross of to-day, and nothing more.

Again, though most of the illustrations are rightly from old work, we find one or two lines left out. For one, that exquisite old embroidery on cambric without which no century-old wardrobe existed; the work of wools on muslin, difficult but well done of old; and lastly, the raised figures chiefly edging mirrors—there is one still extant of Nell Gwynn's—which show every conceivable stitch in figures and frames; nearing the sculptor's art by way of the needle.

Further, we take exception to the suggestion of shaded materials. So exquisite are the lights and shades produced by direction and differentiation of stitches, that such aid almost merits that sad word meretricious, and savours of the wool which, provided the kitten didn't get the ball and break it, made a shaded pattern all its own when worked.

The laws laid down as to "hers" and "his" in needlework are arbitrary, and we are curious as to who suggested a well-worn thimble! The pen is severe upon the use of the word "opus," but the book is itself a *magnum opus*. We admit that what the authors "do *not* know" in their own art "is not knowledge!"

Mr. F. P. Stearn's "MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART" (Putnam) has been revised and republished with the addition of more complete consideration of Raphael and Michael Angelo. "FRITZ VON UHDE," by F. H. Meissner (Schuster, Berlin) provides an account in German of one of the greatest painters living in Germany. Uhde is the painter of the picture, 'Suffer Little Children to come unto Me,' which created a great stir when it was first exhibited. This picture represents Christ seated in a peasant's cottage of to-day, surrounded by children in ordinary costume.

As a technical work to be consulted on occasion, Randau's "ENAMELS AND ENAMELLING," translated from the German by Charles Salter (Scott, Greenwood & Co.), sets forth all the chemical knowledge necessary in the very difficult process of making enamels.

The great publisher of Milan, Ulrico Hoepli, who has done so much for artistic publication in Italy, has issued a second edition of his very useful "MANUALE DI PITTURA ITALIANA, ANTICA E MODERNA," wherein the whole art of that country is summarized and illustrated in a form easy to consult.

Mr. Ralph Richardson, who is known as the author of the best biography of GEORGE MORLAND, has prepared a curious and delightful book on "COUTTS & CO., BANKERS" (Elliot Stock). The story of the successful institution whose name is now a household word in all aristocratic families, reads like romance, while, in fact, it is strict reality.

Of the many clever illustrators in America, Mr. M. A. Woolf is one of the few who devoted his talents entirely to the history of the poor, and perhaps also the vulgar. A series of his "SKETCHES OF LOWLY LIFE" (Putnam) reveals an occasional brilliant thought, fairly well expressed in black-and-white. It is possible that in the future these drawings may have a value as showing the ideas and expressions of the unlucky children of to-day. But, artistically, it is doubtful if they will ever be considered to reach a high standard.

Hampstead has ever been a happy hunting-ground for artists, and in spite of the growth of the great Metropolis, it still retains much of the beauty which attracted Constable and other great landscape painters. In the seven plates recently published, entitled "HAMPSTEAD ETCHINGS," Mr. W. Monk, R.E., 86, Fellows Road, has selected views familiar to most Londoners. The etchings are executed in a broad and sympathetic style, which shows Mr. Monk as a true lover of nature, and a master of his art. The set forms a beautiful souvenir of this suburb. Five of the plates have been exhibited at the Royal Academy either this year or in 1899.

Mr. Robert Paterson, one of the veterans in the art of wood engraving, has published a large block of 'Neidpath Castle,' after Mr. McWhirter, R.A. This plate is of a size and character worthy to be framed, and copies may be had from the engraver himself, at 18, East Temple Chambers, 2, Whitefriars Street, E.C.

A publication of quite exceptional importance is the engraving by Miss Doris Raab, of Holbein the Younger's Madonna in Darmstadt—the so-called Madonna of Burgomaster Meyer—issued by the "Gesellschaft fuer Vervielfaeltigende Kunst," Vienna. Looking to what the public nowadays expects, and rightly so, we must concede that Miss Doris Raab has performed her difficult task in an eminently satisfactory manner, for the engraving in question is presented to us as a work having no other object than the reproduction of the admired master with such reverence as to bring his whole originality imposingly before us. It is the self-same Darmstadt Madonna, in perfect keeping with its symphony of rich colouring and its swell of intermingling tones, full of sound and splendour. The artist has been especially successful in reproducing the splendour and depth of colouring. Against the snow-white hoods of the women, the delicate flesh tint of the Madonna's face and the body of the Infant Jesus, the golden hair of the Virgin and the light-brown hair of the curly-headed boy, there stands out in characteristic contrast to this harmony of colours the swarthy vigorous face of the Burgomaster Meyer, with his black hair. By the size, too, of the engraving, due regard is had to decorative effect.



Madonna. By Holbein.
From the engraving by Miss Doris Raab.

This is not the place to discuss whether Darmstadt or Dresden possesses the original Holbein; but we may here refer to an interesting illustrated article by H. A. Schmid, to be found in Parts II. and III., Twenty-Third Annual of "The Graphic Arts" (Vienna), which contains many other items of interest as to the origin of the painting in question.

The complete and beautifully bound and illustrated publication for 1899 of "THE GRAPHIC ARTS," published by the "Gesellschaft fuer Vervielfaeltigende Kunst," and edited by Dr. F. Doernhoeffer, is now before us In Part I. we would especially call attention to an essay on Eugène Grasset. Part II. exhaustively discusses the latest works of English engravers and etchers, as, for instance, the productions of Legros, Clark, Holroyd, and Strang; whilst among the essays contained in Part III. we would particularly single out "Leopold, Freiherr von Wieser," the Founder and President of the Company, together with portrait etching in celebration of his jubilee.

Mr. Spielmann's "Wallace Collection" (Cassell) is an expanded series of articles on the Hertford House treasures written at different times. The text is excellent, but the illustrations are not very good.

The illustrated catalogue of the National Gallery of Scotland places this exquisite small collection on a level with the larger, but not finer, galleries of the Continent. It is published officially, and contains forty-two beautiful little plates in the same style as Dr. Bode has done for Berlin, but at one-third of the price charged for the German collection. At 3s. 6d. the Edinburgh catalogue can scarcely pay. The reproductions of Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Graham,' of Greuze's 'Girl with Folded Hands,' and Vandyke's and Raeburn's portraits, are all well done, and the whole publication reflects the greatest credit on the officials concerned.



In the possession of David Mitchell, Esq. *The Gundy Man.*
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

R. GEMMELL HUTCHISON, R.S.W., R.B.A.

IT has been my good hap in life to have met and associated with artists, many of whom I first forgathered with in the quaint, old-world townships that are the Golden Fringes of Fife. Perhaps the association was due quite as much to the accident of birthplace as to any natural bias that way on my part—which is as much as to say that I did not seek the society of artists of *malice prepense*. For my boyhood was spent in one of those picturesque villages on the sunny shores of Fife which many artists have discovered and which, in some cases, discovered the artist. Sam Bough was perhaps the first to make special pilgrimages to these quiet Dutch-built havens, painting among others his well-known pictures of 'Dysart' and 'West Weems.'

He came and went; then followed a period of neglect: Art is proverbially a fickle mistress, and for many seasons she shunned the shores of Fife. Only an occasional artist—the late Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., was one—came to spy the land as it were, straying from village to village; sketching it might be in all, but staying long in none.

All at once, however, and almost without warning given, artists again swooped down on "The Kingdom," and for a time it became their kingdom. For now they had come in their strength, and they came to stay—some from June to June, others through the alternating silvery blinks of sunshine and grey, mysterious haars of its changeful summers. Easels dotted the shore from Dysart to the East Neuk; every village had its contingent. Art for a time seemed threatened with a New School, and Fife with an unenviable distinction—a fate which both happily escaped.

It was during this period that I first made acquaintance with artists and with art. Happy days these were, and joyous nights; days of sketching and ambitious dreams; of tramping far inland for river subjects, yet surely gravitating again seaward to the red-tiled houses that were Home; nights of song and story, of much smoking and exuberant mirth. That was in the days of early youth, when friendships are made, and one amongst the many I met then, and have known intimately since, was R. Gemmell Hutchison.

Strange it may seem to one now studying Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's work that I should associate him with the shores of Fife; for there is nothing in the pictures which have brought him into notice suggestive of the sea, or of the bronzed and weather-beaten faces of a fishing village. Yet is he not the only artist who has turned from those early haunts to seek subjects elsewhere, and to find his *métier* in—literally—fields and pastures new. Some



In the possession of A. Oliver Riddell, Esq. *"The Cricket on the Hearth."*
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

whom I recollect going in for interiors and figure-subjects have since taken to the open country, and as landscape painters have stepped well to the front. Occasionally they come back, but as it were merely for a flying visit to give us again glimpses of those grey-gabled corners, with their characteristic knots of jerseyed men and blue-kirtled maidens. Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, on the other hand, who, when I first knew him, was revelling in the colour and curves of old piers and bellying, brown sails, has wandered far from the seaside, and now portrays the poetry of humble—too often styled humdrum—lives and country homes.

It is curious indeed that, in modern painting, so little is reminiscent of Fife; that its peculiar charm seems to have left so little influence on the work of many who were once under its spell.

Perhaps in the case of Mr. Gemmell Hutchison it was inevitable that he should ultimately—sooner or later—turn to Home Life, and especially to the innocence of childhood, for subjects, and seek to express what was in him, in pictures of elemental interest and simple sentiment; for, to use a vulgar phrase, he is built that way. "He has a way wi' bairns," an old dame once remarked, and we might waste many words without hitting so nearly his special aptitude.

Yet though Mr. Gemmell Hutchison finds all his subjects in the leisurely life of rural villages and feels most at home in their quietness and seclusion, he belongs—accidentally it must be—to the city. He was born and brought up in the old town of Edinburgh, and in Edinburgh he received his education, and began his apprenticeship. "Received his education" is perhaps a phrase too pedantic for the little schooling he got, or rather, allowed himself to get. For he ever speaks diffidently of his school days. School he did not like, and he openly showed his dislike by methods most schoolboys practise, and established by the precedents of generations: scraping from class to class with as little work as possible, and, as soon as he could, leaving it gladly.



In the possession of W. B. Mackay, Esq.

"When Seas run high."
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

Still, if he did not like school, he liked seal-engraving, to which he was apprenticed, less. That, also, he left as soon as he could, and with disgust. He wanted to draw and to paint, and—what is at once the strength and the weakness of the artistic temperament—to be his own master. The inevitable, of course, followed; he became his own master, and, naturally, his troubles began.

He had his struggles—but what artist has not, his own always the hardest? It is an old, old story. The grocer's apprentice with a soul above weights and measures pilfers sugar bags for water-colour sketches, or makes the ledger a portfolio of pen-and-ink drawings. He loathes his sordid work and leaves, or is dismissed. Then he is happy; he is free; he goes to Paris or—to pot. The articled clerk curses musty law-books, but he serves his

seven years dreaming of Art. The years pass and at last he is rewarded with a blear-eyed mistress, not the Art he dreamed of. Then begins his servitude again, and the weary seven years till he can call his soul his own. But how many struggle through? He may become an R.A.; he may become a wreck.

his artistic temperament, which penalises as often as pays its possessor. She at least had the sense to see that her son was either a born artist or bent on becoming one, and she wisely gave him the chance of proving what was in him; while Mr. Gemmell Hutchison himself has ever regarded her as at once his kindliest and his



In the possession of H. E. Moss, Esq.

The Village Carnival.
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

Mr. Gemmel Hutchison had his struggles, but we may pass over those years lightly, for he is not alone; he is only one of the many who have sweated and laboured; toiled and succeeded. It seems to be the lot of artists—the irony of circumstance—to begin life in some uncongenial employment. The weaker may succumb, but the strong keep struggling, breaking through the bonds of environment and asserting themselves in the end. Suffice it to say that Mr. Gemmell Hutchison kept working—a hard, but a splendid education—and at last was able to compel attention.

During those hard and laborious years he had little or no sympathy from any of his friends. Blood is thicker than water, and consequently flows less freely. One, however, did help him with sympathy and encouragement, and these are worth far more to the struggling artist than any material assistance grudgingly given. Mr. Gemmell Hutchison always speaks with great reverence of his mother. She stood by him in his early struggles, and, once he had taken the plunge, thrown up his seal engraving, and, as the saying is, "gone in for Art" seriously, she was the first and the only one at the time who would recognise this as his life's work, and she alone encouraged him to pursue what others then considered his erratic course. Perhaps it was from her he inherited his artistic perceptions, and at the same time severest critic. Pity it is she is not alive to see that her sympathy and encouragement were not given in vain.

After throwing up seal-engraving with disgust, Mr. Gemmell Hutchison attended the Board of Manufacturers' School of Art in Edinburgh, and afterwards studied in the Antique. About this time, too, he was deeply indebted to I. Campbell Noble, R.S.A., for the hints, advice, suggestions, and all the valuable help received from that artist; help generously given and as gratefully received. For Mr. Gemmell Hutchison recognises and as readily acknowledges what he owes to Mr. Noble. Nor amongst the younger artists does Mr. Gemmell Hutchison stand alone in this pleasing experience.

It was while he was a student at the Board of Manufacturers' School that he first began to think of exhibiting his work. Several times he sent pictures to the R.S.A. annual exhibitions, only to have them rejected—the fate of greater and of lesser men than Mr. Gemmell Hutchison. Success is rarely achieved at a bound, and well for the individual that it is so, else would he lose the most valuable part of his education, the battling against circumstances and the struggle with self. It was not till 1879 that he was at length successful in getting work on the Society's walls. In the exhibition of that year he had three small landscapes, one of which was bought by



Presentation Portrait of Ex-Provost Arthur of Airdrie.
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. This he considered a great success—as any struggling young artist would—and his cheque for six guineas was not only to him a small fortune at that time, but an earnest of better things to be. Nor was this all he received for this little landscape; but thereby hangs a tale, a tale which only Mr. Gemmell Hutchison can tell, and which he tells with great glee, of *The Twice-Sold Picture*.

This first success brought him in some commissions for portraits, and although he has done good work in portraiture, only one has he exhibited in the R.S.A. exhibition, that of Dorothy McEwan, a child portrait, in 1889; while the presentation portrait of Ex-Provost Arthur of Airdrie, which we reproduce, was hung on the walls of the Glasgow Royal Institute in their exhibition of 1898.

In 1882 appeared in the R.S.A. exhibition 'The Empty Cradle,' the first of a series of subjects in that special field in which Mr. Gemmell Hutchison "found himself," so to speak, and which he has since so successfully cultivated. He is at home with the simple everyday incidents of humble life. The village is his background, and in this setting he portrays the joys and sorrows, the leisure and labour, the routine and the recreation of simple lives in sequestered scenes. A narrow field, one might say, but still there goes on in it the great drama of human existence. Villages have their comedies and their tragedies as well as great cities, and just because they are small and isolated do they joy or grieve the more intensely.

It is in the commonplace incidents and the dull round of these slow-moving existences that Mr. Gemmell Hutchison detects and depicts the humour and the pathos and the poetry that are never absent from a patient, plodding, withal healthy, humanity. But above all has he gone to childhood for inspiration, and he has given us its sunshine and its shadow, its irrepressible mirth and exuberant vitality, and all its pagan delight in open air and movement. He does not seek to idealise, but to realise; the children are there just as he saw them in all their prosy and podgy materialism: yet is there poetry too, poetry so subtle and elusive that few may catch it. He is a realist, and does not try to make a silken purse from a sow's lug; his colouring is natural, his composition simple and effective. The charm of colour itself merely as colour, a thing of harmony and beauty, I do not suppose would appeal to him, and he does not seek to give us. What he strives to express is something of human interest, some touch of sentiment humorous or pathetic; to that, scenery and setting are but a background and, as they ought to be in such case, subordinate.

His work since 1882, when he first found his *métier*, is well known to the art-loving public, for he has exhibited in all the leading exhibitions of the country. 'The Pathos of Life' (1884), 'Reminiscences of the Crimea' (1886), 'In Time of Peace' (1888), 'A Peep at the Pigs' (1890), and 'Hallowe'en; Dodging the Candle' (1892), have all been exhibited in the Royal Academy's galleries, as well as in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy; 'Children's Hour' (1887), was in the R.A., while 'The Gundy Man' (1897), 'The Village Carnival' (1898), and 'The Young Laird' (1899) have all been on the walls of the R.S.A.

Of a few of these pictures it is interesting to note who are now the possessors. 'The Village Carnival' was bought by Mr. Moss, of the Edinburgh Empire Theatre and of 'Carnival' fame; 'Hallowe'en' is now in the possession of Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock, an enthusiastic admirer of the poet Robert Burns; 'The Gundy Man' is the property of David Mitchell, Esq., Polmont,



The Roasted Apple.
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.
In the possession of Walter Hatton, Esq.

The Art Journal London H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Painted by R. Gemmell Hutchison

IN TIME OF PEACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF GEORGE D. MACKAY, ESQ.

while 'The Young Laird' has recently been purchased by the Corporation of Oldham.

Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's exhibits this year were 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' and 'A Game wi' the Auld Ane,' at the Royal Institute, Glasgow, while in the R.S.A. he was represented by 'Bairnies, cuddle doon,' one of his finest pictures. The subject is taken from Alexander Anderson's exquisite poem of that title—

> The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
> Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
> O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
> Your father's comin' in.
> They never heed a word I speak;
> I try to gie a froon,
> But aye I hap them up an' cry,
> "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The treatment of this picture, shown on the next page, is of the simplest. The mother bends over the bed—and a well-filled bed it is—happing up her little ones and waiting to see them "cuddle doon." The colouring is sober and silvery in tone, in keeping with the quiet of the closing day; and through a little window—

> "We are conscious of. . .
> . . the darkness that we feel is green."

The picture 'In Time of Peace,' which is reproduced here as an extra plate, shows that Mr. Gemmell Hutchison does not confine himself wholly to representations of country life. His sympathies are not at all parochial, and his selection of subject is not limited by the narrow confines of an isolated village. Here we have the faces of men of varied experience; aged pensioners who have been to the ends of the earth in their country's service, whose lives have been filled with adventure and enterprise; men who have had their days of dash and brilliancy as well as their long weary nights of watching and waiting, of monotonous labour and patient endurance. The rugged and worn features of the central figure are in significant contrast to the face of the little one at his side, quietly sleeping. Here also are young men with their lives before them, clean, well-knit types of the British soldier—a group of young men who "see visions, and of old men who dream dreams."



R. Gemmell Hutchison.
A Chalk Study by H. W. Kerr, A.R.S.A.

The composition of the picture is simple and natural; the figures are all in easy attitudes, and the whole grouping is as effective as it is easy. There is no strain, nothing forced or formal, and the feeling is one of quietness and repose. The whole scheme of colour, too, is restful, and that in spite of the bright uniforms which, in military pictures, are so apt to look garish and gaudy.

The idea for this picture first came to Mr. Gemmell Hutchison one Sunday morning in the old Tolbooth Church, at the head of the High Street, Edinburgh. The sight of the soldiers at worship, the tattered flags hanging above, and the quaint building, suggested a picture to him, and a few days later he was hard at work on it. He got permission to paint in the church on week days, while the Commanding Officer of the Highland Regiment then quartered at the Castle, allowed him to select the men he wished to sit for him, and the finished picture shows that he must have had excellent models.

When finished the picture was sent to the R.A. Exhibition (1888), where it was well hung and favourably noticed by the press. This is not the only military picture from Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's brush, but it is one of his best; it attracted considerable attention on the walls of the R.A., and W. B. Mackay, Esq., afterwards bought it to add to his collection.

Mr. Gemmell Hutchison is thoroughly in love



In the possession of Chas. R. Beckitt, Esq. *"A Game wi' the Auld Ane."*
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.



In the possession of George D. Mackay, Esq. *A Peep at the Pigs.*
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

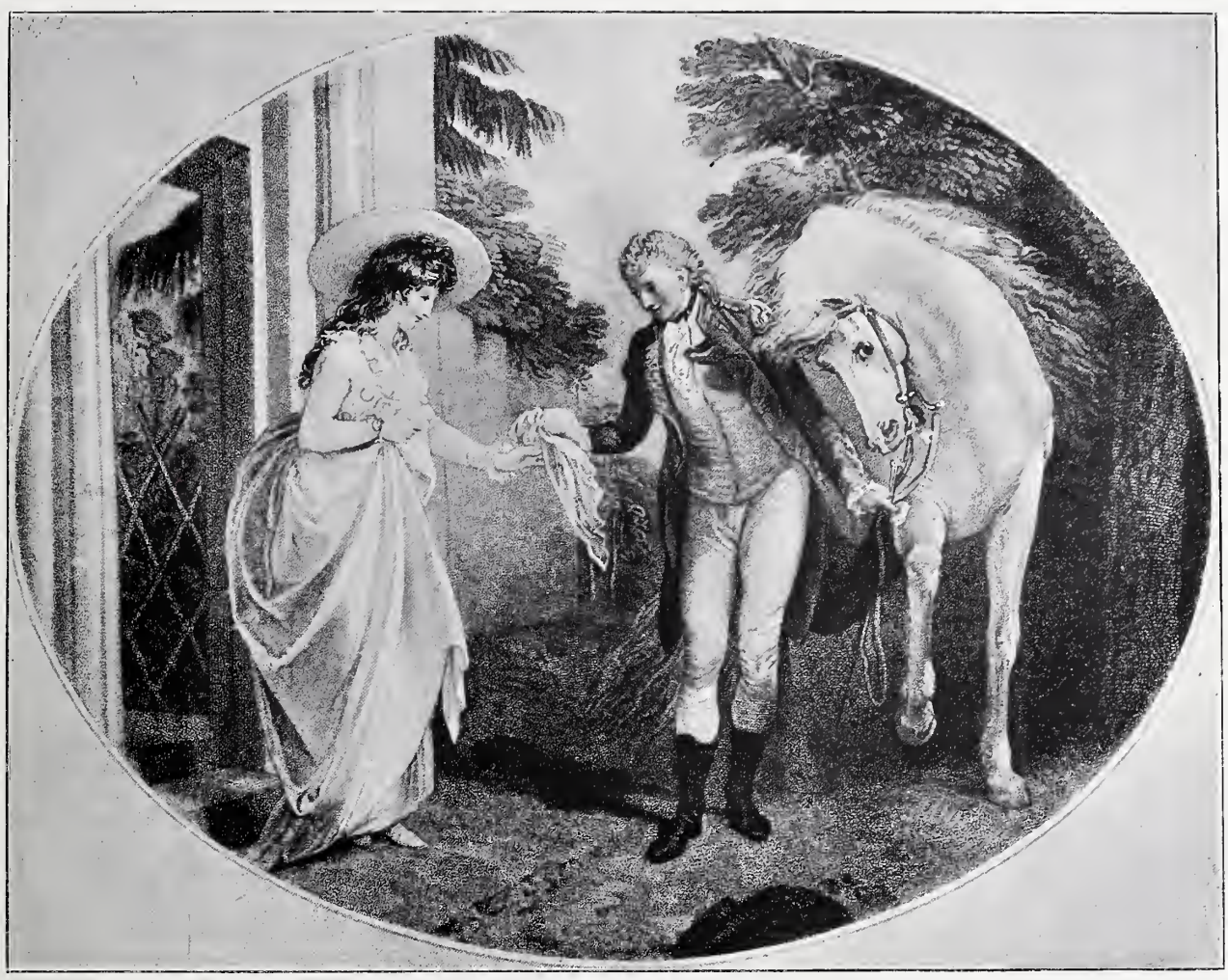
with his art, and is never "at rest unless he is working hard." Then he is happy and at peace with the world. As one might guess from his work, he spends most of his time in the country, staying in the quiet village of Braidwood, Lanarkshire, from April till the end of January, when he moves to Edinburgh to prepare for the R.S.A. exhibition, which opens in February. It is in Braidwood that he finds most of his subjects, and there he does almost all his painting. His only recreations are his work, outside, and indoors, an occasional game at billiards, at which, as he says himself, with "an occasional fluke and a few good leaves, he can manage to make a score."

Mr. Gemmell Hutchison is a young man yet; he has not only given promise, but has achieved deserved success in his art, and popularity at the same time. All the same he has a long life before him, we trust, and, with his earnestness of purpose and determination to do nothing but his best, he may yet go far. He has found his bent, he knows his limitations as well as his strength: subjects dealing with the humour and the pathos of labouring lives are endless; and so, because of the good work already done, we believe there is still better to come.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



"Bairnies, cuddle doon."
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.



Caroline and Lindorf.
From a Coloured Engraving by Ogborne.

SOME PRINTS IN COLOURS.

WHEN talking of prints it is advisable to speak by the card or equivocation may undo the best of us. Conventionality is such a powerful factor in this matter that it frequently assigns meanings to words incapable of any such interpretation, and stamps them with a hall-mark that neither time nor expostulation seems to be able to remove. An instance of this is seen in the widely accepted opinion that the words "Print" and "Engraving" have the same meaning; indeed, this belief is so general that it is but labour lost to argue against it, and, strange as it may seem, the tendency to call a print of any kind a "Picture" is almost as marked. A perversion that would certainly horrify the artist in his studio, appears however to be nothing more, even in his eyes, than an amiable eccentricity when debited to the account of the people at large. So thoroughly has this "derangement of epitaphs" in matters artistic at last become, that it is necessary to explain that the word "Print" must, so far as I am concerned, be taken to refer to an impression on paper or some other suitable medium from a plate or block, whether engraved, scraped, etched, or otherwise worked upon, makes no matter. I will not go so far as to assert that this definition is perfect, that it contains no weakness for ingenuity to practise upon, only that it has the merit of narrowing the issue, and checking the entrance of a battalion of protests such as would assuredly be hurled against the man who borrowed unwisely to the great scandal of the world of art.

And yet for the use of the word "Picture," when a print is meant, there is warrant. It is, so to speak, a very old key with which the early masters sought to unlock the doors that barred the studios of schools more ancient still. Coloured prints, whether produced with slow and painful elaboration, or in later days by processes more or less mechanical, are the outcome of a desire to imitate, as nearly as possible, paintings or drawings which, from their very nature, are unique, and have in all ages, on that account, been most difficult to procure. The engraver has, at all times, had a dual object in view. He would imitate as closely as possible, and multiply as long as his material permitted. He throws all his labour and skill into an initial, enduring master stroke, and leaves the mechanical work of reproduction to the press.

Mr. Ruskin said, in "Ariadne Florentina," that all good engraving rejects chiaroscuro, yet this method of producing prints in colours is not merely the most

ancient, but the only one that was successfully employed with this object for hundreds of years. It is the process of "block upon block," the superimposition of two or more engraved plates or blocks, charged, if need be, with different colours, and made to fit or "register" exactly. The history of colour-printing from two or more blocks dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, when the art seems to have been first practised by the Germans, though it was reserved for Ugo da Carpi and his school to approach a few stages nearer perfection. The old examples of chiaroscuro work, though interesting as showing an important step in a difficult art, and to that extent valuable, are crude in the extreme. They—many of them—display shades of bistre, dull yellow or dirty blackish blue, put on with three or four blocks after the practice of Da Carpi, or with more, after that of other masters. Their intent is obvious, and the result invariably a great success—from a sentimental point of view.



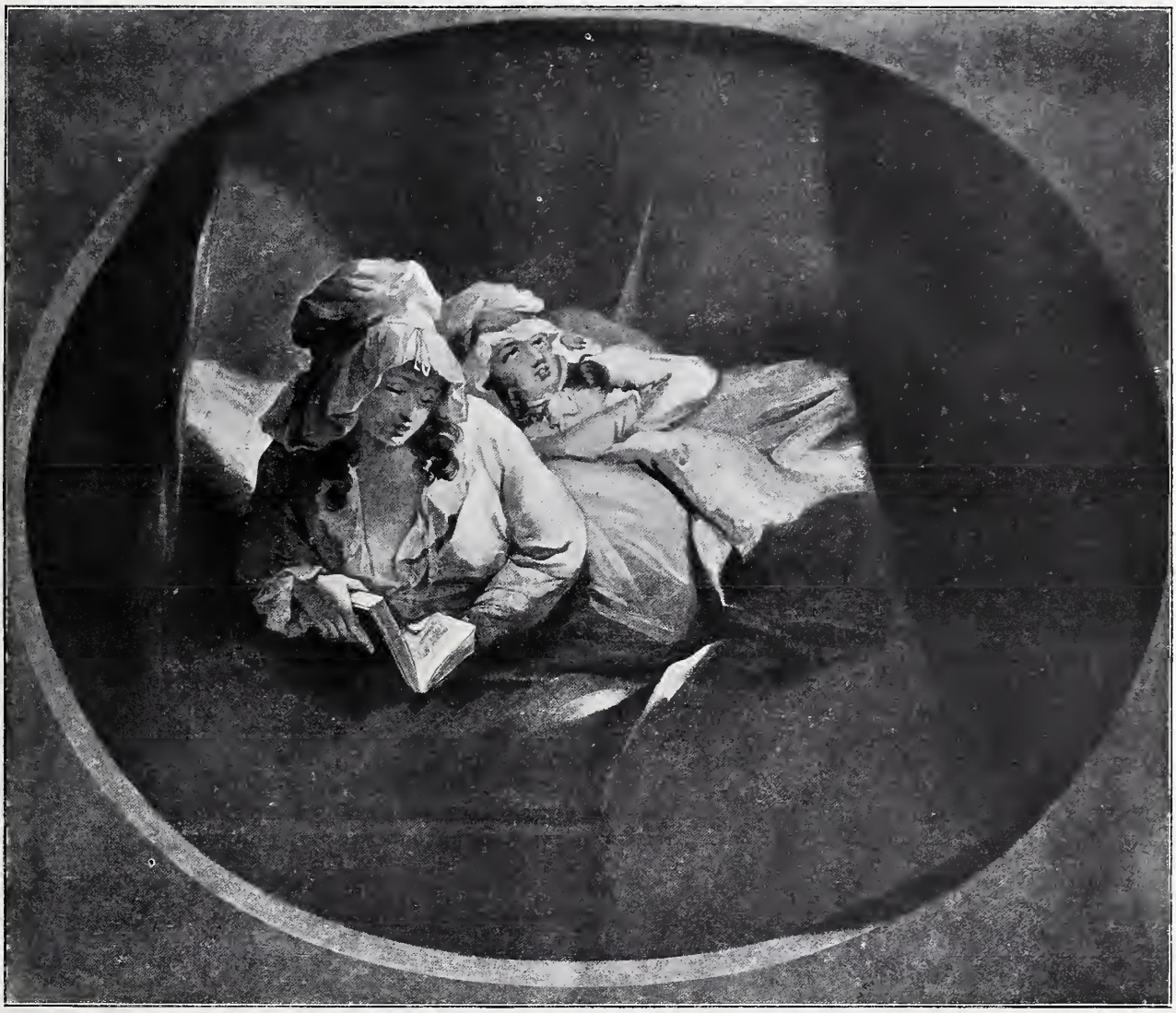
Mrs. Fitzherbert.
From the Coloured Engraving by John Condé.

The first engraver who succeeded in producing a really good imitation in colours of a painting was Jacob Christophe le Blon, or Blond, who was born at Frankfort in 1670. Having egregiously failed, up to the age of fifty, in everything he undertook, he came to London, when he set on foot a project of printing in oil colours from a succession of mezzotinto plates. To use his own words, he "fell upon an invention of printing objects in their natural colours," and solicited the patronage of the British public, sometimes by direct invitation, at others through the medium of lotteries. But the public, British or foreign, literally spurned Le Blon and all his works. A few artists indeed read his book "Coloritto, or the Harmony of Colouring in Printing Reduced to Mechanical Practice," though only with the object of profiting by an invention which had "been looked upon as impossible up to that time." In this they were foiled, for Le Blon, though he says much, yet little new, about the blending of the primary colours, conceals his process of effectually using them with the tenacity of despair. He discovered a great deal, yet failed to profit anything, as good artists sometimes do, and it is recorded that in 1741 he died in a Paris hospital, destitute of the hundredth part of the money value of any one of his ingenious productions.

Nor was this all. Unmerciful disaster followed fast, and followed faster, stirring up one Edouard Gauthier Dagoty to style himself "L'Inventeur de la gravure en couleur." In 1780, this artist published a series of twelve plates in colours, chiefly after the paintings in the gallery of the Duc D'Orléans. They are of large size, like those of Le Blon, and are obviously impressed with his style. By some means or other, Dagoty had plucked about seven-tenths of his master's secret from the grave. Le Blon's beautiful portrait of Louis XV.—when *Bien-aimé*—is a masterpiece of chiaroscuro, a marvellous example of rich, deep colouring, probably never equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in the history of this branch of art. James Gamble, who first applied Le Blon's method, or rather what he knew of it, to stipple, was perhaps less successful than Dagoty; and John Baptist Jackson, who was born in 1701, must be regarded as a pioneer and a paper-hanger rather than an artist. He, too, appears to have made desperate attempts to discover the secret in its entirety, though he denies the impeachment with acerbity in his "Essay on the Invention of Engraving and Printing in Chiaroscuro." Jackson used wood-blocks, and evidently threw his soul into them. His work, heavy and coarse to a degree, shows strong lines of demarcation where the blocks have touched the paper, while his designs are destitute of refinement. One of these, which he calls "The Building and Vegitable," might assuredly be better. Jackson could not handle oil colours; he did better in aquarillo, though none of his prints rise above mediocrity. The truth is, that up to this period colour printing, whether in oil or in water, had practically been the monopoly of a single man. Hercules Seghers, or Zeghers, the Dutch painter of landscapes and animals, the friend of Rembrandt, had invented a method of engraving and printing landscapes in colour, on cloth, and had also practised what we now call aquatint, and Arthur Pond had produced plates in imitation of Salvator Rosa and other Italian masters, by a combination of etching and aquatint, but neither artist was very successful, though the latter undoubtedly paved the way for what is called the "revival of colour printing," first manifested during the last years of the eighteenth century, when a school of capable artists suddenly came into prominence. The use of oil and wood-blocks was discarded as being too

cumbrous and unmanageable, and metal plates, scraped or stippled, took their place, in conjunction with water-colours, now no longer fleeting.

The engravers who stepped forward to reproduce the works of Cosway, Morland, Wheatley, Romney, Angelica Kauffman, and other distinguished artists of the end of the last century and beginning of this, were very numerous, and their sudden energy was as remarkable as it was successful. Condé's well-known portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert is one of the best known, and when in colours, one of the most expensive prints of this era. personal influence as was displayed by Schiavonetti Vendramini, Antoine Cardon and Gaugain, in their famous series of "The Cries of London," thirteen to the set, which when in brilliant state, costs £1,000 and more sometimes. So great is the influence of fashion on the pocket, that of late many of these coveted coloured prints have been copied in the most bare-faced manner, and sold to the unsuspecting as genuine. They crowd the smaller shops, and are not ashamed, though they are mere travesties capable of deceiving no expert, unless framed close to the engraved



The Delightful Story.
From the Coloured Engraving by W. Ward.

Ogborne's portraits of Mrs. Jordan as 'The Romp' and 'The Country Girl' are also highly appreciated as fine examples of artistic skill, while the coloured mezzotints of William Ward after the works of his brother-in-law, George Morland, are so well known that more than a passing reference is hardly necessary.

The same remark applies to the fine stippled prints of Bartolozzi and his numerous pupils, among whom Tomkins, Nutter, and Ogborne are noticeable. Though Ogborne engraved in the dot and stipple manner, like most of his contemporaries, he threw more individuality into his work than perhaps any. His 'Caroline and Lindorf,' after Stothard, shows at least as much surface, and then only for the moment. Some, however, are much more successful than others, and caution is advisable in every instance in which a coloured print, especially if it be after Morland, is bought and sold.

No reference to the art of printing in colours, however cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd it may of necessity be, would be excusable if it omitted tribute to the memory of George Baxter, who, from the year 1835 onward, produced a large number of oil prints from wood and metal in the chiaroscuro style. Many of these are often met with, and for that reason, perhaps, do not excite the same interest as they would do were they more difficult to procure. Baxter was an artist of great talent, which,



Portrait of Louis XV.
From the Coloured Engraving by Le Blon.



"Building and Vegitable."
From the Coloured Engraving by J. B. Jackson.

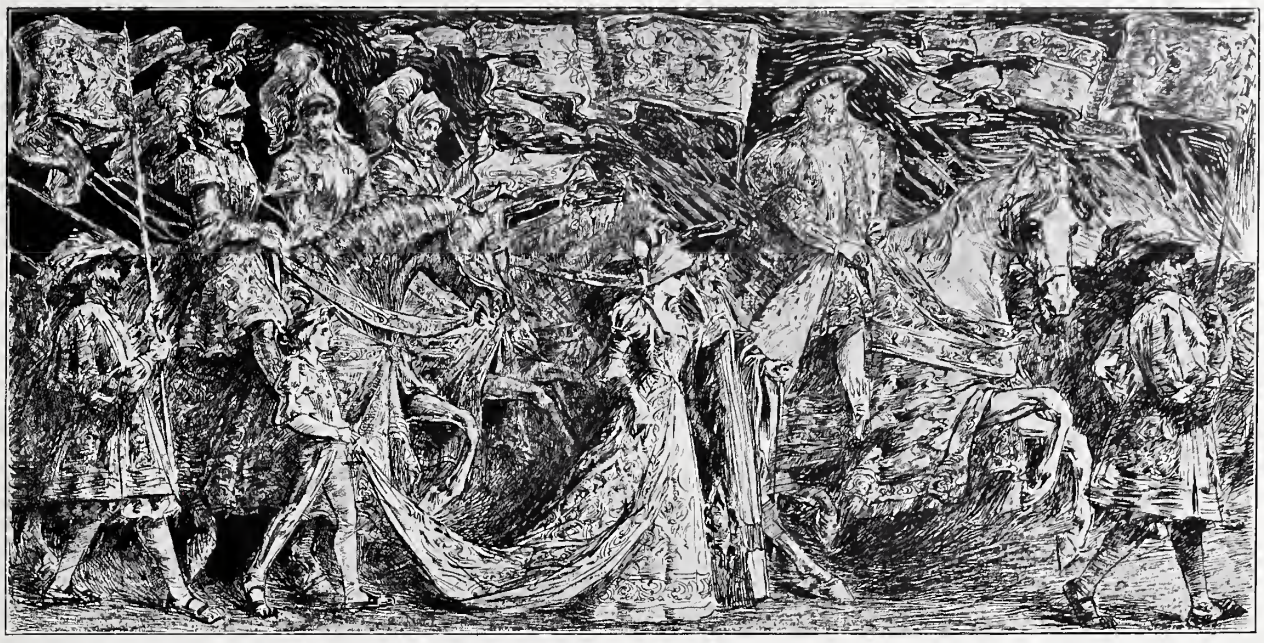
however, he often wasted on trivial subjects, or in illustrating books of ephemeral interest. He delighted, too, in stamping his prints "Patent," thereby engendering the belief that they were produced by some mechanical process. Nothing could be further from the truth, but the inference has thrived and still lives. Baxter employed on occasion as many as a dozen blocks and plates with excellent effect. He excelled in the minute, and produced some hundreds of prints, some of which are amongst the best examples of the art of engraving in colours.

When the possibility of taking photographs in the natural tints of earth and sea is practically demonstrated, as it assuredly will be sooner or later, the change from the old order to the new will be so thorough and complete that other and earlier methods of attaining the same result will perhaps be regarded by many with a contemptuous smile. But that time is not yet, nor will it ever come in the critical judgment of the artist, in whose eyes Art, whether originative or reproductive, can never be usurped by any process, however scientific or exact. Speed, cheapness, a practically unlimited power of multiplying—those are the inestimable merits of process. But a single quality is needed to start them into life: the Spirit of the work, which no man can summon at his will. It comes occasionally, but always unsought; never with the words that startled the Doctor of Wittenberg—"You called me! Wherefore?"

J. HERBERT SLATER.



View of Chalees Satoon, India.
From a Coloured Engraving by Geo. Baxter.



Sketch of Panel in Frieze of the Reception Room, Prince's Restaurant.
Designed by Henry C. Brewer.

THE DECORATION OF LONDON RESTAURANTS.

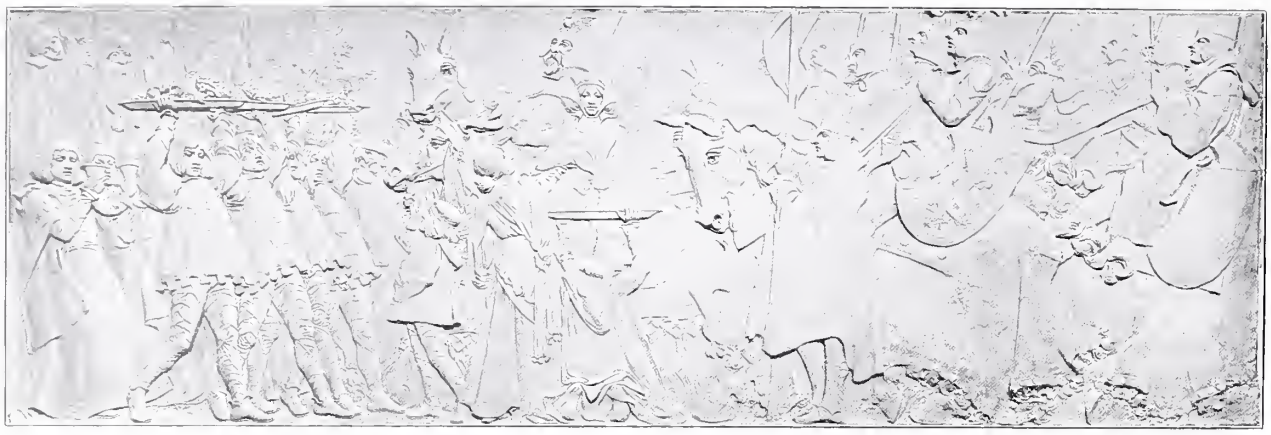
IT cannot be said that Britishers have any natural disposition to decorate their places of pleasure and amusement as our Continental neighbours do, and the impulse in that direction—which has found plentiful expression during the last twenty years—has come largely from abroad. We are only gradually learning to feed away from the domestic hearth (a tendency greatly deplored in certain quarters), and it is quite a recent innovation this building of palaces to eat in: the old-fashioned coffee-room, whose "boxes, larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners," received the diners, had little or no artistic embellishments. There might have been a few sporting prints on the walls, generally very yellow and smoke-begrimed, but decoration, as a scheme, embracing the whole room, was an idea that never entered the heads of the proprietors, whom we still think of as elder Wellers, and their customers as Mr. Pickwick's friends. So few of these old eating-houses are now left, in which Will Waterproof might have thought out his "Monologue," that many readers may have no acquaintance with the dining resorts of our grandfathers, but any who have will bear me out that those used to the old order of things would very much resent this eating to high-class music, against a background of high-class decoration; for so long as the chops and steaks were succulent, and the liquors strong, all demands on the part of the diners were satisfied.

It is to the French most nations owe their ideas as to the adornment of restaurants by painted decoration; for if we instance the collegiate dining-halls, which may be taken as the precursors of the public dining-rooms, we find that the walls were wainscoted, and what decorative scheme there was, was produced by the woodwork—mouldings, panels, plain or (as at New College) with "linen" worked in low relief, and good substantial roofs—and even of wood-carving itself, no great display. A comfortable, substantial, but somewhat heavy and solemn effect was what the older builders aimed at, and, it may be, was well suited to the national temperament, for our forbears were taunted with their love of quantity, both in viands and drink, with strength in the latter, as of solidity in the former, as their chief necessity.

Old menus, with their long lists of "meats," with



Frieze in the Trocadero Restaurant.
Designed by G. E. Moira, and modelled by F. Lynn-Jenkins.



Frieze in the Trocadero Restaurant—before painting.
Designed by G. E. Moira, and modelled by F. Lynn-Jenkins.

little else to vary the meal, which were washed down with ale, so strong that only those in constant training could have faced so many "flowing bowls," attest the fact that the British temperament was the reverse of light and *gai:* pleasures and business were both taken seriously, and that sternness we associate with the Puritans was really a general, rather than a particular, trait, and naturally found expression in the arts that ministered to their leisure and necessities. A somewhat sombre room or hall was, therefore, in tune to those who took their pleasure in them, and the sparkle, frivolity, superficial sensuousness, which some think is indispensable to *la joie de vivre*, was conspicuously absent. The Latin races cannot be charged with taking their pleasures sadly, and it is a necessity of their being that their surroundings shall minister to their craving for colour and all that promotes joyousness.

The old order of dining was changed in London by the influx of foreigners, who met with immediate and large success by planting in our midst their habits and notions of gastronomy, and with their cooking and methods came their decorative art. Their halls were arranged on the opposite plan to ours; the heavy note in our rooms giving place to tawdriness and crudity—a gaiety that seemed to our more phlegmatic, restrained natures over-emphasised. Can anything be in greater contrast than sitting in such a hall, again say as New College, and in a Swiss or Italian restaurant; one all restraint and repose, the other jocund as the peasants in a comic opera, and light like a wedding cake decoration? I venture to say that twenty years ago it would have been impossible to find in Great Britain any decorative artists who could have attempted the sort of work that Italian and French decorators turn out by the square yard; and even now that so much attention is paid to decorative painting, our purely English work lacks the lightness and spontaneity of the Latin races. It is not in us to do it, that is the fact, and an Englishman is therefore wise not to attempt a style of work in which he would only exhibit his ineptitude. The native work itself, unless very good of its kind, is very superficial and attenuated, and to water it down still more is to produce something so characterless as to be intolerable. A British imitation of the *chic*, dexterous painting of French and Italian decorators is something like a common ice-cream or a cheap *vol-au-vent*, not to be thought of, and if the decorative scheme of a restaurant is left to British artists to devise and execute, it is wise to give them a fairly free hand to develop the work in their own way.

There are plenty of foreign-decorated restaurants in London, that, for the sake of variety alone, it is well that our artists should be given a chance of showing diners what they can do to provide them with a background, and in the examples given in these pages, the Trocadero and Prince's Restaurants, we have fairly representative schemes by Messrs. Gerald Moira and F. Lynn-Jenkins in the first case, and Mr. H. C. Brewer in the second. Now whatever may be urged against these two schemes, it must be granted that the painters have gone as far away from the French and Italian methods as could be imagined; and if we compare them with



Panel in a Frieze at the Hotel Majestic.
Designed by H. C. Brewer.



Frieze in the Trocadero Restaurant—after painting.
Designed by G. E. Moira, and modelled by F. Lynn-Jenkins.

each other, they are sufficiently diverse both in design and execution as to be a foil the one to the other.

Messrs. Moira and Jenkins have carried out their scheme in very low relief, painted reliefs they might be termed, and this emphasising of the forms in the designs by slight modelling has much to recommend it where large surfaces have to be decorated. There is a note of originality in it too which one always welcomes, for though gesso, plaster and other methods of procuring a certain amount of the sculpturesque quality is much followed in these days, Messrs. Moira and Jenkins have wisely restrained themselves, letting the paint and the modelling play into each other so that one is not developed at the expense of the other. Of course, such work as this is of necessity much more costly to execute than purely flat painting, such as Mr. Brewer designed and executed for the Prince's, and in judging of decoration (not that it is any part of my purpose to do this here) the question of price paid to the decorator must be taken into account. It is unfortunate that, in most cases, so much has to be given in return for the price paid, and while a thousand pounds will be paid for a work of "fine art" covering only a few square feet of canvas or marble, so many square yards are demanded of the decorative artist. In these days when the cry goes up so constantly that pictures do not sell, painters are wise in turning their talents in a decorative direction, but they must at the same time add to the artist the aptitude of the man of business, or they will find themselves considerably out in their reckoning before the job is completed. A good deal has to be done for the money in decorative work, and there is no time for that searching after subtlety that the painter of an easel picture can and should essay. That is one of the reasons why decoration should be conceived in quite a different spirit—should not attempt too much, but always be kept well in hand.

The most damaging criticism I conceive that can be brought against decoration is that it is a bad picture, just as a poorly executed picture should not excuse itself on the ground that it is "decorative." A man must be trained to do decorative work, so that he may realise the limitations imposed on him and work to the best purpose, and the reason so many painters fail when it comes to decorating a room is that they attempt to paint pictures on a large scale instead of working for a different result, and therefore in a different spirit.

The word "decorative" ought to have a particular meaning given it, seeing how much abused the term is. I understand it to mean, used in its present connection, the giving of variety, interest and beauty to surfaces which exist quite apart from the work applied to them. The frieze or ceiling of a room, for instance, is there whether it be decorated or not: in the case of a picture the canvas exists because of the painting and the painting therefore for itself alone. Any other use of the word is a mere convention, an egotistic differentiation; as, for instance, when the figures in a picture are given an outline or treated in flat tones, they are said to be "decorative": used in this way it becomes a misleading or question-begging expression.

It follows from this that what is applied to any part



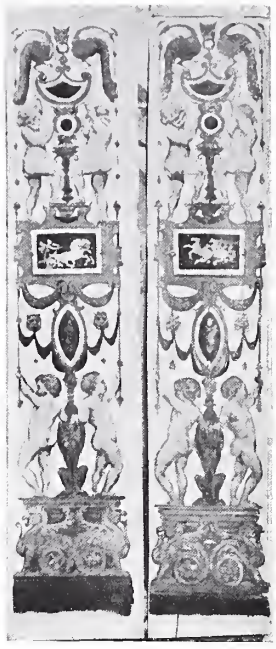
Panel in a Frieze at the Prince's Restaurant.
Designed by H. C. Brewer.



Sketch of Panel at the Prince's Restaurant. Designed by H. C. Brewer.

of a building to beautify it must be governed by considerations which are there already, and over which the decorator has little or no control: the work is dominated by outside influences, and though within these limitations the decorator has freedom, he is in no sense like a painter or sculptor, whose only limitations are those of the material itself—what is produced is the expression of themselves and must be accepted or rejected as the utterance of each artist's personality; the painter and sculptor cannot be blamed, because they are not responsible, if their work is placed badly and with unsuitable surroundings; the decorator, on the other hand, is entirely conditioned by such considerations. Another illustration might be that whereas the painter has his frame made to suit his picture, the decorator has his frame, so to say, provided for him, and has therefore to make his work suit the frame.

This somewhat pedantic attempt at definition I conceive to be pertinent, because, in the growing interest extended to, and patronage given to, decoration, painters are taking it up without, in all cases, realising under what conditions they work when they become decorators. Let them clearly understand that what is *not* wanted is large and poorly-executed paintings; but what *is* wanted is work that is characteristic, skilfully planned, and appropriately designed and carried out in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, suited alike to place and purpose.



Arabesques at the Prince's Restaurant. Designed by H. C. Brewer.

Mr. Gerald Moira, who is a painter, has associated himself with Mr. F. Lynn-Jenkins, who is a sculptor, and the examples given in these pages of a portion of the decoration executed for Messrs. Lyons, for the Trocadero restaurant, shows that the partnership is a successful one, just as the result of it may be termed the happy union of painting and sculpture. The relief is so slight that it cannot be considered a *bas-relief*, but must be thought of as a moulded surface *for the reception of colour*. This often necessitates the forcing of plane values, and, above all, the immense importance of a variety of texture on the surface of the clay, as the quality of colour depends so much on the texture of the surface underneath it.

Mr. Moira makes the cartoons full size on brown paper, and Mr. Jenkins traces these over on the prepared clay, and then models them, making what alterations and developments may suggest themselves to him during the progress of the work. The panel is then cast in fibrous plaster, and it is now ready for colouring. Messrs. Moira and Jenkins have certain special methods of their own for effecting this, which may be termed their trade secrets, and, by the use of certain mediums, the colour is driven into the plaster, which gives it an egg-shell gloss and makes it ready to receive further colour. This preliminary coating of varnish stops the suck of the plaster and enables the after painting to be effected with ease. The plaster itself is also mixed with some hardening material which makes the surface much more of an ivory nature than ordinary plaster is. Some portions of the work can be kept semi-dull or dense-looking, while others can be given a brilliant transparency, and the whole is then given a spirit glaze which greatly adds to the permanence and durability of the decoration.

Mr. Moira told me that fibrous plaster has a great advantage over gesso, for the latter on large surfaces is very difficult to manipulate, drying as it does so quickly, besides any great amount of relief is not possible in such a medium; while with fibrous plaster there are no drawbacks of this nature, as the work depends upon the clay—a material that, when of the right consistency, is fascinating to manipulate.

That the reader may judge of the part played respectively by the modelling and colour, the same panel is given in the modelled state and also when coloured. The



Arabesque at the Prince's Restaurant. Designed by H. C. Brewer.

authors of the Trocadero decoration claim for it that it is very durable and is easily fixed, as the fibrous plaster is in itself light, and being edged and backed with strips of wood, the panels are easily screwed in position. The surface produced by these mediums for locking in the colour on the plaster is a very pleasant one, having a quality and value of its own, and this, I take it, is an important factor in decoration, for if the surface itself is choice what is wrought upon it is to that extent enhanced. Paint on canvas, unless skilfully manipulated and much time given to it to produce "quality," is not as choice as the surface of hard plaster when tinted, and this irrespective of the strengthening of the design by the modelling. By a sculptor and a painter working in collaboration it is fair to assume that one helps the other, so long as each allows himself to be subordinated by the other, and where there is the necessary sympathy between them. Literary partnerships have been, in a few cases, run successfully, and Burne-Jones and Morris ran, in much of their work, in double harness, and in large decorative works it would certainly appear an economy to collaborate.

Turning now to Mr. Brewer's work, executed for the Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly, we see that the artist has the faculty of treating long surfaces with an appropriately arranged composition, and in the execution of the work, the necessary facility for getting over the ground in a reasonable space of time, so that he can give the maximum of effect for the money expended. This is a more important side of the question than at first appears, for a painter such as Edward Stott, for instance, will spend a third of a year in bringing to a state that satisfies his exactitude a small canvas, while in that time a decorator is expected to cover a thousand times the surface. This is where the necessity arises of working in a simple, direct manner, using the colour in broad, flat masses, and emphasising the forms with an outline more or less pronounced. He imposes these limitations upon himself, knowing that if he did not it would be impossible to complete the work in the time allowed. It might be said that there is the further and more important reason of making the decoration keep its place, and not call too much attention to itself; but I take it that such a reason cannot be urged with much force in the case of a public dining-room, in which the painted friezes are the only artistic features in the place.

Mr. Brewer, who has executed the decoration of more than one public building, told me that the business side of the work is the most trying, for where you have to employ a number of assistants, the keeping an ever-watchful eye on the weekly bills is a very considerable strain when added to the designing and part execution of the work too. He said no one is more dissatisfied than the decorator when the work is up; but it is



Sketch of Panel at the Prince's Restaurant. Designed by H. C. Brewer.

truer here than of a picture, that the "best has to be done at a venture"—for the price paid, and the time allowed to do the work in, will not allow of much experimenting or alterations on a large scale. The work, therefore, must be judged *in situ*, and as a whole, and it is almost as unfair to judge of a decorative scheme from a few photographs, as of a building by some bricks and mouldings.

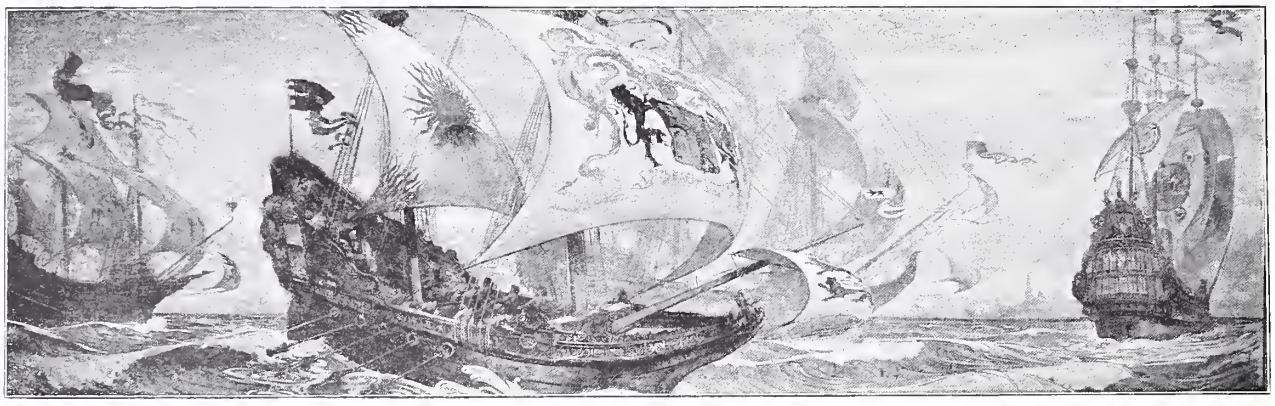
While Mr. Gerald Moira took the Arthurian legend to base his scheme upon, Mr. Brewer illustrated the fashionable watering-places of the last century in one series of his decorative panels, and the introduction of architectural features in the scheme adds both a historical as well as artistic interest to the design, as it enables the decorator to introduce opposing lines into the friezes, as well as giving support to the figures. A long, narrow surface is difficult to fill out, as the design is apt to straggle about and look attenuated, and the designer must be ever on the alert to avoid this, and



Frieze in the Trocadero Restaurant. Designed by G. E. Moira, and modelled by F. Lynn-Jenkins.

must devise methods of tying the scheme together. Figures in procession are easily managed, but this way of getting over the difficulty is not always to be followed. For the panels in which "the wooden walls of old England" are the leading *motif*, Mr. Brewer has made good use of good material, for the "lines" of these 16th and 17th century vessels are very beautiful, and such ships are ready-made decorative objects. Mr. Brewer makes his sketches partly from models and partly from old engravings, and he told me that the ships built in the first half of the 17th century were, as regards design, the most beautiful ever turned out of any dockyard. How can the artist be up-to-date when the times are so against him? Of what decorative use are top-hats, frock-coats, trousers, ironclads, automobiles? Perhaps those who follow us will be so enamoured of their economical and scientific progress, that evidences of it will be so beautiful in their eyes as to more than satisfy their æsthetic yearnings. The artist of to-day is so far handicapped that he must turn to the past for inspiration, and yet in every other sense he is of to-day, and where business is concerned, has to be very up-to-date indeed.

FRED MILLER.



Panel in Dining Room, Hotel Russell. Designed by H. C. Brewer.



Panel in the Hotel Majestic. Designed by H. C. Brewer.



By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

The Boarding School.
Drawn by George Du Maurier.

THE ARTISTIC POSITION OF DU MAURIER.

IN Hampstead Churchyard, hard by the footway where men and women pass to their work and their pleasure, there is a tree of that feathery pine species called Deodar, and underneath the tree a wooden grave-board of Celtic design inscribed :—

GEORGE BUSSON DU MAURIER,

then the dates, and this epitaph, from the artist's best-known novel,

"A little hope that when we die,
We reap our sowing, and so—good-bye."

Thus does the artist lightly take farewell of the place whose elms and lanes and old brick houses he has drawn, the world whose follies he helped us to smile at, and that other world of which it is my particular purpose to speak, whose rewards are not so noisy as those of the material one, but yet are intoxicating even as they. I mean, of course, the World of Romance.

It is a typical farewell, this of his. Light, yet valiant, the last hand-wave of a well-bred man who is about to sail forth and cross the Bar, but who wishes to leave nothing but a pleasant memory behind him. In fact, quite in keeping with the kindly politeness of a French generation long departed, such as the author of "John Inglesant" loves to describe for us. If a gentleman is not precisely *bienveillant*, he should be *bienséant*, and do nothing to disturb friends unduly. He bids good-bye with a bow and a pleasant word, and a certain suggestion of tranquil valour underlies this consideration for the feelings of others.

Such were the best of that Romantic Race, the *Seigneurie* whom one fancies around the Grand Monarch. And such were the best of our Cavaliers. Unhappily for the cause, its best were few. Maybe there will never be very many such gentlemen as Vauban or Lovelace, men of action whose fashion of behaviour even in the worst times was never otherwise than gentlemanly and considerate.

This quality, which Thackeray has made the dominant note in his "Henry Esmond," gives to the personality of Du Maurier a certain private mark of Romance, and a distinction of mind which is very evident in his ripe style. I use the word ripe with emphasis, for there came a time when his work was over-ripe, which does not concern the romantic stylist as much as the public. And so far as one can call his draughtsmanship popular, it is so for a few mannerisms and trivial characters, repeated until they become a sort of signature. The public, even the populace, knows them. But in his great style, a style noble as well as beautiful, grave as well as gay, these have only a small share. They are his, but are not he.

Mr. Pennell is a critic of great knowledge and skill, but he has one wee fault : he makes comparisons with a trifle too much biliousness of temper. He compares Du Maurier with Keene, to the former's disadvantage, and calls him conventional and pretty. This is a mistake, as it would be to compare the rose and the onion, both exquisite creations, and to be valued separately, not conjointly. The traditions of each are different, and the results have no kinship. Each has the virtues and defects of its qualities, and Mr. Pennell

has the preference of his race. He is a Teuton, Du Maurier was a Latin, and although there is one manifestation of the Latin temperament which has influenced Mr. Pennell profoundly, the art of Vierge and Rico, the peculiar beauty of Du Maurier at his best seems to leave Mr. Pennell cold. He calls it Prettiness—he even goes so far as to call it insipid. For him it has little correspondence with life, one perceives, and consequently little interest, though in view of the position attained to by the artist he has to pay some attention to his work. Such are the limitations of one whose criticism always rings honestly. Evidently Mr. Pennell is no Romanticist.

It is in the account of Charles Keene that Mr. Pennell makes the remark to which I have alluded, and which aroused at once in me the yearning to get up and testify to the contrary. But I find in his interesting volume, "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen," he has been more just, though evidently still rather irritable. He says, amongst the praise, "Yet with these drawings, at times published in the same number or even on the opposite page, we find the Du Maurier of to-day, whom I am utterly unable to understand. In saying this, I refer to his use of a mechanical cross-hatch to express almost all sorts of surfaces, and of one type of face, and to his conventional and mannered drawing of landscape. But it seems to me that in the beginning his mannerisms must have been imposed upon him by the engravers, though now they are to be found in all his drawings." And this is a very just criticism, coming, so to speak, from the opposition benches; one yet admits the force of it. Du Maurier was mannered, often in early days, and nearly always in later days. Such is the penalty which the Romantic temperament imposes. Who among our great imaginative painters is more mannered than Burne-Jones? Rossetti, you will answer. Well, and he is the one person whose imagination was more powerful, I should say more living, more intense than that of Burne-Jones. In fact, the two great factions, the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Art, are the Realists and Romantics, rather than the Teutons and Latins. Vedder, the American, sprung of sturdy Dutch lineage, is as Romantic as Victor Hugo or Theophile Gautier; Hawthorne is the essential soul of Romance. All these men are very mannered; and observe, Gautier, the least imaginative, is least mannered. It must be so in the very nature of things.



The Return of Esmond to Castlewood (from "Esmond").
Drawn by George Du Maurier.
By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Then, a man must live. He cannot live on Romance. The artist must journalise, and journalism in art means the regular production of average matter, put in a form which the public can understand and appreciate. It must be clear, it must let artistic problems retire to the second place. Much even of Mr. Pennell's work is journalism, though artistic to a high degree. The cross-hatch is the older journalistic tradition in England, chiefly made so by Sir John Gilbert, and the remark about the engravers is a just one. Even Frederick Walker had to imitate Sir John Gilbert at their command, in his early days, and he lived by his art, like Du Maurier. Also, the cross-hatch is quite a feature of that English school of illustration of the fifties which Mr. Pennell praises elsewhere. I do not deny that it became rather trivialized in Du Maurier's hands in the journalism he did, but this may also have been due to the fact that it really is an easier method than others for a man who has only one eye to work with. And we all know that this was the large obstacle which always stood before Du Maurier, and that but for this he would have been a great painter as well as a great draughtsman. Some painting he has done, but so little that it cannot be reckoned with seriously. His water-colour work is evidently based upon his line work. Black-and-white is the largest influence of his artistic life, as so often happens, and indeed so naturally. For black-and-white is the Scholarship of Art, considered essentially. Other fields have other features and other attractions. Oil-painting is the greatest, including all the others in its range, silver point is perhaps the narrowest. But he who sets himself to learn the beauties of black-and-white is as one who seeks to know the beauties of old Greek poetry and old Roman prose. He is not destined perhaps to attain to skill, but his reward comes to him in degree, after many days, in a certain sober pleasure, a continual enjoyment which increases gradually, and has nothing passionate or neurotic about it. This is scholarship which, at its best, is the crown of the intellectual life. Thus one may become—

"Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

That is, if one happens to be sufficiently idealistic. Which few of us are, I fear.



This Genealogical Picture of Mr. Punch's Forefathers (and Fore-mothers), in direct line from 1066 to 1868, Illustrating the gradual Triumph of Mind over Matter through natural selection, etc., etc., is respectfully dedicated to Mr. Darwin.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch." Drawn by George Du Maurier.

To return to the point, Du Maurier is not a painter, but his art is scholarly and contains some of the scholarly qualities of paint. In his best time and manner you can feel him seeing things *en masse*, and expressing them with portions of tone or shadow, so subordinate is the pen-point, just as if he were using a brush. His work gains in dignity immensely by this power of looking through his material, and there can be no greater contrast than between his inspired and non-inspired periods, as Mr. Pennell has said. Always caring very much for style, he has rendered the most commonplace objects in a way which gives them charm and dignity, even the trouser and skirt of the early Victorian period, even such things as coal-scuttles. One perceives this, especially when comparing him with so uncompromising a realist as E. G. Dalziel of *Fun*.

The Romantic seeks the shadow and finds delight in the mystery of it; he loves to endue his figures with the large dignity which evening brings, when the petty details of day are obscured. The realist prefers the white light of midday, when nothing can be left to the imagination, and draughtsmanship must search into every cranny. The work of Dalziel is mid-day in all its actuality, the particular work of Vierge, which Mr. Pennell chiefly admires, the Pablo de Segovia, is in the white glare of the South. Elsewhere, in Michelet's "Histoire de France," Vierge goes into the shadows, and has a romantic phase of marvellous power, but I have no recollection of seeing any appreciation of it from Mr. Pennell.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Du Maurier's serious works of the Romantic order is the drawing of the 'Cilician Pirates,' published in the "Cornhill Magazine." All the elements of Romance are there, the South, the moonlight on the sea, the costume of ancient time, Wine, Passion, Rush, the suggestion of Tragedy. Only the style is more that of a draughtsman than of a painter. The scene from Esmond, 'The Duet in Leicester Field,' is a gennine picture, and the superb 'Beatrix,' in her budding womanhood, is something of a drawing and something of a painting. From the point of view of style, one would place it between the 'Pirates' and the 'Duet.' As a rule, in his Romantic phases, Du Maurier's style holds this middle course, often suggesting brushwork, but rarely with such completeness as in the 'Duet.' He cannot easily part with that graceful line of his, and the line belongs to the pen. To eliminate it in favour of the broken touches by which Fortuny gets his results, is out of Du Maurier's intention, perhaps out of his power. Besides, he might have said: "If you want to come so near to painting with so different an instrument as the pen-point, and to suppress so much of the peculiar quality of the point, which is a hard line—why not give it up altogether and use the brush only?" Certainly one feels this as to Fortuny's pen-drawing, that he carried this suppression of his instrument to contempt, just as if one were to draw an oil picture in lines of paint, treating the brush as if it were a pen merely.



Lady Castlewood and Beatrix singing (from "Esmond").
Drawn by George Du Maurier.
By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

That Du Maurier had carefully noted this painter and his influence upon black-and-white, one may believe, because in the place of honour in his drawing-room was hung a very remarkable drawing by E. A. Abbey, in which the suggestive method of Fortuny is carried

out with brilliant simplicity. It was one of the series of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and should have left its impression upon Du Maurier every time he passed through the drawing-room to his studio adjoining. Perhaps it was hung in that particular place for that particular purpose, for it remains to my memory the most striking of the works which the room contained. But there is not a trace of its having at all influenced his own draughtsmanship, so far as I am aware, though the Americans Birch and Brennan, both touched with Romanticism, have used this style in varying degree. They were younger men, and had received the influence during their period of plasticity, a very potent influence, perceptible upon a whole generation, and the uninterrupted course of Du Maurier's style, despite the presence of such different work, shows how deeply that style had formed its channel.

As to the influence of Du Maurier himself I should hesitate to call it a large one, for I cannot call to mind any artist of his own or later generations who can be said to resemble him essentially. One seemed at one time to see it in Dana Gibson, but only very slightly. An artist of Dana Gibson's quality has more of the instinct of Schlittgen. There is some resemblance between the style of Menzel in 'The Broken Pitcher,' and Du Maurier in 'The Story of a Feather,' but Menzel is the older man, and moreover the stronger. Save for these random and really fanciful comparisons, one can think of no likeness between Du Maurier and anyone; he seems to have always seen things after a manner of his own, and the manner has died with him.

This is a loss, because no one has seen the beauty of ladyhood in such degree. Other men have drawn beautiful and distinguished women, but the idealization of a gentlewoman was a feat accomplished by Du Maurier, as no one else has accomplished it. Therefore, if for that alone, the study of his whole work may be justly called a polite education for one whose opportunities are few, and the dignity of this quality is reflected upon many of his other types. It is true that when he set himself to present a woman who was not a lady, he succeeds partially. It was easier for Keene to draw a lady than for Du Maurier to draw one who was not, though difficult for both. Still, the pert Frenchwoman in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is a success of a striking kind. She is *canaille*.

When one sees Du Maurier's rendering of the two figures who became the central motive of a strong man's life, one can understand Esmond's heart, and envy him. "Esmond had no greater delight in life than to hear the ladies sing. He sees them now—will he ever forget them?—as they used to sit together of the summer evenings, the two golden heads over the page, the child's little hand and the mother's beating the time, with their voices rising and falling in unison." The study of Beatrix in her careless beauty is one to inspire a poem such as Austin Dobson might have composed, half challenging, half conquering by force of its subject, the subject of the exquisite foot which might make the admirer turn Papist for the privilege of the ceremony usually monopolised by St. Peter. Here the labour bestowed is evident. But what shall I say of the meeting of Esmond and Lady Castlewood, but that it most simply renders a great unselfish passion, burning away all trivialities. That is the love of the Great Lady.

The Grande Dame is, in fact, so rare that she belongs rather to Romance than to Reality, and that is why Du Maurier renders her so completely. In this he is consistent with his finest instincts, and surely it is no mean niche to have made for himself in the Temple of Fame, that he should be among the greatest of those who have rendered the gentlewoman into Art.

LEWIS LUSK.



"If you will be Pope I will turn Papist." (From "Esmond.")
Drawn by George Du Maurier.
By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.



The Thames Embankment.
By the late W. J. Warren.

CAMERA CRAFT.

WITH A FEW EXAMPLES; MAINLY BY YOUNG AND LITTLE-KNOWN WORKERS.

THE year 1900, amongst picture-makers by photography, has been rather a year of revision and stock-taking than one in which much novelty has been introduced. Two attacks, characterised by vigour and directness rather than by any great generalship, have been made upon the leaders of two "schools," by critics in America and in England respectively. A number of the American magazines have attacked both the workers and the works of the "American school" which has for its principal mouthpiece Mr. Joseph S. Keiley, and there has been quite a flutter in the dove-cotes. But little of the criticism is definite, and though it may turn the attention of photographers to the work of the school, it has no suggestion of what they should copy, or what avoid.



Song of the Meadow Lark.
By Miss Mathilde Weil.

The attack of Dr. P. H. Emerson, known as the author of "Naturalistic Photography," the most epoch-making book on our craft, deals with the works of certain American, French and British leaders with a candour which is refreshing. It was made in a paper read at The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, and took as its examples of the good and of the bad certain reproductions of last year's work in "Photograms of the Year



Landing the Catch.
By George E. Tingley.

1899." Objection was strongly taken to that "adoration of the ugly" which has had its cultus amongst painters as well as photographers; and particularly to that representation of nature by flat, meaningless masses which marked the work of a few most advanced members of the gum-bichromate school. Probably both sets of critics will be able to congratulate themselves on their success, for they attack extreme work, from which the photographers themselves have already begun to recoil.

The feature of the year's work, if it have any one particular feature, is the increased study given to tone-values, a study which will result in removing one of the strongest real objections the painter has had to photography. The supposed shortcomings of the art-science have too often been condemned when really the fault lay with the man behind the camera, and not with his materials. Artists have seen so much of foregrounds and distances entirely out of key with the rest of the picture, that they have quite failed to realise that this could possibly be due to want of knowledge on the part of photographers. Yet such is the fact, for, unfortunately, photographers have never felt the need for that eye-training which is necessary to the student of every other art. Gradually, however, by importation of artists who have the necessary knowledge, and by mutual suggestion and criticism, photographers are becoming alive to certain artistic ideas, and the progress of the whole craft, though slow, is not entirely unsatisfactory.

The year has brought forth a fair proportion of promising young workers, and in selecting pictures for reproduction I have aimed to represent the new and unknown men, rather than the recognised masters of the craft. Miss Mathilde Weil, Miss Eva L. Watson, and George E. Tingley, are Americans, and the two ladies, though their work can hardly be said to be well known in England, are recognised members of the young American school. Mr. Tingley, little known on either side of the Atlantic, contributed one of the most notable exhibits to the Royal Photographic Society's show of two years ago. Encouraged by the comments then made, he has given much attention to landscape work, and produced several pictures of interest and value, though none quite so striking as his first.

Percy Lewis, the son of Abel Lewis, the well-



Birches.
By Mrs. Dumas.



Flickering Lights.
By Miss Eva L. Watson.

known professional photographer, of Clifton, is this year breaking his first lance in the lists, and should take a good place. Mrs. Dumas, one of the most sympathetic of landscape workers, is also, still, comparatively unknown.

Harold Baker, the photographic member of a family of painters, can scarcely be called a new worker, though he would object to being included with the veterans. The example of his portraiture is timely in view of the fact that London, which has long been tempting him, has at last drawn him away from Birmingham. The effect of his new environment upon his art will be watched with deep interest. Apart from his single specimen, all my examples are by members of "the new brigade."

As these younger men come forward, it is natural, in the ebb and flow of life, that some of the older hands should gradually retire, and several well-known names will be missing from this year's exhibitions, or not so strongly represented as would otherwise have been the case, because of illness and family sorrows. One who has long been in the valley of the shadow, but who has sufficiently recovered to be able to prepare a few works for the exhibitions, is the veteran H. P. Robinson, whose name, and teaching, and works are known to most ART JOURNAL readers.



A Venetian Waterway.
By Percy Lewis.



Portrait of a Child.
By Harold Baker.

The hand of death has been in our ranks, and even from the younger men has taken his victims, amongst them C. Keith Humphrys, one of the very youngest workers, and one of great promise. Another who, though young, had taken the highest position, and whose influence both with camera and pen had been great, was W. J. Warren. One of the very last examples of his work is reproduced herewith.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



Painted Window, 'Sapientia,'
at Eton College.
By Kempe's Glass Works.



Painted Window, 'Melchisedec,'
at Eton College.
By Kempe's Glass Works.



Painted Window, 'Reverentia,'
at Eton College.
By Kempe's Glass Works.

MR. KEMPE'S PAINTED GLASS WINDOWS.

THE Painting of Glass is a very ancient art. The earliest record of a painted window is one ordered by Pope Leo, A.D. 795. There seems to have been a long neglect of the art until 1303, but from that time onward the history of Glass Painting and Staining is most interesting. Although the Italians were very gifted in design and composition, the best painters on glass came from the north. For upwards of a century there was a school of Painting on Glass in Pisa, but in many parts of Italy the art was learnt more or less from Germans, and some of their works were even copied by Italian artists. To the Germans is attributed the invention of employing minerals and burning them into glass, and it was a native of Germany—Giacomo da Ulmo, who in the 15th century discovered, by an accident, the use of silver in producing a beautiful transparent yellow. Ghiberti employed a Tuscan who had been long resident in Lubeck to make the glass which he and Donatello painted for the Duomo of Florence. The greatest of all painters on glass, Guglielmo de Marcillat, born in 1475, learnt his art in France. It is interesting to read his method, as described by Vasari, and to note how closely it is followed even at the present day.

The most beautiful painted windows in Italy were executed for the most part by members of religious orders. It is difficult in the present age to find any artistic work inspired by deep religious feeling. Such influence in art seems to belong to a far distant time when pictures were painted for the love of God, and showed in every line—however technically imperfect—

sincere delight in the work itself, uninfluenced by fame or worldly advantage. Perhaps to paint a religious picture requires a complete abstraction from worldly surroundings, scarcely possible now when the needs of life are so increased, when rapidly acquired fortunes dazzle the eyes and mislead the minds of men; but in applied art there may be much sincerity of religious feeling, and we find this proved by the Painted Windows at Mr. Kempe's Glass Works. In most of the great cathedrals and churches of England his fine windows are to be found. For artistic beauty and sincere feeling Mr. Kempe's work stands alone in England. Morris did excellent and lovely work, but he is gone, and when the inspiring spirit has departed we cannot look for the same excellence as when the master-hand was still here. Everyone will think of some beautiful windows designed by Burne-Jones, but we do not speak of him as a maker of painted windows, his genius embracing as it did a much wider field of art.



Painted Window, 'Faith,' for Bunyan's Memorial, St. Saviour's, Southwark.
By Kempe's Glass Works.

We admire the painted glass which beautifies sacred buildings at home and abroad; we gaze at the warm, grave tints which seem to shut out the working world, and attune our minds to thoughts of the unseen, at the earnest, devoted faces of those who lived apart from the fight of life—a fight oftentimes for useless ends—yet who had their deep sorrows, borne with unblustering heroism; we look at the history so clearly pictured of the patient lives of good men and women, and of the supreme tragedy of the Cross, and we are not grateful enough to the makers of these painted stories for guiding our minds to a quiet thoughtfulness and a deeper reverence. We are apt, too, from ignorance, to see no beauty in modern windows, and to talk—because it sounds wise—of the wonderful windows of the past; and how much the beauty of the latter is due to the sobering effect of age we cannot say; nor, for the most part, do we care to study the interesting processes of the art itself.

After taking a degree at Oxford, Mr. Kempe, finding circumstances barred a professional career in other directions, exercised himself in his favourite pursuit of mediæval art, his mind being wholly in sympathy with it, and with the piety of those early days.

For several years engaged in decorative work of a religious character, Mr. Kempe was led to see how extensive a field lay before him in stained glass design, and having worked tentatively on studies directly taken from ancient examples, he gradually found himself involved in the busy life which he has ever since had to lead. Engaged in Nottingham Place with his own trained staff of draughtsmen, he carries on the work of transferring the drawings to glass in Camden Town. In two houses, not easily recognised for their artistic character, some fifty men are employed, and a vast amount of artistic work is there carried out, with healthy industry and such beautiful results as would surprise the ordinary traveller along the Hampstead Road.

From first to last the process of making painted windows is most interesting, and the life of the men absorbed in this beautiful work may well be envied. One of the painters said he had been fifty-six years at this work, and he had never tired of it, there was always some fresh interest, and some fresh progress to make.

The subject to be represented by the window is first thought out and sketched by Mr. Kempe, then a cartoon is made, fully drawn to a right scale; from this cartoon a plan is made which has the chief lines of the original drawing; and the sections into which the glass is to be cut are mapped out, following the outlines of the figures and design, and having a scheme of colour marked on them. This second drawing or map is called the cut line.



Painted Window at Winchester Cathedral.
The Centenary Memorial of the Rifle Brigade.
By Kempe's Glass Works.

Stored in the cutting room are sheets of glass of innumerable shades of colour which have come from the best glass makers, some being famous for the making of one shade, some of another. The surface of these sheets of glass is irregular, and the effect when painted is admirable.

The glass sent from works in Germany is too smooth, too perfect, and therefore is eminently unsatisfactory for working on. The Germans, though they have in their country some of the most beautiful examples of old painted windows which exist, have not learnt a lesson from them, and the modern stained glass of Germany is specially inartistic. The modern Germans think that painted windows can be made of one or two pieces of glass of smooth surface, and that thus the process can be simplified. They do not seem to understand that the idea of a church window is that it is a part of the wall, not a window to look out of, and through which to see the outer world. It is truly a part of the sacred edifice through which light must necessarily be admitted for the worshippers, but having fulfilled this purpose, it remains merely a part of the architectural design, preventing as completely as the wall itself the intrusion of anything from the outer world which can mar the complete and inspired thought, or destroy the solemn influence of the place.

The cut line being given to the men in the cutting room, the glass—red, blue, green, yellow, according to the section required—is placed on the plan, and the glass cut just within the line, so as to allow space for the lead which unites the pieces. The plan of the sections of glass being thus carried out, the pieces are passed on to the different studios to be painted, and are put together temporarily with bees'-wax on a sheet of glass which is placed on an easel. Then, from the original cartoon, the glass is painted. Some men are given the architectural part of the design, some the drapery, some the face, according to their respective powers, and it is most interesting to see the different degrees of excellence in every branch. The final touches of painting and the valuable high lights are supplied and controlled by Mr. Tombleson, who is the valued ally and manager of all Mr. Kempe's glass work.

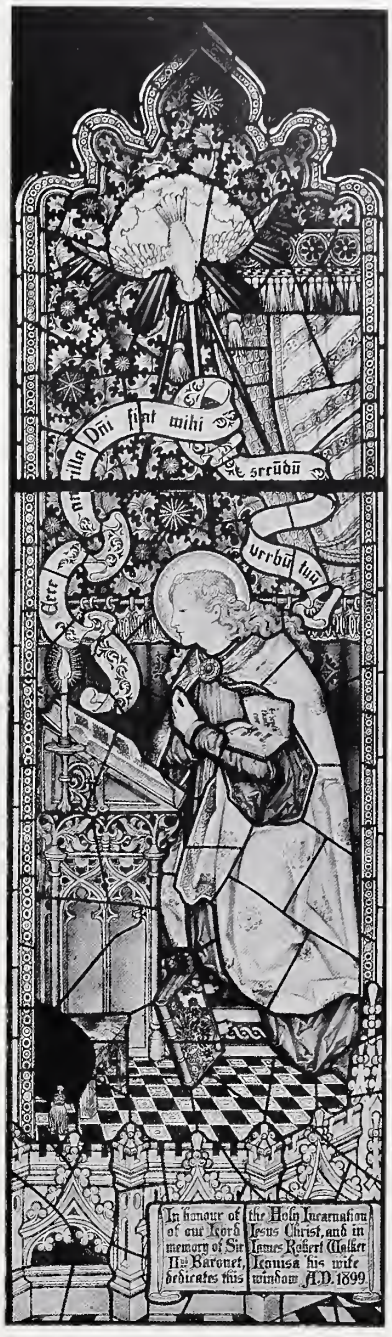
The glass once painted the sections are again separated and passed to the burning room; here, by a skilled workman, they are fired, being placed on trays covered



Painted Window, 'The Annunciation,' at Sand Hutton Church. By Kempe's Glass Works.



Painted Window, 'St. Fabian,' at Benhilton, Surrey. By Kempe's Glass Works.



Painted Window, 'The Annunciation,' at Sand Hutton Church. By Kempe's Glass Works.

with plaster of Paris, and put on shelves in the kiln where the heat is moderate, afterwards being removed to lower shelves where the heat is intense. After the glass is cooled off it is given to the workers, who fit all the sections together, linking them by a narrow band of grooved lead which can be bent easily by the fingers. When all the sections are fitted and the plan complete, the joints are soldered, and the window is ready to be taken to its destination and erected in its place.

Often some fragment of a ruined window belonging to an ancient cathedral has been by chance preserved, and in such cases Mr. Kempe carries out the same scheme of colour and the same design that once existed, so far as the fragment permits him to understand it. Being an artist with strong mediæval taste and feeling, it may be safely asserted that he comes as near the original old window as it is possible to do in the present day. Quite recently Mr. Kempe has made some windows for the Lady Chapel, in Winchester Cathedral, and as fragments happily escaped the irreligious fury of the Puritans, he has designed in harmony with them the beautiful windows which replace those destroyed long years ago.

Photographs of painted windows are very difficult to take, and cannot give a very satisfactory result, and from the accompanying illustrations we only get a very inadequate idea of the beauty of Mr. Kempe's work.

The side windows for the Lower School Chapel at Eton, seen in the headpiece to this article, represent the Christian Virtues. Wisdom has a very beautiful expression, a sweet, grave face, full of dignity and calm strength. The windows are quiet in tone, but with sufficient depth and richness of colour to make them delightful to look upon.



Painted Window, 'Adam and Eve.'
By Kempe's Glass Works.

'Faith' is a fragment from the Bunyan Memorial Window at St. Saviour's, in Southwark.

The Rifle Brigade Centenary Window has been put up quite recently in the north aisle at Winchester Cathedral. The illustration has been reproduced from a sketch.

Pope Fabian is part of a window at Benhilton, in Surrey. The figures of Gabriel and Mary are taken from an Annunciation window at Sand Hutton, in Yorkshire, the favourite church of the late Duke of Clarence.

In the 'Adam and Eve' window, shown on this page, there is great grace and simplicity in the figures. The action of shrinking and refusal is well expressed and convincing. The worn subject is treated with freshness. The coiled serpent, which lies amongst the flowers—the symbol of evil amongst the sinless joys of life—is expressed without a too realistic enforcement, and altogether the window is a very delicate and delightful piece of work.

In the Lady Chapel at Winchester, where Mr. Kempe has recorded in his windows the events in the life of the Virgin Mary, it is remarkable how beautifully he has expressed in her face the development of feeling as life brought to her its joys and sorrows, its supreme pain and supreme renunciation.

Mr. Kempe's exquisite taste can be seen at his lovely house in Sussex; here in the house itself, in the gardens all around, one can see its master's love of beauty, and the right feeling which takes no pleasure in meretricious decoration.

Mr. Kempe's work, if appreciated and understood, is truly a lesson in high and noble life. It appeals to the artistic mind more than any sermon, and even the ordinary worshippers, in the churches where his windows have been placed, are unconsciously influenced by the thoughtful, earnest faces which look down on them, faces which seem to point to the calm dignity reached through noble aims and a brave endeavour.

CHARLES QUENTIN.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Royal Academy is credited with accepting the suggestion made in these columns in 1895 for the ensuing Winter Exhibition. The statement is made that the next exhibition will contain the works of artists produced during the last ten years of the concluding century. A fearless selection should be of the greatest advantage to British Art, and it will prove how much better English pictures look when properly hung. As a matter of fact a similar scheme has been before the Royal Academy several times, and a motion agreeing to the adoption of such an exhibition was passed, but unexpectedly failed to be confirmed in General Assembly. It is understood that a strenuous effort will now be made to carry the matter through. It is only the timorous and short-sighted members who have objected, and reflection has probably brought them into a more reasonable frame of mind. It would be a graceful act on the part of the Council to include the works of men outside the Academy. On the other hand, it is possible that some of these gentlemen would not care about the privilege. The difficulty will naturally be to please everybody with a claim.

MR. Whitworth Wallis has again succeeded in bringing together the nucleus of a fine collection for the present loan exhibition at the Birmingham Art Gallery. The Early British School is uncommonly well represented, and it is stated that over forty of these have not previously been publicly exhibited.

THE Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston brought in receipts amounting to £640. This sum will probably be devoted to the erection of a small room to be added to the Coniston Institute, in which certain Ruskin relics will be placed.

IT is of more than personal interest to note that a representative exhibition of the works of Mr. Walter Crane was opened at Buda-Pesth on the 14th October.

BY the death of Antoine Vollon at the age of sixty-seven, a vacancy occurs in the ranks of the fourteen painter-members of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. It is perhaps not generally known that the three English honorary members of this body are Sir Edward Poynter, Sir L. Alma Tadema and Mr. von Herkomer.



From the Drawing by Frank Craig

HOLY COMMUNION ON THE VELDT (P 20.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE GRAPHIC



A Wall in one of Mr. Fred. Hollyer's Rooms.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

EVERYONE knows Mr. Hollyer's artistic photographs. His name has become a household word amongst those who can appreciate beautiful reproductions of good pictures. He has greatly helped the public to become familiar with Holbein's drawings, as well as the works of G. F. Watts and Sir E. Burne-Jones, but to estimate justly how far photographs can be introduced as decoration and ornament, one must visit Mr. Hollyer's delightful house and rooms at Pembroke Square, Kensington, where we see them arranged and placed to the best advantage.

Mr. Hollyer does not content himself with making the pictures only—one of his great hobbies, if we may call it so, is also to design for them appropriate wooden frames, and one of the show-rooms is panelled with wood-work entirely designed by him, and made on the premises. A pretty little bay window and window seat has been thrown out in one corner, over which Harry Bates' photo of 'Psyche' is let in with great effect. About the room are hung photographs in many quaint wooden settings, some of them decorated with copper or pewter. The proof of G. F. Watts' 'Happy Warrior' was framed in brown wood, with embossed and pierced copper corners, which had been specially designed for the picture by Mrs. G. F. Watts, and executed by Miss Jackson. We show here a wood overmantel, stained green, of a delightful shade that Mr. Hollyer specially affects, which had a long, narrow glass in the centre, and on either side photographs of works by Sir Edward



An Overmantel in Mr. Fred. Hollyer's House.



Japanese Dwarf Thuya Tree, 150 years old.

Burne-Jones, and was remarkably pretty. Besides the artistic photographs from life, for which he is justly famous, Mr. Hollyer has taken photographs of all Burne-Jones' pictures, and, what is still more interesting, he has a large album containing prints of most, if not all, the original sketches for them, and from which one gains some notion of the care and trouble that artist took over every piece of drapery and accessory. The photographs of 'The Golden Stairs' and 'Creation of the Earth' show one how perfectly drawings can be reproduced without losing one of their delicate lines. Another room was hung with a wall-paper designed by Walter Crane, of a peculiar shade of blue, well adapted for showing off the photographs on the walls. The Rossetti pictures are peculiarly adaptable for decorations.



Japanese Dwarf Pine Tree, 25 years old.

Mention of Mr. Eida's Japanese dwarf trees and plants was made in THE ART JOURNAL some time ago, and it is interesting to notice that the appreciation of Japanese trees has so greatly developed that Mr. Eida has now to keep a far larger stock of them owing to the increased demand. The dwellers in London and other large towns have discovered that these beautiful little trees have a wonderful quality of resistance to the pernicious conditions which surround flowers in our rooms. Instead of the perpetual attention and renewal which ordinary ferns and plants require, these hardy little dwarf trees, in their quaint and picturesque pots, make small demand on our time and care, and in the spring some are a mass of blossom, in the autumn others are covered with berries, which will last a couple of years.

Few plants manage to exist for long in the choking atmosphere of town rooms, where artificial light, dust, and draughts all war against their well-being, and one experiences a feeling of astonished gratitude to the little foreigners who bravely hold up their heads and brighten our dark corners with their beauty.

To our European minds the age of these trees appears unnatural, many being fifty, a hundred, or even two hundred years old. The imitation maple trees are particularly attractive, with their young leaves of red and yellow, a contrast to the green of the older ones. The elms and beeches are also pleasing, and the dwarf firs most useful of all, with their everlasting green and bushy branches. The grey Japanese pots, ornamented with dark green and brown, tone in harmoniously with the grey green colour of the firs. The dwarf plants are being more and more used for table decoration; they are something new and make a change from the usual floral arrangements, which, lovely as they are, have not the novelty of these specially trained trees, the beauty of which grows the more one sees them.

E. F. V.



Japanese Dwarf Maple Tree, 55 years old.



From the Drawing by Frank Dadd

COLONEL PLUMER'S ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE MAFEKING FROM THE NORTH (P 21.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE GRAPHIC."



By permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

Colonel Plumer's attempt to relieve Mafeking from the North.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R I.

THE ART ANNUAL, 1900.

THE WORK OF WAR ARTISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.



By Permission of the Proprietors of "Black and White."

Lord Roberts.
By Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

A TIMELY tribute to the talents of many distinguished black-and-white artists and to the valour and devotion of the British soldier has been worthily paid in THE ART ANNUAL this year, which number has been entirely given up to 'The Work of War Artists in South Africa' (H. Virtue and Co.).

For years the statement had been made—and repeated so often that it had become both an axiom and a reproach—that we were neither a military nation nor admirers of military art. The first part of this assertion tumbled away when, at the call of arms, men sprang up from every corner of the Empire and rallied round the flag. Towards disproving the second, the great popular interest taken in the spirited illustrations made by artist war correspondents at the front, and in the elaborate drawings executed by their gifted colleagues at home, has surely gone a long way.

Mr. A. C. R. Carter, who has written the text of THE ART ANNUAL, has had a wide field of selection open to him, thanks to the co-operation of the proprietors of the chief illustrated papers and to the help of the artists themselves. How far he is right in his theory that the work of these black-and-white artists should inspire a national school of battle-painters remains to be seen; but if there be any truth in the dictum that Art is the expression of a generation, the time is now as ripe for British painters as it was for the French after 1870.

Five works by Mortimer Menpes reproduced are interesting as showing the embryos of pictures ultimately to be placed on canvas. Three sketches by General Baden-Powell from Mafeking are included, and bear witness to the cleverness of a many-sided hero. Along with Mortimer Menpes, members of the Royal Institute have added greatly to their reputations. Frank Dadd has the honour of the frontispiece, and J. Finnemore, William Hatherell, and Dudley Hardy are well represented. Caton Woodville naturally claims much notice, and John Charlton's wonderful realizations of the horse in action make instructive studies. A young artist who has come rapidly to the front, Frank Craig, will also be found to have done brilliant work; his 'Holy Communion on the Veldt,' which has been honoured by reproduction as an extra plate, being one of the artistic achievements of the war. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and Ernest Prater, who did excellent work for *The Sphere*, have contributed the telling sketches, fac-similes of which, including Mr. Prater's 'The heroic attempt to save the guns at Colenso, where Lord Roberts' son lost his life,' fully illustrate the best kind of work done by artists in the field. Altogether it may be claimed for THE ART ANNUAL that it contains a unique record, which in years to come will be highly prized.

NEW ART BOOKS.

THE story of Lord Leighton's life is one that seems to have an abiding interest. A further edition of Professor Ernest Rhys' "FREDERIC, LORD LEIGHTON"



The Arab Hall, Lord Leighton's House.
"Frederic, Lord Leighton" (Bell).

(Bell) has been published in handy size, with many excellently printed illustrations. A chapter is devoted to Lord Leighton's house, No. 2, Holland Park Road, which is now practically a public museum. Leighton's reputation has continued to enhance, and the sincerity of his work is likely to make it continue to do so.

The "MONOGRAPHS ON ARTISTS,"* edited by Professor Knackfuss, has recently been translated by Mr. Dodgson, of the British Museum Print Room, and are published as a series by Messrs. H. Grevel & Co., Covent Garden. The subjects of these monographs are Raphael, Holbein, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Dürer. They are excellently illustrated with reproductions of pictures, drawings, and etchings, and they have already attained a very high reputation for correctness. They embrace all the latest German investigations, and in every way they are worthy of the most serious attention of experts and connoisseurs.

"THE BOOK OF SUN-DIALS"* (Bell) is practically a new work by Mrs. Eden and Miss Lloyd, based on a volume published by Mrs. Alfred Gatty in 1872. As the volume contains material which was begun to be collected as long ago as 1835, it is to be considered as practically complete so far as English Sun-Dials are concerned. The chapter on Scottish Dials, based on the work of Mr. Ross, describes the best of those in southern Scotland, and the foreign Dials touch on the chief Continental works. Immense care has been taken in tabulating and translating the many curious sun-dial mottoes, nearly 1700 being described in detail. It is seldom that so complete a work is published on what may at first appear a minor subject.

The third volume of "DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," edited by M. Rooses (Sampson Low), is remarkable for the excellent biography of Mauve by A. C. Loffelt, who wrote so feelingly of the artist in this Journal in 1894. Tholen, Artz, and Sadee are the other artists treated who are best known in this country. There are many excellent illustrations.

Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A., has devoted some leisure time to preparing a most excellent little book on "LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN WATER COLOUR" (Cassell), to which he has added twenty-three well-reproduced colour sketches. Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., gives some workmanlike advice to students in the introduction. — Mrs. Joseph Pennell's little book, "OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE" (Unwin), is excellent reading, with illustrations carrying out appropriately the scheme of the work. —"ART AND HOW TO STUDY IT," by Topham Vinall (Reeves), gives the necessary information for an Art Student to learn the conditions under which he can obtain entrance to the chief Art Schools.

Messrs. Scott Morton & Co., Edinburgh, have published a new catalogue giving elaborate illustrations of their recent designs, which are peculiarly appropriate to the best kind of wall and ceiling decoration.

M. Etienne Bricou has brought together a recent series of brilliant essays under the title "PSYCHOLOGIE D'ART" (Paris, May). These treat of the artists whose works, already accepted in some quarters, are still questioned in others: Puvis de Chavannes, Henuer, Besnard, Carrière, and Helleu, with the sculptors Falguière, Roty, and Fremiet—but, curiously enough, not Rodin, the cleverest of all.

* *The Editor specially recommends the purchase of these books.*

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co. Ltd



THEIR ORDEAL OF FIRE—THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT BIDDULPH'S BERG (P 20.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



From the Drawing by John Charlton

CAVALRY CROSSING A DRIFT (P. 21.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE GRAPHIC"



St. Cecilia (p. 355).
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

ADOLF HIRÉMY-HIRSCHL.

ADOLF HIRÉMY-HIRSCHL is one of the ablest artists modern Austria can show; an artist who, from the beginning of his career, has willed strongly and achieved with energy, undaunted by obstacles, indifferent to popular success, determined on one point only, to work out his own artistic salvation in his own way; a virile personality and a virile artist who never sacrifices the truth as he sees it to mere prettiness, nor plays with one eye fixed on the gallery. And just because he has been so independent and so true to his best self, success has smiled upon Hirschl from the very outset of his career.

Born in the Hungarian town of Temesvar, in January, 1860, Vienna obviously became Hirschl's artistic Mecca, to which city he early migrated. No difficulties being put in his way by relatives, he was able, as quite a lad, to enter upon those art studies to which he was attracted from childhood. In the Viennese Academy he studied under Professors Eisenmenger and P. C. Müller-Witt, and together with the latter master he made a trip to Egypt. This journey naturally much enlarged his artistic horizon. After his return he competed for the Emperor's Prize. The subject given was simply the word 'Farewell,' a theme that lent itself easily to petty treatment and pretty sentimentalism. But Hirschl from the commencement of his career had deeper visions. He succeeded in extracting from this banal theme an occasion for dealing with the antique world that from the first attracted him. His 'Farewell,' of which we can only provide a verbal description, imagines an episode that might have occurred during Hannibal's winter march across the Alps. We see a sturdy African, forced to follow his leaders onwards in their inexorable tramp over these bitter ice fields, halt a second beside a group of his comrades, two of whom are already frozen stiff in death, while the third, whose hand he grasps as a sign of farewell, has clearly but a short while left wherein to suffer from the relentless Alpine chills. This work, so unlike the usual Academic attempts of students, at once attracted attention; and no wonder. It also obtained for its creator the coveted Prize. The picture, which would not dishonour a full-fledged artist, was a truly remarkable production for a mere lad of nineteen.



Prometheus (p. 355).
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

The following year Hirschl won the Prix de Rome with



Entrance of the Vandals into Rome (p. 354).
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

his large canvas, 'Entrance of the Vandals into Rome.' The barbarians with sword and fire are storming through the splendid streets of the conquered city, burning, looting, pillaging and destroying as they pass, killing the slain, robbing the robbed, for Rome in those days (we are dealing with the fifth century) had been so often pillaged and repillaged that little remained for these last invaders to carry off. Disheartened, sad, discouraged, Hirschl shows us how the Italian spirit of curiosity survived among the Romans even under those terrible conditions. Here they stand in groups, youths, women and children under the shadow of the She-wolf who this time has failed to protect them, gazing with terror-stricken but sad wonderment at the barbarian hordes who are desecrating their temples and defiling the pure marble pavements.

With the prize gained by this picture, Hirschl spent two happy years in Italy, painting in Rome 'The Pest in Rome' (frontispiece), which is perhaps his most famous production. The plague here referred to is that terrible pestilence which for half a century ravaged Europe and almost depopulated Rome. It was after the election to the Papal Chair of Gregory the First, better known as Gregory the Great, but before his consecration, that he commanded a delay of three days that he might hold a penitential procession to invoke the forgiveness of Heaven for deliverance from the pestilence. This, the first Christian procession ever made, has been described in detail by Paul Diaconus and Gregory of Tours. For it the population of Rome was divided into seven groups, according to age and class, wherefore it was known as the Litania Septiformie. Each division assembled in a different church, and thence made its pilgrimage to a common goal, the Basilica of St. Peter's. All the children of Rome started from the Coelian with the proselytes of the second region, and it is this procession of children at the moment when they are crossing the Forum that Hirschl presents in his picture. The penitential march among the decaying ruins of the deserted Imperial City, making the air re-echo with its solemn chants, seemed to bear the phantom of ancient Rome herself to the grave, and to inaugurate the dreary centuries that were to follow. This occurrence of the year 590 may be regarded as the beginning of Rome's Middle Ages.

Mr. Hirschl has admirably rendered the meeting point of two opposed civilisations, the despised Christian sect triumphing in its devotional humility over the pomp and pride of the erstwhile mistress of the world, the massive remnants of whose tremendous monuments rise up as though in solemn protest, struggling in vain against the destruction that is already their predestined lot, as clinging ivy festoons and cobwebs and the wanton ruin of stonework too eloquently testify. Mr. Hirschl, with a poet's intuition and an artist's faculty, has reconstructed the impressive epoch-making scene, and with such vividness that as we gaze upon his work there rise to our memory the tremendous words wherewith the Church Father Jerome apostrophised Rome — "Mighty city, ruler of the Universe, mindful of the example of Nineveh, thou mayst escape by penance the curse with which the Redeemer threatened thee in the Apocalypse. The golden Capitol is filled with mire and all the temples of Rome are defiled with dirt and cobwebs. He who is not impelled to the Faith by reason, is constrained thereto by shame."

The whole scene is enacted under a grey, scirocco sky, and the heaviness of atmosphere this hot, damp wind induces is reflected in the languid mien of the penitents, the death-like stillness of the air, that does not even permit the heavy smoke emitted by the torches to rise into the sky. This wind, too, takes the colour out of Italian landscape and life, and this also suits the character of the whole. We behold here not only the living, but the dead and dying, for according to history the rich stricken Christians had themselves carried in their couches and biers on to the outskirts of the procession, that even thus some of its grace might fall on them. The number of those who died during its course, too, was great, and this too the artist has faithfully indicated. For under the Arch of Septimus Severus we can see a group of undertakers carrying away the corpses of those who have just succumbed to the destroying angel, whose sword, as we know from legend, was only sheathed, putting an end to both plague and Litany, when Gregory, heading the penitents, reached the bridge on the way to

The Art Journal London. H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Printed by Thierry-Hirschl.

THE PEST IN ROME.



A Wedding Party (p. 355).
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

St. Peter's, where he beheld the Archangel Michael descending over Hadrian's Mausoleum (now the Castel Sant' Angelo), and place a flaming sword in its sheath, a sign that the plague was stayed.

This splendidly impressive picture, with its life-size figures, won for its creator a medal at the Munich Exhibition of 1883 and at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and was sold at once. In this case, as in the case of several of Hirschl's works, we feel moved to cavil at the title. 'The Pest in Rome' is not distinctive. Inevitably the spectator asks: what pest or plague? There were so many, Rome was so often stricken. Then, too, the procession rather than the plague is the chief theme of composition. Had he called it, for example, Litania Septiformie, that would at once, for the cultured, have dated the work and explained its allusions, and for the uncultured, both this and the present title are equally uninforming.

'Ahasuerus' followed the 'Pest in Rome'; and this is also a remarkable picture. Here we have the last man remaining on earth after the death of the globe herself. The desolate wandering Jew could find no rest until Time itself ceased. In the icy waste of an endless frozen field the hoary figure of the Jew bends beneath the clutch of a half-cloaked Death. In the foreground the beautiful prostrate figure of the dead Earth is encircled by vultures. But the scene of horror is relieved by the splendid vitality of a mist-veiled Hope which dominates the whole. The swirl of these draperies which float and curl in the bitter lifeless blast is energetic and masterly in the extreme.

'St. Cecilia' (p. 353) was another of those early Christian themes which have a fascination for Mr. Hirschl. But his 'St. Cecilia' is by no means the conventional sentimental heroine seated beside her harpsichord and chanting sacred hymns to its strains. He has imagined his young Roman patrician as reclining beside the seashore, perchance in the grounds of one of her father's villas. She had fallen asleep, and as she slumbers she beholds a vision of angels who sing to her the music of the spheres. These angels' heads are imbued with Quattrocentista feeling, coupled with nineteenth century skill in drawing. A poetic atmosphere hovers over the canvas, a suggestion of worlds unknown and feeling inexpressible in mortal speech.

Yet another reminiscence of antique Rome; but this time we gaze upon 'A Wedding Party' (p. 355). The bride, surrounded by her friends, who are singing, playing, and making merry, is being led to her new home. Here, too, all the figures are life-size, and here again the natural atmosphere accords with the scene being enacted under its canopy. Sombre again and pervaded with classic feeling is the picture that represents Prometheus chained to his sea-girt rock (p. 353). The eagle is preying on his vitals, and he writhes in his endless agony, his perpetual torture, a torture that finds but a scant relief in the drops of spray that the Okeanides in their compassionate efforts toss upon him as they approach his prison-rock on the rising breakers. The foreshortening of the figure of Prometheus is distinctly able, a very *tour de force*, but the whole is nevertheless unpleasant in impression.

Mr. Hirschl has a great love for the sea and is always glad when he can introduce the ocean into his pictures. He has painted innumerable studies on the sea-coasts of many lands; in grey northern Brittany and Normandy; on the still, blue tideless Mediterranean; the uncertain sapphire Adriatic as it presents itself at Ragusa on the Dalmatian coast and in the island-studded Quarnero. Not a year passes but he spends some months beside its shores, and he never wearies of studying the ever-changing ocean aspects.

Mr. Hirschl paints portraits too at times and especially

does he love to paint his beautiful, stately English wife, who is an artist's helpmate in the fullest sense of the term. Indeed, there is no artistic department into which Mr. Hirschl has not tried to penetrate, for his interests are wide and eclectic, as is also his culture. Thus he has recently tried his hand at sculpture, and he also manipulates water-colour with much success, employing that medium for his sympathetic studies of nature as revealed in his work in the Roman Campagna. His love of the sea gave rise to his 'Aphrodite,' which was the success of the Dresden Exhibition of 1897, which won for him a gold medal in Vienna and at the International Art Exhibition at Antwerp, and his 'Ocean Grave-Yard,' one of the most poetically melancholy pictures from his brush. Hard on the sea—shut off from it, indeed, only by a low moss-covered wall over which the angry waves dash their surf and spray—lies a humble deserted God's acre. The wind bends and curls the heavy gnarled branches of the yew trees, and the rain and sea-foam soak the few poor garlands and flimsy crape that loving hands have placed upon its mean wooden crosses, where under the dark sod rest those bodies which the relentless ocean has engulfed and then rendered back to the earth whence they sprang. Desolation and inevitable dreary oblivion is writ across the atmosphere of the whole, and yet, withal, there is conveyed a sense of peace, of a finality that is not wholly hopeless or entirely sad. 'Seefriedhof' is the appropriate and graceful German name given by the artist to this canvas.



A Roman Girl.
By Hirémy-Hirschl.

But it is to his earliest love, the antique world of legend and story, that Hirschl ever returns with pleasure. This composition of the 'Shades on the Banks of Acheron' (p. 357) obtained for him the large gold medal at Vienna at the Jubilee Exhibition of 1898, the highest award for Austria, and which has attracted so much attention in Paris this year. In this instance we feel again tempted to question the title, which, to our mind, should rather be Hermes Necropompos, for it is Hermes, in his capacity as conductor of the dead, who is here the central figure. In using such a title again the cultured would understand, and Hirschl's pictures, after all, appeal chiefly to cultured audiences, as the uncultured must miss their delicate allusions; and since his work is literary art, it should remain literary in the best sense of the term.

In this picture we see the newly dead hovering on the banks of that river of the lower world which they must cross in Charon's boat ere they reach their ultimate destination. Hermes Necropompos is here fulfilling his important function of conducting the shades of the dead from the upper to the lower world. In Mr. Hirschl's rendering but few of these souls are glad to leave the sunlit earth behind them. Its joys and attractions still hold them spellbound, only quite a few, mostly young children and old men, are resigned to their mortal fate. The dissatisfied shades crowd about Hermes as he strides among them and implore him to relax his step, to stay the march of doom. But Hermes walks on regardless, with the calm inexorableness of a god, walks on and past the craving throng; but implacable though he must be to their entreaties, he is not here depicted as deaf and insensible to their sufferings. It is this that gives to his figure a sympathetic grandeur. In the middle distance Charon is seen approaching in the boat that shall row these souls to their final abode. It is the sight of his barque on the black waters of the Acheron that has struck the multitude with such terror. The dread passage once made, all hope is ended. This picture is grandly conceived and well carried out, but where it fails is in the matter of colour. The very choice of theme brought this limitation in its train. The nether world is perforce devoid of light and colour, as also the shades are devoid of shadows—a serious deprivation to artistic faculties. Hence the whole scheme of the work is perforce carried out in a grey, heavy tone which would not be out of place were its medium black and white chalk, but which in oil leaves rather a lurid impression, and detracts from the beauty of the picture as a piece of colour.



Mother and Child.
By Hirémy-Hirschl.

Such are a few of the most noted works of this rising young master. He has recently fixed his abode in Rome, and we may confidently expect from his brush some more of his able reconstructions of ancient Roman life. He is a very



Shades on the Banks of Acheron (p. 356).
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

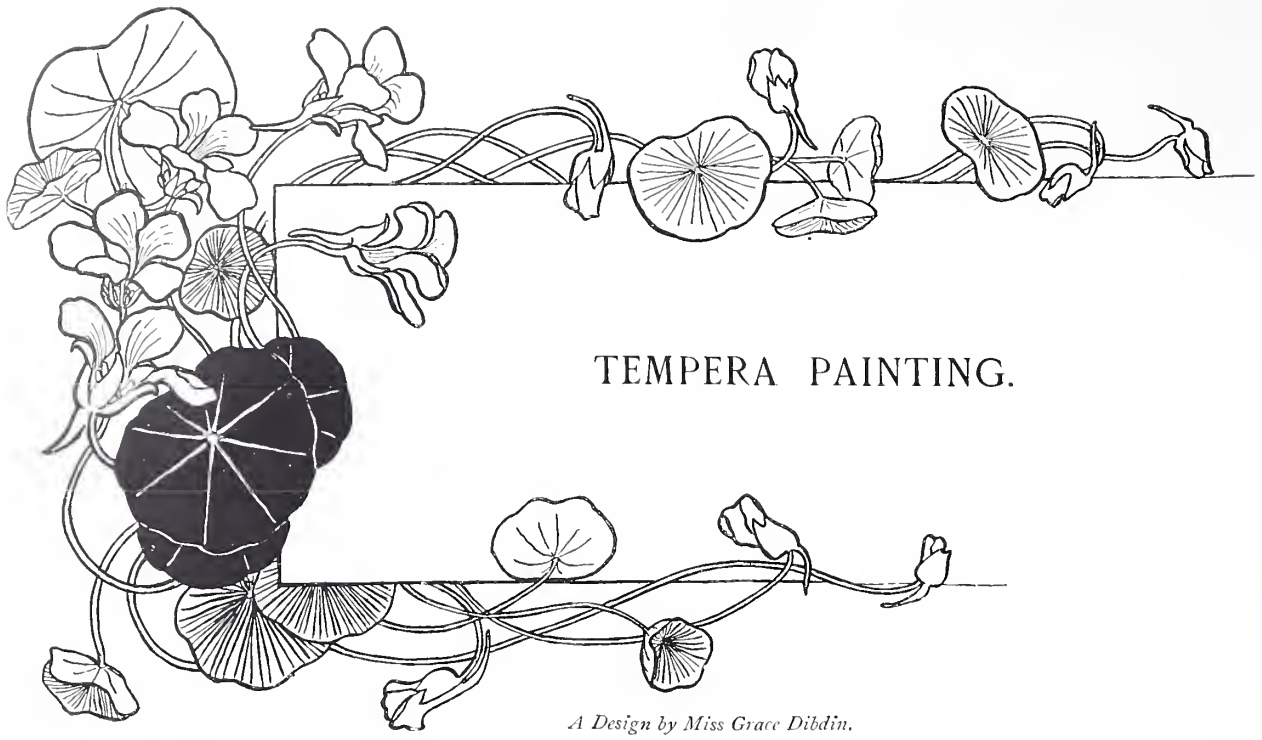
hard as well as a very scrupulous worker, and one who goes on his own way undaunted, never imitating or letting himself be influenced by what others are doing; he may, therefore, have great surprises in store for the world, and his Italian sojourn may radically modify his choice of sombre themes, as well as put richer and fuller colours into his brush. One thing is certain: whatever Hirémy-Hirschl may produce will be the result of deep thought and a true enthusiasm for his profession, of whose high mission he is fully conscious, and to which he could never be untrue.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

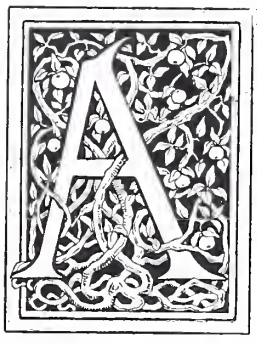


Herr Adolf Hirémy-Hirschl in his Studio.
From the Painting by Hirémy-Hirschl.

TEMPERA PAINTING.



A Design by Miss Grace Dibdin.



From a Drawing by Miss Dobbin.

ARTISTS and writers on art have glanced from time to time during the present century towards a revival of the use of egg-tempera, as an idea full of vague possibilities for the improvement of painting. Even in the last century there is recorded an extraordinary experiment in egg-painting by Reynolds—an experiment which, like too many others, would seem to have been made merely with a view to immediately facilitating execution, and in utter scorn of all consequence of impermanence in the work. None of the writers seem to have tried any variety of experiments, nor to have thought out any reasonable explanation of the methods enshrouded in the phrases of old authors, which are often extremely vague or ambiguous at the very point where clearness of statement would be most desirable. Moreover, I do not think that any of them explain that a tempera painting before varnishing was not dull on the surface like a distempered wall, but almost like an oil-painting; so much medium being used as when dry to completely submerge the particles of pigment. As M. Vibert has pointed out ("Science of Painting," p. 137), there are just three conditions possible in the substance of a picture, viz., dry powder of pigment as in pastel; pigment fixed by an agglutinative but still floury and absorbent on the surface, like a distempered wall; and pigment saturated and submerged in an agglutinative, like oil and water colour.

Now, as tempera, whether used alone in a picture, or as a preparation for subsequent work in oil, has to be covered with varnish which would lower the tone and alter the values of an absorbent inlay beyond recognition, it is obvious that the tempera under-painting of the Venetian masters, the objective of so many vain experiments, must have been quite non-absorbent.

In the following pages I shall use "tempera" in the sense of any aqueous agglutinative medium as distinguished from "oil." When I mean a particular kind of tempera I shall prefix the name of its principal ingredient as "egg-tempera," "size-tempera," etc.; "distemper" will be used as M. Vibert uses it, to denote the fixed but absorbent condition of colour due to the employment of a relatively small quantity of tempera.

The next point is the white pigment to be used, a matter of even greater moment in tempera than in oil-painting. Flake white is, in my experience, the only white that can be absolutely depended upon not to sink in tone when varnished; a fact of first-rate importance. Its use in egg-tempera was suggested to me by seeing its successful employment in size-tempera by my friend, Mr. W. M. Petrie.

These two points then being settled, we will turn to a third, which it seems to me has never really been attempted to be made plain, viz., the attainment of an egg-medium that will allow painting to be executed thickly on canvas *without cracking*.

It is sometimes proposed to attain this necessary flexibility by substituting for the milky juice of the fig-tree, which the Italian masters used for this purpose, vinegar, or even acetic acid, while by some writers any addition to the yolk of egg is accounted superfluous; but for my part I have always found the pure yolk of egg used on canvas, crack.

How vinegar could be an efficient substitute for the viscous juice of the fig-tree I had never been able to comprehend, but the story related by Vasari of the "Facetious Buffalmacco," and his way of supplying himself with wine at the expense of the ladies of a convent where he was employed, and an allusion by Mr. Robert Leslie, in a letter to Mr. Ruskin ("Dilecta Illustrating Præterita," Part I., p. 12), to Turner's use of stale beer in painting, gave me a clue to a method of using the yolk of egg on canvas that is certainly successful.

This allusion to the use of stale beer recalled to my mind some early experiments in egg-medium and the "malt" vinegar which played its sorry part in these. At the same time remembering Buffalmacco, it occurred

to me that as our word vinegar (Fr. *vinaigre*) simply means sour wine, the substances, like the name, were originally one, and I immediately surmised that here was the origin of the addition of vinegar to the yolk of egg. Stale wine was added to the yolk of egg, not for its acidity, but for its viscous quality, which prevented the yolk of egg cracking, exactly as the fig-milk was meant to do.

I made experiments with beer thickened to a syrup and mixed with yolk of egg, and met with complete success. Flake-white, mixed with this medium and put on with the palette-knife, showed not the slightest tendency to crack; it seemed, in fact, to be as tough as oil paint.

I have experimented with other materials with varying results. On M. Vibert's recommendation with glycerine: but even in large quantities, glycerine does not prevent cracking. I have also tried a mixture of the yolk and the white of an egg, with an equal quantity of a solution of gum Senegal, to which twelve drops of glycerine and half a teaspoonful of sugar had been added. This was perfectly satisfactory. The same mixture, but with a considerable quantity of glycerine in which wax was dissolved with ammonia, was not so good. When moist it was irritatingly tender under the brush. In the progress of the work a minute crackle began to appear in parts. This was temporarily removed by abundant applications of glycerine. When the varnish was applied, the crackle spread instantly over the whole surface. It does not spoil the effect, and does not look as if it would develop injury to the substance of the picture.



Picture in Tempera.
By W. M. Petrie.

A mixture of size and yolk of egg, with a small quantity of the glycerine and wax, showed the same tendency to crackling, so that I feel inclined to attribute this peculiarity to the presence of the wax.

The following are some of the advantages that distinguish egg-tempera as a medium:—

It can safely be used on unprimed canvas.

A tempera painting can be worked on at any time without the irksome and injurious process of oiling out, so is of great advantage in the inlay and early stages of a picture.

It dries *throughout* in a few hours at longest, and so avoids gathering dust on a sticky surface. Drying in this way, it peculiarly lends itself to alterations by scraping. It can also be removed with a sponge and cold water, so that the tooth of the canvas can always be retained.

Oil-painting done over a tempera inlay can be taken off with turpentine, or, if still wet, oil, without disturbing the tempera ground.

When well varnished in front and protected at the back, it is even more durable than oil-painting.

Recipe for Preparing Egg-Tempera.

Keep a wide flat vessel standing in a rather warm place (do not think to improve matters by a hasty process such as boiling), and into this pour as much beer as will just cover the bottom.

When this has dried up, add more beer and let it dry again, and so continue (taking no heed of any scale that appears) till you have accumulated sufficient syrup.

Take the yolk of an egg, add a few drops of water, and beat well.

Then take equal quantities of the beaten yolk and beer-syrup and beat them well together: this is the tempera. Beat it up every day before using. Keep it covered so as to admit air while excluding dust. Partial decay does not seem to impair the qualities of the tempera so prepared. I have used it with satisfactory results when at least a month old and evidently partially decomposed. The Italian masters are stated to have used it in this condition (*a putrido*).

If at any time the supply of tempera be left undisturbed for two or three days, a coating of mildew forms on the top, which should be carefully removed before using.

Colours.

Except the vitreous blues, which cannot be long ground without loss of colour, the pigments for tempera painting must be extremely finely ground—in fact they cannot be too fine, especially the white.

They should be ground in pure water only, and kept in closely-covered pots, or wide-mouthed bottles, to prevent them drying up and protect them from dust. Each colour should have its own bone, horn, or wooden spatula, for transferring quantities to the palette, so as to keep the stock of colour clean.

Thus prepared, the colours can be mixed with the medium (equal quantities colour and medium) with the brush only, care being taken to mix thoroughly. Should

the colours thus mixed prove too thick for use, they can be diluted with a little beer.

Vitreous Blues and Size-Tempera.

Ultramarine, French ultramarine, and smalt should not be tempered with egg-medium but with size, which, according to Cennini, can safely be laid over or mixed with the egg-medium. I give Cennini's directions for preparing a suitable glue for this purpose.

"There is a glue made of the parings of parchment. Let it boil in clear water until the water be reduced to about a third quantity. It makes a glue as clear as crystal, and is good for tempering dark blues." I have used a fine white French glue which also yields a jelly "as clear as crystal," as well as weak solution of a good quality of common glue: both with satisfactory results.

Whatever glue is used should be steeped till soft in cold water, then melted by gently warming it. It should be of just such strength that when cold it forms a jelly that can easily be broken up with a hog-hair brush.

Only the blues require to be tempered with the size; but if you prefer it you may paint your picture thoughout in this tempera. In either case do not allow too great a body of colour to accumulate on the canvas, as size when thick is liable to crackle in drying. It can be removed with a sponge and warm water.

For the painting of faces and hands, especially in portraiture, size-tempered colour is neither so convenient nor so tractable as egg, which more readily lends itself to delicate drawing and modelling.

When parts of a painting are executed in egg-tempera and parts in size, the latter should always be painted on the bare canvas, and in joining the edges, the edges of the egg-tempered portions should be painted up to, and, where necessary, over the edges of the portions in size, and never *vice versâ*.

As the size must be used warm, a water-bath is necessary: a flat metal dish or small tray, filled with water, and supported over a flame that is just sufficient to keep the water moderately warm. If it is very hot it dries up the colours and size.

Across this water-bath, a sheet of glass or a white tile can be placed, and on this the colours are mixed with the size as required, these being, as before described, ground in water. To save time and trouble, you should have a pot of size of the required strength standing in a part of the water-bath not covered by the glass or tile. Where a considerable quantity of a tint is required to be spread at once, it will be well to substitute small saucers or jars standing in the water-bath for the latter.

Brushes.

In the inlay of a tempera painting (when it is necessary to fill the grain of the canvas) in large, flat spaces, or vigorously handled passages where prepared tones (which can be laid in their places at once) are employed, hog-hair brushes can be used.

In passages of delicate modelling sables must have the preference, as the moist surface of a tempera painting is somewhat tender, and repeated touches with a hog-hair brush would be rather apt to break the layer of paint and lift it from the canvas: moreover, the brush should never be very fully charged, unless in the inlay or for finishing touches of a decisive character.

Varnishing.

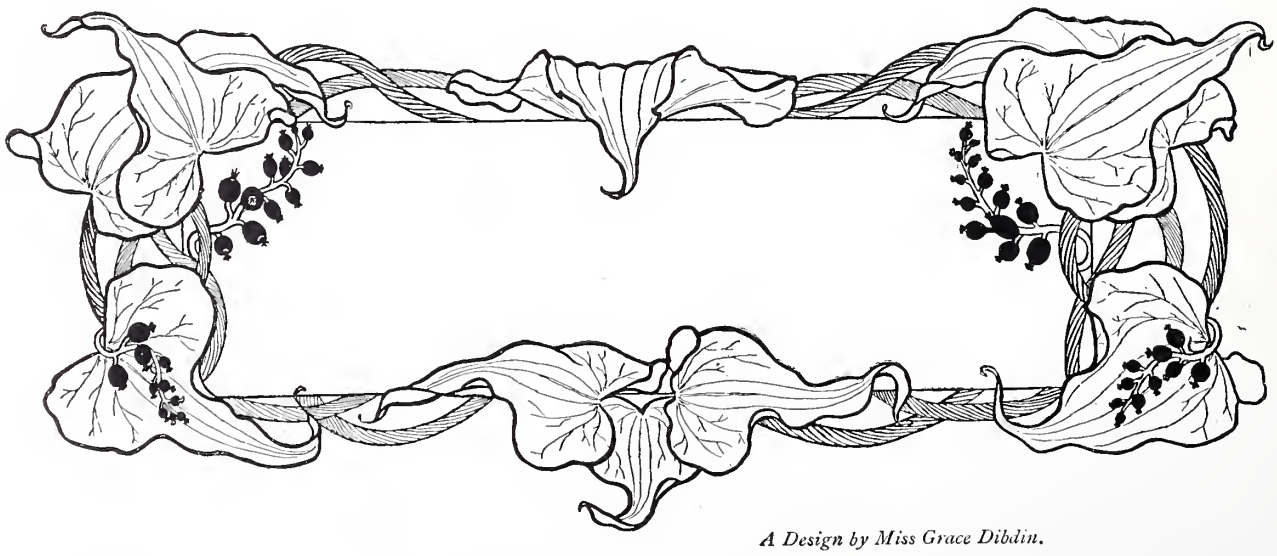
The last process, in tempera as in oil painting, is varnishing; this, whether the tempera is merely a preparation for oil painting or whether the picture is completed in tempera.

Cennini lays great stress on the necessity of keeping the picture for at least a year after completion before varnishing; a condition that, as it might not be without risk in our climate, may require to be modified to suit our atmospheric environment. In my experience, three months of summer weather cause all the gloss to disappear from the surface of a tempera painting; and when this change has taken place the colours would probably begin to be deleteriously affected by the influences of impure air. However, the effect of a year of such exposure remains to be ascertained by experiment.

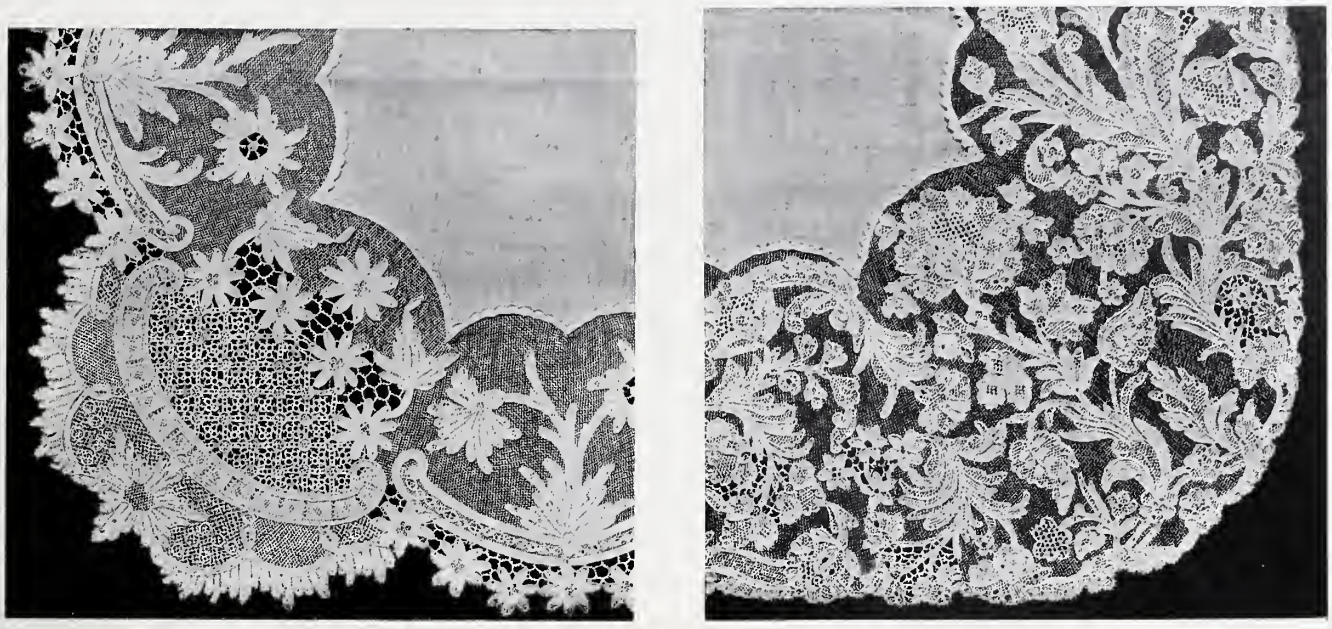
I have used Winsor and Newton's picture copal varnish (which seems on the whole to be all that could be desired), as well as M. Vibert's *vernis à tableaux*, which is certainly whiter than copal varnish, but would, I fear, make a tempera picture too brittle, without some addition of oil. Mr. Petrie has used successfully a mixture of these two varnishes, which at once obviates this objection to the *vernis* and lightens the copal varnish.

Care should be taken to dust the picture before varnishing (it cannot be washed), and to protect it from dust till the varnish is dry. The picture and varnish should be slightly warmed.

Ugolin Allan.



A Design by Miss Grace Dibdin.



No. 1.—Burano Laces.
Lent by Baroness Salvadori from H.M. Queen Margherita's Schools.

OF 'KERCHIEFS.

MA foi! we should be but badly off for *chroniques scandaleuses* were it not for the aid of that so necessary appendage, our *mouchoir de poche!*

From the days of D'Artagnan, when his Gascon perversity wrought such ructions over the scrap of lace and cambric he so sighed to rescue from beneath the spurred heel of his future friend, down to the "Court Scandal" of our own day, they have played a most important part. Court Scandal? Nay! no *double entente*, I protest. 'Tis but one of the best-staged pieces seen of late years, a mirror upon the boards of the Court Theatre of the manners of the golden days long since departed, when the "clouded cane" received scarcely less careful handling than that so dainty bit of Mechlin held out by Dubois to that boy, the Duc de Richelieu, his master.

And Marie Antoinette? whose 'kerchiefs, whether for hand or neck, come to us with her name. It is the grasp of her 'kerchief which one's eye memory brings up in the well-known picture of her progress to the scaffold — that grasp which the schoolgirl in "Queechy" (even that is old world now) never could attain to. She held it by its middle, showing all four corners at once, much to the woe of the tableau manager.

Monsieur de Rostand, in his "Cyrano de Bergerac," knows the value of the 'kerchief to the full, and uses it with skill.

"Pray open the hand which holds your handkerchief," says Carbon to Roxane, and when she, suffering from the feminine vices of obedience and curiosity, asks "Why?" as she lets it fall, he answers as he rescues it from the too great eagerness of his men: "My company had no flag! But now, my faith! they will have the fairest in all the camp." Says Roxane, in daintier phraseology, but identical with the schoolboy's contemptuous "all show and very little blow"—"'Tis somewhat small!"

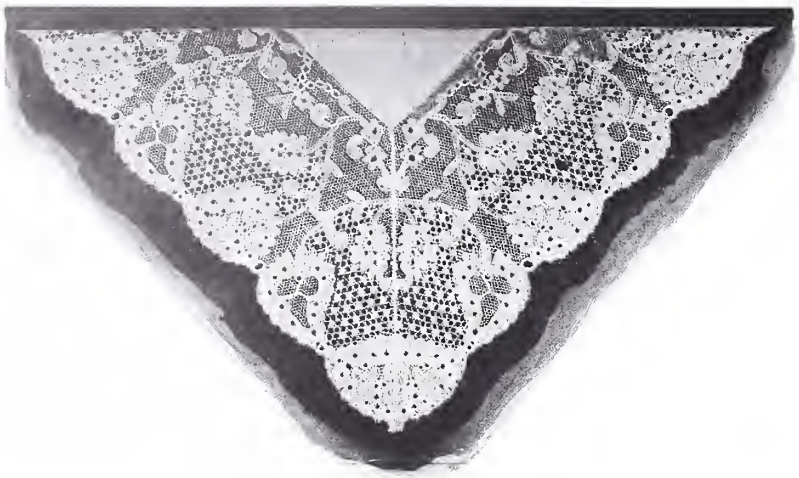
However, Carbon is with me to-day, for he answers, "But 'tis of lace," and so are mine, mostly.

What love stories, what history, ay! and what tragedies, too, are not rolled up in a 'kerchief! Mine to-day are full of them, and so is one's heart, as looking at the magnificence of the Burano laces our thoughts fly to that *chapelle ardente* where, as one writes, the chapters of a tragedy are unfolding themselves; where the Queen who knew so well how to "sow the good" is learning the bitterness of the "harvest of ingratitude." Who knows, to turn momentarily to a sister art, that lovely but departed old melody "the deadman's chant"? The refrain of it resounds in my ears as I write "upon his burial day." Sad is it to think but of the murder of King Humbert as one chronicles the good deeds of his consort, and all she has done for the art to which I am *dévote*. Good friend and champion of our country that he was,



No. 2.—'Kerchief which belonged to Queen Charlotte.

England can ill spare King Humbert now; and not in great matters only was he our ally and helper. Our modern painters owe it to Italy's Royal pair that



No. 3.—Pillow Lace made in Oxfordshire.

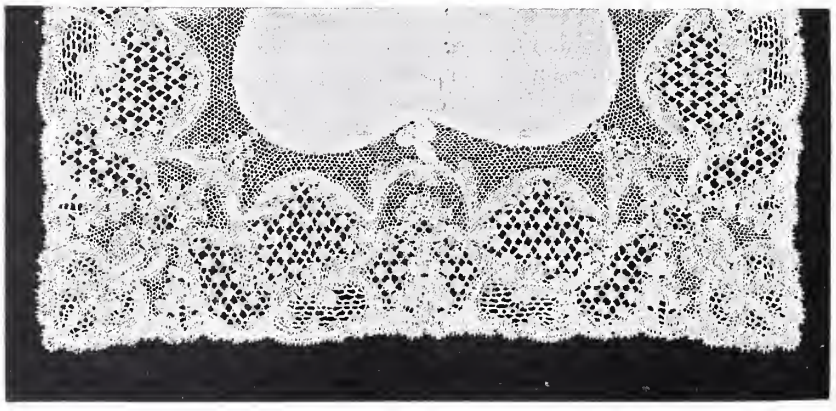
specimens of our country's best work, notably a picture of Mr. Frank Bramley's, will be able to hold their own for all time in the gallery recently built by them at Venice.

Full of pathos is the history of the 'kerchief to the left of the head-piece. Reproduced from one of Queen Margherita's laces, it was of this same pattern that Queen Hélène's *parure* for her wedding-day was made; she wearing the handiwork of the country of her adoption, as our English Royal ladies wear our English laces. Overweighted with the burden of its honours is the hankie to the right, and it is always "*Sa Majesté la Reine d'Italie*" who delights to honour the labours of her countrywomen by repeatedly giving them as *cadeaux de noces*.

Lying together, these two laces are specially interesting. They show that while the Burano women are careful and accurate copyists of the old Point d'Argentan, they put into their Burano Point an impress all their own. This is the more remarkable since they copy to-day what their ancestors taught. The making of the laces which took the names of Argentan and Alençon was introduced into France under Louis XIV. by importing lacemakers from Italy. A story we all know. As we study the work of the two schools we note the differences, trifling though they be. The flower design of the Royal wedding veil is closer in the *toilé* or cloth work, and the open spaces of the copied Argentan to the right are larger and more varied in their fillings than in the Burano Point. This last has the meshes of its *réseau* squarer than that of the Argentan, and running in longitudinal rather than diagonal lines.

Of the two 'kerchiefs disposed as the tail-piece, one says of that to the right Point d'Argentan at a glance. Why? The *grand bride* there in the circle forming the *réseau* to the groups of flowers. Yes, I know this stitch, and its name has not the *entrée* to some modern lace literature; nevertheless, it is the one distinction which, if recognised, saves one from going a-tripping in our laces. That hexagonal *réseau* or ground, each side formed of innumerable button-hole stitches, is the very thing which our fastidious great-grandmothers cut out of their heirlooms on the ground that it was coarse!—gave it e'en, 'tis whispered, to the children for their dolls. What! they who were so thrifty? Yes—cut and tore away the worth of a king's ransom! Had we but known the story when their day and ways was the text for a lecturette on thrift! But then—the story to the point, like *l'idée de l'escalier*, is rarely there till we have turned our backs.

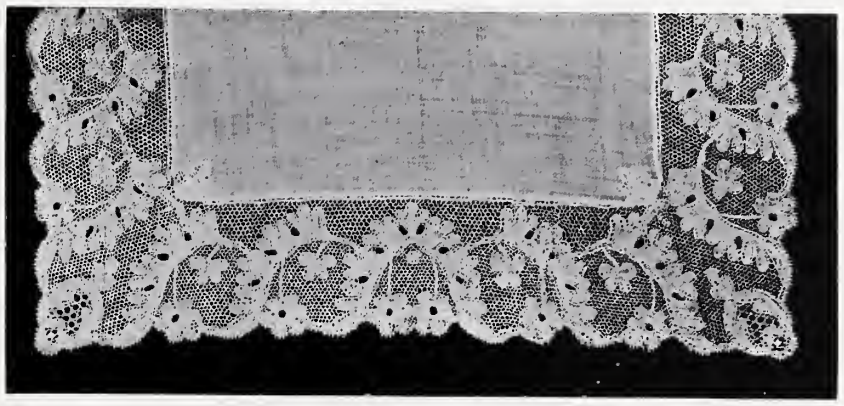
In Chinese fashion I have read the tail-piece from the right, and that which lies there was copied from the design of a large volant of lace once the property of Cardinal de Retz, now that of Queen Margherita. One would know it again in a minute by the frequency of the *point d'esprit*, this being far more a pillow than a needle stitch as a rule. Its fillings and those of its neighbour to the left have a curious affinity; but the ancient model is the richer and more varied of the two. The Crown is that of a Prussian Princess, so also the monogram. Point de Burano is this—see its square mesh; but its ancestry is very evidently Point d'Alençon. The tiny sprays scattered over the *réseau* say this somewhat decidedly, although one cannot quite tell from a photograph whether each petal possess the concave surface which is a speciality of that lace. But all these, and I know not how many more sent to me by Baroness Salvadori, come from the same Royal and loyal efforts of Queen Margherita's school. The work which has resulted in the giving to our own generation such exquisite proofs that in Italy the art of lacemaking is no longer dead, is one the greatness of which it is hard to estimate, and one prays that in a continuance of such a work the widowed Queen, "*povera donna*," as she herself so touchingly put it, will in time find distraction from a sorrow which nothing can permanently cure.



No. 4.—Pillow Lace made in Buckinghamshire.

And so for one half-minute one thinks perhaps terrible things of a land where such deeds can be. For a minute only, for the history of our own country gives us a tragedy

as terrible, turning the thrill of pride into sadness at the recollection. A tragedy whose story comes down to our own day, told tangibly by a 'kerchief only. Charles I. gave on the scaffold his lace-edged 'kerchief to *his* friend, a far-off link in the family of a friend of my own, and I hoped to show it here. But alas! there are, to parody Mr. Traill, "minor" tragedies, and the fateful words "Sold at Christie's" often end the story of one of these. For, far-reaching as her search has been, Honolulu, even, being mentioned in its course, no trace of the original can she discover. That it was a most exquisite example I know from her own copy of it, which will appear anon in its proper place amongst many beauties wrought by modern amateurs.



No 5.—Pillow Lace made in Buckinghamshire.

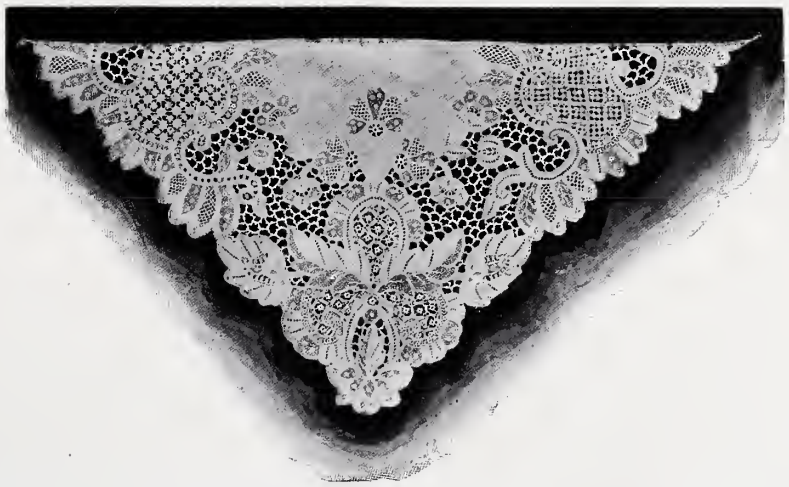
Yet another Royal 'kerchief can I show (No. 2), kindly lent me by Mrs. Theodore Bent. It was once on a day the property of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and reads us a lesson down this length of years in the art of "contriving"—of how even Royalty, when things were scarce and precious, managed to "make them do."

Each row, although of the same kind of lace, is of a different pattern. And here Her Majesty has my profound sympathy, not only on the success of her venture, for it requires minute inspection to note the differences, but that she solved the question as I do. Unlike "liquor" there are times when lace *must* be mixed, and the Queen has mixed, as I do, the *patterns* though not the *kind*. Even a tiny scrap used to complete her purpose, and not much more than a hand's-breadth in length, has a different, and in some ways more beautiful, pattern than the longer lengths.

The *kind* is old Valenciennes of the sort of which one knows so many lovely lappets. But lace, like man, plays in its turn many parts, for I believe this has ere now been chronicled as "Old Bucks." Much as one would love to claim such beauty as our own, the ground forbids all hopes of it. It is not of Ypres and Courtrai—the ground of their Valenciennes has a square mesh; not of Bruges—that is round, but *vrai réseau*, so prized as a mark of the real and old Valenciennes itself.

Next to Royalties, and as I am—it is the words of the old Bidding Prayer, in which the 'Varsity preacher calls down blessings upon his own particular hostel or college—"in special duty bound," I place my own English laces, to show what we are capable of doing in the way of "hankies." No. 3 will hold its own with any beauty of any land. A picture gives no notion of its exquisite softness of finish or fineness of work and thread. There is a peculiarity in the numerous little round open spaces which smacks of the pin-holes in the old tape laces. The perfection of the cloth work is thereby proven. The tendency of the English and Lille laces, the second being the original model for the first, is to surround every open space with the gimp or outlining thread. Here they are left without effort, and with much evenness; a difficult matter in such very fine thread, the old tape laces, whence the pin-holes come, being made in much coarser vein.

The pity of this design (there's mostly a pity somewhere) is the very apparent join at the corners; but thereby hangs a tale. The corners differ; the alternating sprays of what was originally a flounce of great beauty, and of which I possess a variety of old parchments, being used in their production. It is in these niceties such as the making or joining of corners, whenever they turn up, that our English fingers fail. But one cannot carp at such really good work, and the wide expanse of *point de chant* or *fond chant, anglicé* flats, and by me called chequers, which fills the corner shown, turns one's mood into softness. Wherever these crop up reality reigns, and it is one of the few stitches which for the most part the machinist has let severely alone. One is always finding close cousinhoods in all the arts, and the effect of these flats in lace is much the same as the curiously-glazed purplish black bricks with which Elizabethan architects were wont to checker a red-brick building, and which I find in my various coaching and driving tours into lace



No. 6.—Needle Point, made in the Convent of Youghal, Ireland.

districts as remote from cities as they are from railways. Alas! that the last three years should find them fallen to the fuss and flurry of the motor car!

In No. 4, though we who know make our bow to the same stitch, it is by no means so good or so true, neither is the clothwork correct; nothing is so good. My starting-point was the lessons which lie in a "hankie," and this is full of them. In itself it is beautiful, or ought to be so, but knowing my stitches and my worker, the small square spells idleness to the naked eye! That idleness which is spreading over our country like moss, choking its arts and industries, and making it a place to be shunned. Take horticulture, the huge old Inn gardens for the most part lying fallow like farms. "Salad? No 'm! comes from London to-morrow 'm," or that art, perhaps the rarest of all at present, the culinary—"Cream Cheese, 'm? no 'm, not made about here now, 'm. Get you one from London to-morrow." And so with my "hankie," idleness uses half-stitch, known to Brussels workers as *point de gaze*, as needing fewer bobbins, fewer movements of the fingers, and the sooner the folding of the hands to sleep. So also with the "five pin," with the "plait" or *point d'esprit* introduced, which makes the filling known as the "beehive," a triumph of the good worker when evenly done. It is by the same token this very filling which entraps the unwary into the notion that some of the laces of this ilk are *à brides*, and tempts them to take from England laces which are hers alone.



No. 7.—Summer 'Kerchief, worn early in the Nineteenth Century.

No. 5 is known as Queen Elizabeth's pattern, though, of course, it dates far later than Gloriana's day. The pin-holes which here show how they ought *not* to be done, have a more deliberate border than those in No. 3. The larger holes, which are most effective, are but openings in the leaf pattern, and are surrounded as *à l'ordinaire* with gimp. The beauty of this square is that it can be finished entirely on the pillow, and show no apparent join.

And so to my Irish 'kerchief (No. 6). Fain would I, in remembrance of a recent controversy, speak of Irish and English as one. But I must be cautious in the matter of controversies. And yet that good Mr. Critic who wrote so evidently from the title alone of my last article on Design—missing even the very first paragraph, which deprecated my adherence to the weaker side in the Century Dispute—will certainly not get down so far as this in my present article—so no matter! But for the Irish themselves? Whichever side the blood of the Emerald Isle—which, blest be the powers, runs in my veins, though many generations gone—leads me to take, they can't "jalouse" my pen, which shall soothly swear was never lace so fine and fair. In England we produce nothing like it. Possibly because we have not tried! At any rate, the only work I know which comes anywhere near it is the *Point d'Angleterre*, made at Exeter by Miss Herbert's workers. This is exquisite, but without the Italian effect, albeit many of the same modes are used, as in the piece I show, lent by Mrs. Cooke Yarborough, of the Irish Industries Depôt, in Motcomb Street, S.W. There is the *bride picotée*, the *grand bride* of whose praises my pen never wearies, and the *œil de perdrix* filling, with another mode which I do not remember in any foreign lace. It is an incessant enlacement of threads which produces the effect of a thickened spider's web. The sides alternate as in the specimen shown, in the style of my own industry, thus making two different corners. The mounting on to the lawn leaves nothing to be wished for; but I have noted aforetime the fact that in the art of the needle the Irish are proficient. Very possibly the conditions under which they work more nearly approach those of the foreign nations.

For the most part our English women work at home, their labours being under the influence of the worries inseparable from domestic duties, and with little convenience in their surroundings in the matter of light. This needle-point was made at Youghal, under the supervision of the nuns, who in their convent there are able to give the workers much comfort, such as one meets in like lace schools abroad. They sit in winter in large, well-warmed, well-lighted rooms, and in the summer under the lovely trees in the convent gardens. So that by comparison, the conditions of labour are idyllic, and almost equal to foreign lace schools in their palmiest days.

And as I write of Ireland I remember how a 'kerchief helped her versatile son, Sterne, in one of his most pathetic episodes—one which would have been nowhere without it. Like Télémaque and Calypso, he and his reigning inamorata appear to have spent much time in "*versant des torrents de larmes*," and they had between them but one 'kerchief—but then the first couple had no hankies at all!

No. 7 a lace handkerchief? Well no, but it has strayed here from the 'kerchief point of view of my title. See! 'tis of 'kerchiefs that I write; they were demanded of my somewhat unwilling pen, and so it e'en must stay. Specially when I know that she who wore it, two, if not three, generations past placed it round her shoulders in the summers, whose cycle must have been again upon us in this very year of grace and heat. Summers then, when, as now, fair maidens wore their throats *au naturel*, and she, possibly more advanced in years, if still fair, wore this cotton fabric as a small shawl. Look, I pray you, also at the dainty design, full, easy flowing, and yet not a scrap too much, and as conventional as you please.

How was it made, then? For the colours which photo-

graphy as yet refuses to show, are as bright and clear as ever. How about our "washing" fabrics now, or dare I say our dyes and our laundries? But it is my lot always to disinter arts which are apparently dead and buried, and moreover to leave my gentle readers generally with a riddle to read me or a nut to crack!

And the natural end of a 'kerchief? How many of those dainty love-tokens, his lady's 'kerchief, or her gloves, carried so proudly in his crest, did her knight bring home from the wars? Few indeed, one dare swear. And yet, so he came himself safe and sound, little recked she, one is sure.

But keeping to the literary lines of our departure, there is yet a sadder side, for often the end of 'kerchiefs, lace and other, is but the capacious maw of the pick-pocket.

Who does not remember, even in a day that has written itself down as a deserter of Dickens and his works, the lay figure which hung in the School of Art of picking pockets belonging to one Fagan in the days of "Oliver Twist"—how from its swinging and therefore life-like coat-tails, the young idea was taught to take the 'kerchiefs?

And further back to the 1640 of Cyrano's day, so does Monsieur Rostand assure us the art was taught, and that most thoroughly, and altogether for the sake of lace.

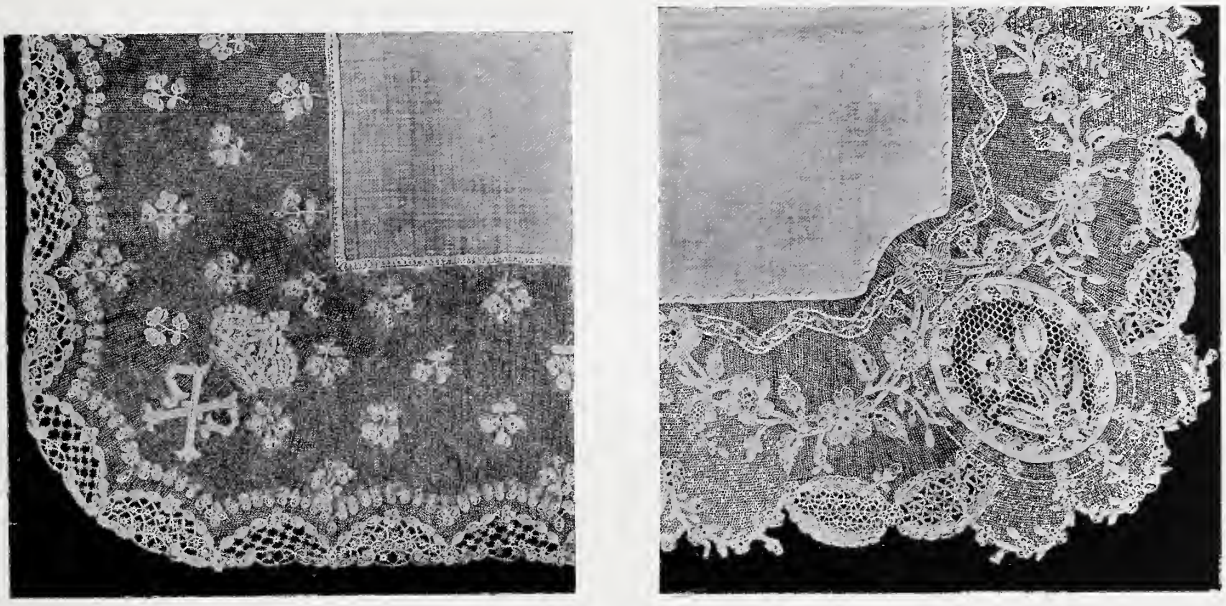
"Have a care above all of the lace knee ruffles; cut them off," says the teacher of the art, then—

"Thus for handkerchiefs."

And as we began with a play, so is it fitting to end with a stage direction, which suits the action to the word:—

"*Making a gesture of one who pulls something stealthily with little jerks,*" which, if successful, ended in the final exit of the 'kerchief.

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



No. 8.—Burano Laces.
Lent by Baroness Salvadori from H.M. Queen Margherita's Schools.

THE RUBY.

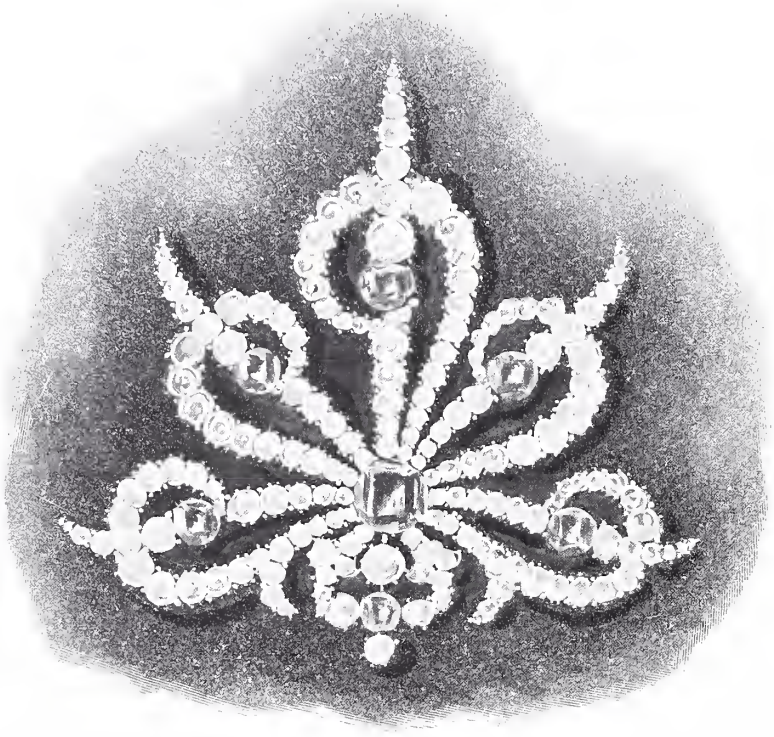
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. WEST AND SON, DUBLIN.

ALTHOUGH the diamond is steadily rising in price, it has not yet attained the distinction of being more valuable than the ruby. This beautiful gem has always commanded very high prices, mainly owing to the fact that the supply, particularly of fine specimens, is very limited. The term "ruby" is apt to be misleading unless qualified by some prefix denoting the source of origin, as it is commonly applied to six different varieties classified as follows according to their value: (1) Burmah, (2) Siam, (3) Ceylon, (4) Spinel, (5) Balas, (6) Cape. From Burmah we obtain our very finest and most highly prized specimens, but the supply is so limited and competition for possession so keen that it is impossible to fix any scale of value. A fine ruby will fetch two or three times the price of a diamond of similar size, weight, and quality. The mines of Burmah are a royal monopoly, and all fine stones are ordered to be retained for the King's treasury. Some are occasionally smuggled away, but it is a process attended with much danger, for any native found in possession of a stone is given no opportunity of accounting for its presence, but immediately loses his head as a punishment. The mines are rigorously guarded and every precaution is taken to prevent stones leaving the country except through the sovereign ruler, and thus only a very limited number find their way to the European markets. The discovery of a particularly larger stone is usually made the occasion for a great and imposing ceremonial, and the gem is escorted to its resting-place in the treasure-house by a procession of grandees accompanied by soldiers and elephants. One of the titles of the King of Burmah is Lord of the Rubies.

The finest Burmah rubies have a colour almost peculiarly their own, which is not seen, except in ex-

tremely rare instances, in stones of the remaining classes. It is most commonly known as "pigeon's blood," and is a pure, deep, rich red. At night, or by candle light, the stone seems to be a mass of lurid flame, and blazes forth in magnificent and dazzling beauty. It is seen at its best, however, when surrounded by a circlet of diamonds, its rich colour standing out in fine contrast to the gleaming white of the diamond.

It is a singular fact that all coloured stones are greatly enhanced in beauty when used in a combination with diamonds. The pure white throws out the special colour of any particular stone, and, in addition, tends to increase its brilliancy and effectiveness. No blending of any two other colours has yet produced so effective a contrast or such a harmonious result. Nature herself uses various colours in one combination and presents us with a pleasing result. We, however, are unable to take a leaf out of her book when dealing with gems, as any attempt to combine coloured stones has usually ended unsatisfactorily. The various colours seem to stand out so defiantly that it is impossible to bring them into harmony. Nature gives us red and green in a flower, yet no one would hope to use a ruby and an emerald together and produce an equally artistic result. Unfortunately we are not at liberty to experiment very far in this direction, as the supply of fine coloured stones is so very limited that we only use them in combinations that are known to realise the best effects.



Honeysuckle Corsage Brooch.

The rubies of Siam are next in value and importance to those of Burmah. As a general rule they are quite distinct in colouring, being of a light browny red; occasionally a stone is found so nearly approaching a Burmah gem in colour as to cause even experts to differ as to its classification. The Siam ruby is largely used by modern jewellers on account of its more reasonable price and regular supply.



Cluster and Scroll Head Comb.

Coloured stones are exceedingly difficult to manipulate in an ornament, as they are found in such a variety of shades. The difference is not apparent when stones are examined separately, but when they are brought in comparison the slightest variation in shade is at once detected, and "matching up" thus becomes

a tedious business. From a large parcel of stones it is comparatively easy to find three or four of the same shade of colour, but when the number of stones is limited the task becomes exceedingly difficult. Burmah rubies, on account of their scarcity, are troublesome stones in this respect, but those of Siam, being in greater profusion, render the work easier.

Ceylon, at times, supplies a few fine rubies which are found in the beds of rivers; the blue variety, the sapphire, is, however, more frequently met with. The Spinel and Balas rubies are not really rubies at all, though resembling them greatly in colour—so much so in fact that many have been sold to the inexperienced as the true oriental ruby. They are found chiefly in Ceylon and Afghanistan.

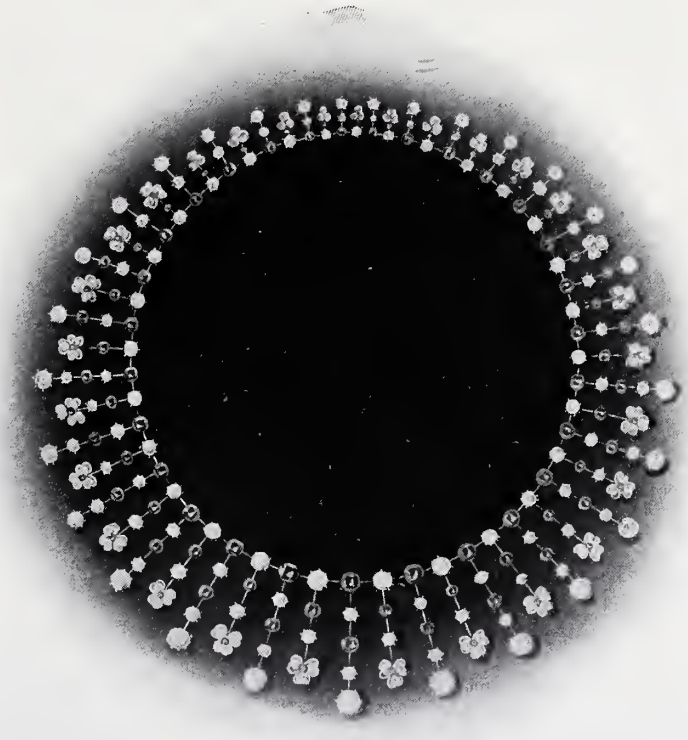
The stones known as Cape rubies are the least valuable of all, being in reality only common garnets. They are brought to the surface during the mining operations for diamonds, and are usually presented in their natural state as souvenirs to anyone visiting the mines. At the time, doubtless, the recipients place great value on them, but a visit to a jeweller or a lapidary soon causes them to alter their opinions. It is certainly hardly likely that even a wealthy mining corporation would distribute valuables in such a lavish fashion.

The ruby was greatly esteemed by the ancients, who believed that it possessed powers over evil thoughts and wicked spirits, and that it was likewise a charm against plague and poison. There are still in existence some cameos engraved on this stone, dating about 500 B.C., the highest period of Greek Art. Mention of the ruby is made in the Old Testament, both in Proverbs and the Book of Job, and from this source we gather that it was highly esteemed even at that time, for Solomon likens the value of a good woman as being "far above rubies."

Very little is known about the King of Burmah's collection, but it is only reasonable to suppose that it contains some fine specimens. In the East, however, stones are left more in their natural state, being usually cut *en cabochon*, that is, without facets, like a carbuncle. By this means the stone retains something approaching its original size, but its beauty is not enhanced. The European or "diamond" cutting, though reducing the bulk of the stone, imparts to it a brilliancy and beauty which quite compensate for any diminution in size.

At the present time we are reverting to a custom of the ancients, who made particular stones sacred to each month, and called them Zodiac stones. Anyone whose birthday occurs in December will be rejoiced to know that the ruby under Capricorn is their "month stone," and governs all their doings. The superstitious, therefore, will be well-advised to secure one of these beautiful gems, and thus free themselves from all evil spirits, plagues, poisons and the like. Paris is the chief market for rubies, the finest specimens usually finding their way into the hands of French brokers. As London practically controls the diamond market, one would naturally suppose that the other gems would follow in the same direction. It is a singular fact, however, that we are very slow to appreciate the merits of any stone other than a diamond. It seems to exercise a magical influence over the average Englishwoman, whose one idea for ornaments is *diamonds*. The artistic taste that enables our Continental neighbours to appreciate the beauties of all coloured gems and pearls, is lacking in the Anglo-Saxon character. It is greatly to be feared that many of our countrywomen adorn themselves with jewellery, not from any appreciation of its beauty, but because it gives them an opportunity of making an ostentatious display of riches. And for a similar reason, coloured stones will never be generally worn in this country, because the wearer would not receive credit for their true value.

Scientists have effectually demonstrated that it is possible to produce diamonds by chemical processes, but the experiments are far too costly, and stones thus manufactured can never compete in price with those obtained naturally. Rubies, however, are more amenable to chemical treatment, and at the present time scientists in Paris are assisting Nature in the production of fine stones. They are able to take a quantity of small rubies of varying qualities, and from them "reconstruct" a fairly large-sized stone of good colour and brilliancy. These "reconstructed" stones formed the subject of a very interesting discussion among gem dealers not long ago, experts being evenly divided in their opinions; some declaring that such stones could be detected with the greatest facility, while others stated that it was almost impossible to tell them from a natural stone, and that, even after submitting them to several tests, they were in doubt as to their origin. Experiments in manufacturing rubies are, however, frequently disappointing, as the operator cannot foretell which colour will be produced, red or blue; the latter, the sapphire of commerce, being of course far less valuable. This process of reconstruction is, at present, only carried on in a very limited way, and has not yet had any material effect on the commercial value of the ruby.



Trefoil and Collet Drop Necklet.

G. W. THORNLEY.



The Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts, at the Paris Exhibition.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

THE Paris Exhibition of 1900 is now a thing of the past. The magnificent perspectives of the Invalides, of the Rue des Nations, and of the Champ de Mars are in course of demolition.

It may be of interest, therefore, to review briefly a few of the most striking and lasting impressions left by this now historic effort of all nations, and to record the progress made since last they met in friendly rivalry.

Perhaps the greatest source of gratification which the visitor to the Exhibition will experience, is the thought, that by far the finest parts of the Exhibition will remain as permanent monuments to the greatness of the efforts made in the year 1900, by the French Government and people.



A Street in "La Tunisie," at the Paris Exhibition.

The Grand Palais, the Petit Palais, and the Pont Alexandre III., will serve to remind all future visitors to Paris that the scope of the Exhibition of 1900 was greater, in the best sense of the word, than that of any previous Exhibition, and destined to bear more lasting fruits in the future for the benefit of the Art-loving public.

The Petit Palais alone would have assured the attainment of this end. Its superb exterior lines and proportions, together with its beautiful interior, containing many of the



The Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, from the Pont Alexandre III., at the Paris Exhibition.

choicest treasures of French retrospective Art, mark, unquestionably, an accomplishment not realised by any previous International Exhibition.

If we add to this the effect produced by the stately "Grand Palais," with all the attractions of its various façades (especially remembering that of the Avenue d'Antin, so little known to the public), and if, finally, we bear in mind the brilliant engineering and artistic triumph attained by the designers of the Pont Alexandre III., we shall becompelled toacknowledge the fact that no other Exhibition has left to the world such a rich artistic heritage.

The Paris Exhibition special extra numbers of THE ART JOURNAL form by far the most complete record in any language of the results attained in matters relating to Art. The painter and sculptor, the decorator of our public buildings and of our private houses, the skilled craftsman, and the art manufacturer, will each find, within these pages, the most reliable information on the subjects which interest him.



The Palais du Génie Civil (Pavilion d'Angle), at the Paris Exhibition.

The scope of the publication is such as to embrace the interests of all concerned in the great movements which are taking place in all branches of artistic work.

Treating first of the exteriors of the stately palaces forming the great perspectives of the Exhibition, we are shown, little by little, most of the details of these exteriors, destined unfortunately, if it were not for such reminders as our illustrations afford, to become memories only.

We can then study, in the pages of this work, all the most important features of the interiors of the buildings. Finally, we can consider in detail the marvellous collections of pictures, sculpture and art treasures shown by all nations, together with the "last word" spoken by the artistic manufacturers of the world.

There can be no question that a work such as this



The Prince of Wales' Pavilion in the Rue des Nations, at the Paris Exhibition.



General View of the Trocadero Part of the Paris Exhibition.

must be of the very greatest utility to the lover of Art, whether he be painter or sculptor, designer or art manufacturer.

The Paris Exhibition has brought together, in such a manner as to invite comparison and criticism, the art workers of all nations and of every school. Surely an opportunity such as this deserves the attention of everyone interested in artistic progress, and we venture to think that in these pages the most complete and exhaustive record has been made of just those subjects of which students of Art require a record.

No effort has been spared to attain this end. The principal feature of such a publication is, naturally, its illustrations, and these are of the very best, and their reproduction has been done in a manner in which neither care nor expense has been stinted. The plates, which have been prepared with special care, comprehend a wide range of subject and form in themselves a collection of the greatest interest.

In turning over the pages of this volume we are struck with the enormous educational influence which this great Exhibition must have exercised on the world.



The Pavilion of the late Transvaal Republic, at the Paris Exhibition.

This, of course, has been always apparent to those who have visited with intelligence the Exhibition itself. But to the vast numbers of our countrymen, to whom, from various reasons, this privilege was denied, such a work as the present volume comes as a reminder of the bond which unites all art-loving peoples. For this reason we cannot too heartily commend the enterprise of the publishers, and the sincere and whole-hearted efforts of the compilers, of such a work.

We see in these pages the marvellous effects produced by the French nation, who are masters of spectacular art. We can study the advance made by Germany in art matters, the superb works of the ancient art workers of Spain, the exquisite taste shown in the modern Austrian school of decoration, the most recent developments in the art of Japan. We are moreover astonished by the wonderful displays by many of the minor nations of the earth.

Side by side with all these we can study the best examples of our own national arts and manufactures, and surely such an opportunity of comparison is exceptional, and cannot but be beneficial.

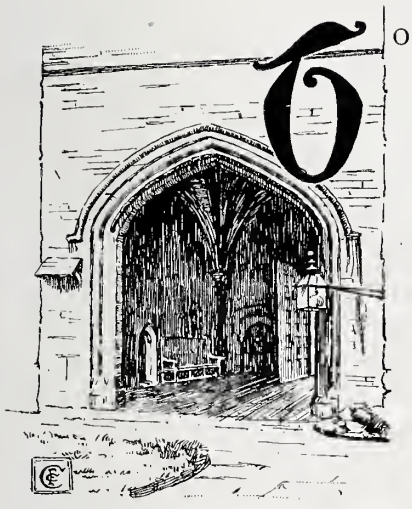


The Seine.—With the Rue des Nations and the Palaces of Horticulture.



Lambeth Palace from the Garden.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

LAMBETH PALACE.



TO some half-dozen brick and stone towers stained and worn by time and tide, but still fit and strong, stuck without seeming plan over a small piece of ground; in the midst a Hall, like that of a smaller Inn of Court; at the upstream end a parish church, at the downstream end a glimpse of chapel windows, under roofs, and walls, and turrets: thus your impression of Lambeth Palace as you float down the river. Though the home for long centuries of the Archbishops of Canterbury, you would scarce call it "Palace." You learn without surprise that "House" was its earlier and truer name, since only in Canterbury can the Archbishops have a Palace at all. It looks small beside many of the huge buildings "that either side the river lie," towering far above its modest summits—yet how venerable, how dignified, how winning! Does it contrast with rather than fit into its surroundings? Theirs is the blame. But destroy the work of fifty years, replace the embankment by wharves and huts; for steamers let some barges drift past, their sails red in the sunlight. Then you have the effect—picturesque, pleasing, mildly majestic—of the Lambeth House of other days.

Odd thing, isn't it, that Augustine's successors should have made their home so far from their own city? How many of our English ways seem odd! But go back far enough, and you come upon reasons sufficient. Here you must go back a very long way, even to Archbishop Baldwin in the twelfth century. Then the monks of the Priory of Christchurch in Canterbury, favoured as they were by the Popes, were almost too much for the Archbishops. Indeed, they claimed the election, and Baldwin wished to get clean away from them. His efforts after a place at Lambeth were not quite happy, but his successors persevered, got firmly settled, and have stuck here ever since. Lambeth nowadays is not far from Canterbury, and my Lord Archbishop takes the train like meaner folk; but then he went with a great company of knights, and squires, and men-at-arms, and priests, and servants, and he spent many days on the journey, lodging each night in one of his own manor-houses; where he with his crew made such a pother and was such a cost, that I fear his visitation was far from that of the welcome guest.

But let us take a stroll through. You go in by Morton's Gate Tower, a great arch flanked by two square towers. Morton was Archbishop, Lord Cardinal, and Lord High Chancellor in Henry VII.'s time, when he built this fine gate of brick and stone about 1480. Wonderful way they had of working then! the stone and brick are as firm and good as if put up yesterday, and the wood lining you come across throughout the place has got quite an everlasting look and touch about it. Note that lead pipe to drain off the rainwater—well, that is Morton's too, stamped with his rebus, and still in daily use, still in perfect condition! Above the gateway is a little cupboard; this sufficed the Cardinal, great man as he was, for a bedroom, though the very poorest among us would scorn it now. At this gate for many a long day the Lambeth dole was distributed. In the old medieval times, when the Archbishop dined in his great Hall with his household, they went out, sometimes *he* went out *in propriâ personâ*, and brought in poor neighbours and set them at table with himself, where they ate their fill, and then the age grew more picked, and officers distributed the meat and drink at the gate. A nice rumpus there was! The sturdy and valiant beggar got his own share and his neighbour's too, since the rule was that *a certain person*, whom I should not like to name with Archbishops, was to take the hindmost. So

in the time of Archbishop Howley, some seventy years ago, this was stopped, but a sum of money is judiciously distributed to deserving folk, for the Archbishop of to-day is just as mindful of his poorer neighbours as were his old-time predecessors.

Now turn to the right for the great Hall. This is not the old great Hall whence More and Fisher went forth to their death, and where Cranmer had Bonner and Gardiner up before *him*, and where, a few years after, Gardiner and Bonner had Cranmer up before *them*. O no! all that went to the ground under the Commonwealth. Juxon, the first post-restoration Archbishop (you remember him as the Bishop who attended the elder Charles on the scaffold), rebuilt the Hall as near as might be on the ancient lines. It is since Archbishop Howley's time used to store the library, which Archbishop Bancroft founded near three centuries ago. There are all sorts of printed and written treasures, rare and beautiful, missals and manuscripts, all very freely open to the public. It has grown through the liberality of successive Archbishops—a sign that these were not unworthy of their trust, and yet it is whispered of one that *his* contributions were "a treatise on gout and a book on butterflies." As to the one, well! perhaps the port *was* a trifle generous for an elderly gentleman of sedentary habits,



The Lollards' and the Cranmer Towers, Lambeth Palace.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

and there is a Nemesis even for Archbishops; but how irrelevant the other!

Next is the guard room, where of old the guard stacked their arms ere they went to meat in the great Hall. It has been much changed, but there is still the fine old roof. Now it is the State Banqueting Hall—the hospitality of Lambeth has long been famous. Pepys dining there in Archbishop Sheldon's time fairly smacks his lips over the repast. "Exceeding good cheer, nowhere better or so much, that ever I saw." And the guests of to-day would, you may be sure, tell the same story in more decorous fashion; but how much a comely and decent hospitality counts for with all men, be they priests or laymen, or how it may be turned to higher uses, is known to the heads of the Anglican Church better than to other men, for all this has been for centuries among the best traditions of Lambeth. In that Hall, too, are portraits of all the Archbishops since the Reformation, and those of some earlier. There is William Warham by Holbein, an antique monastic face, yet with a touch of the newer learning (you remember him as the intimate of Erasmus and More), and artistically a fine piece of work, though they valued it but at £5 in the sixteenth century. On another wall is Laud. The dull, heavy red face scarce shows Vandyck at his best, or is that wooden expression natural? Laud tells us in his diary (October 1642) that going into his study he found this picture "falling down upon the face, and lying upon the floor," a sad omen indeed of his coming doom! A brighter portrait is that of Secker, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the colour a little faded, but a lifelike, shrewd, and kindly face. Amidst so much that is interesting, you pick out, by mere hazard, one or two others. Here is Tenison, surnamed "The Rock." Burnett rather sneeringly gives the reason of his elevation: "He would do no harm." Well! that is one merit in an Archbishop, but nowadays, at any rate, we look for others. He soothed the last moments of Nell Gwynne and the Duke of Monmouth. Had any of his brethren so strange a pair of penitents?

A mass of red catches your eye and you turn to Cardinal Pole. It is a copy from one at Rome. How gentle the face, with its touches of high breeding and high blood! They cherish his memory at Lambeth, and they still show the fig trees (they bring forth at long intervals) grown from slips of trees he planted. A long room in the Palace is still known as his gallery, and they still tell of his kindness to unhappy folk in the Archbishop's prison. And yet, and yet! you remember the Martyrs' Field at Canterbury, and the noble men he handed over to the stake, just before his own and Queen Mary's death? Perhaps these contrasts were inevitable. The ruin of the old order killed *him* as surely as the fire did *them*. And he, too, was valiant and pious. Oh! the pity of it all.

We pass on to the Lollards' Tower—the extreme point farthest down and nearest to the stream. But at Lambeth you must use this popular name with bated breath, else you are gently but firmly corrected. The Lollards' Tower, you are reminded, was really a part of old St. Paul's. Yet Wycliffe appeared at Lambeth before Archbishop Sudbury, and though he went free by Royal Mandate, all his followers were not so fortunate, and some of them with

other heretics were probably confined here. The room on the ground floor is called the Post Room, from a wooden pillar in the centre. Antiquaries ridicule the idea that Lollards were tied thereto and whipped, though Archbishop Chicheley, who built the Tower about 1450, had thoughtfully provided this means of correction for erring thinkers. Laud's arms still adorn the wall; he had sent them to the College of Arms to be regilt, and they came back all spic and span (with, some antiquary notes, a fee of a guinea to pay) on the very day they haled him to the Tower! Here was the gate, now built up, giving access to the Thames in days when the river washed the walls of Lambeth. Then there was but one bridge, now called London Bridge, but then *the* bridge (for Lambeth Bridge really meant Lambeth Ferry) over the water, and the Archbishop had a barge, "a boat of noble shape," with the arms of the See emblazoned thereon, which stood ever ready to carry His Grace to Court, or Abbey, or Parliament. Archbishop Wake, who died in 1737, was the last who used this state barge. Through that water gate came a long succession of Kings and Queens of England and other famous folk to visit my Lord Archbishop. Through here came More and Fisher to confront the Council, Anne Boleyn to hear her marriage with Henry declared void, Essex after his mad rising to be received by Whitgift with "My Lord, I am concerned to see that time when you are brought here thus." Thence, too, Laud went comforted by the prayers of his poor neighbours to endure his last trial on earth. Alas! may be they were right to wall it up. At any rate, the archbishop goes no more by water. A steam-launch? a steam-boat? *Horresco referrens!* Yet *those* were scarce so great a shock to us as *this* to a former age. A diarist of 1547 notes "that the Archbishop that year did eat meat openly in Lent, in the Hall at Lambeth, the like of which was never seen since England was a Christian country."



Lambeth Palace from Lambeth Bridge.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

You mount the stair of the Water Tower to the room once a prison. Iron staples are still in the walls, and the heavy wooden boards that serve for panelling are still covered by curious or pious or pathetic expressions in Latin or English, and again you climb still higher by a narrow stair to the leads, whence you see the Archbishop's garden and terrace, and Archbishop's park, of late generously given to the London people, and there, too, a prominent object is the Victoria Tower. Just under you, but only visible from the river side, is a niche in the wall. Here stood the image of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and ships that passed up or down the river bent their flags before it, and the watermen took off their caps to it, till Bluff King Harry declared the saint a traitor to the Crown and made a rough end of his worship.

One word on the Chapel, in its way a perfect gem. It dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. It is all rich and rare, with carved oak and Purbeck marble and stained glass. Everything is beautiful and comely and decent to the smallest detail; everywhere is the mark of a perfect and quiet taste; here surely is the very shrine of the *via media anglicana*.

Old Prynne, the antiquary, said long ago of the windows in this chapel, that they were "gloriously painted." In the English of his time the words had a touch of sneer about them. Were he to see the glass that to-day fills the panes, he would possibly have some expressions



Lambeth Palace and the Victoria Tower from the Archbishop's Park.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

equally strong. Their history is curious. One of the grievous charges against Laud was connected therewith. He tells us himself, as we read in his trial, "The first thing the Commons have in their evidence charged against me, is the setting up and repairing Popish images and pictures in the glass windows of my chapel at Lambeth." He then goes on to repel the accusation: he did not set these images up, but found them there before; he only repaired the windows which were broken, and so forth. In another passage the subjects are briefly sketched: "The windows contain the whole story from the Creation to the Day of Judgment: three lights in a window; the two side lights contain the types in the Old Testament, and the middle light the Anti-type and Verity of Christ in the New." There is something in stained glass peculiarly tempting to iconoclasts. The work is so costly, so rare, so fragile, with a minimum of effort you destroy so much pious labour! The men of the Commonwealth made very short work indeed of all those splendours. For some two centuries they were only a memory, and then they were carefully restored after the original designs by Archbishop Tait; and to-day they are the most striking memorial at Lambeth of that wise and judicious prelate.

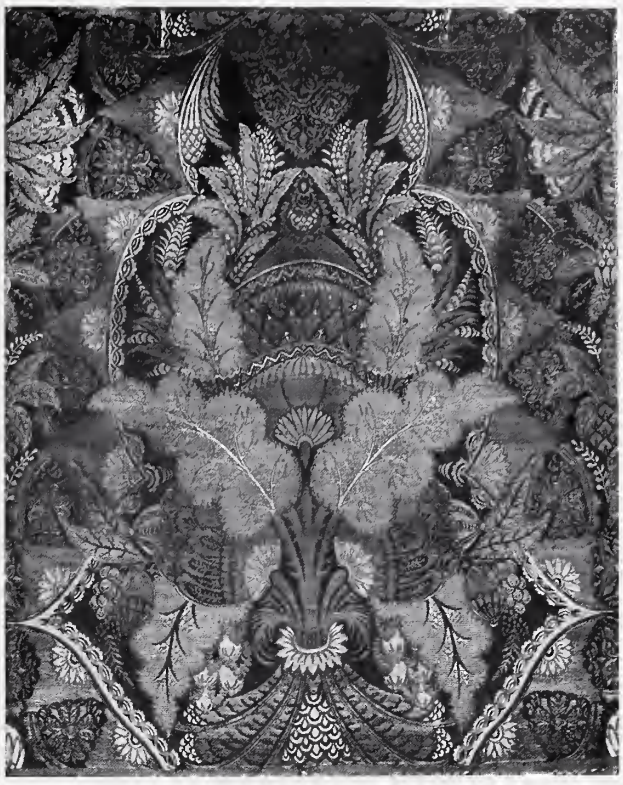
FRANCIS WATT.



The Terrace, Lambeth Palace.
A drawing by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The "Brompton" Design for an all-silk Brocade of the Louis XIV. Period. By Messrs. Warner & Sons.



The "Stratheden" Design for Milanese Brocade in silk, gold, and silver. By Messrs. Warner & Sons.

ENGLISH SILKS AND BROCADES.

IT is an old idea, and one that has taken too firm root to be easily dislodged, that French silks and brocades are, and can be, the only ones worth having; none others were comparable to them in quality, design, and manufacture. To those who know—but alas! how few are they that "know" on any subject that one may turn to—it is needless to say that this is no longer the case; that, however true it may once have been, it is true no more. But to the general public to whom anything French connected with dress must, of necessity, be better than anything British, we would like to represent very strongly the real state of the case for the honour and glory, as well as for the profit, of the English silk-weaving industry. English silks and brocades can now hold their own in any field; they are not only becoming appreciated at home, but are manufactured for exportation with special designs and colouring for foreign markets; one has only to go into the City, and at Messrs. Warner and Sons' busy warehouse, in Newgate Street, see some of their lovely silks, to be convinced English brocades are now unrivalled. It is interesting to note that all these silks are of hand workmanship, some woven at Messrs. Warner's Mills at Braintree, others on the cottage looms which still exist in Spitalfields, that ancient home of the Huguenot weavers. They are entirely English now; it is only in their Anglicised names that any remnant of their French origin can be traced. At one time Messrs. Warner had everything woven in London, but now they have removed the greater part to Braintree, in Essex, where the air is purer; for the thick atmosphere and fogs of London render it impossible to weave white and cream, or practically any light silks.



The "Royal George" Design for a Brocatelle, in three colours. By Messrs. Warner & Sons.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say Messrs. Warner only manufacture the best silks and brocades, and no cheap or common materials are ever used, and therefore the work turned out is of the highest quality. With regard to the designs and colouring, many of their most beautiful ones are copied from old fabrics, particularly those of the periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., which are the most in favour for the drawing rooms and boudoirs of our largest houses; in fact, our principal large houses are so built that only a French style is suitable for their decoration.

The brocades can be had in all colours—some with delicate ivory grounds with coloured flowers and ribbons, or pastoral designs with cupids; some, on the contrary, have

a rich red ground, and in some we recognize the lovely vieux rose of Louis XVI., with ground and design of the same colour. With regard to the plain-coloured damasks, one colour is sometimes more fashionable than another; just now heliotrope is the favourite, and many are the different beautiful shades in which it can be produced. This is distinctly a Parisian fashion which has come over to us.

Old Italian designs of about the fifteenth century are extensively used for church purposes—and church work, always beautiful, has never been more worthily represented than here. Messrs. Warner have largely revived the old thin style of English silk in shot effects, which is admirable for drapery on account of its graceful folds. The colours are generally rich; one of green and blue, which I saw, produced a charming effect of vivid colours, according to the light in which they were seen. This silk has only recently been manufactured by Messrs. Warner, and is not only popular in England, but it is much sought for and is a great favourite on the Continent. The modern or English school is well represented. I was shown a brocade of yellow on a blue ground, which had been designed by a student at the Royal Female School of Art, which is remarkably good for textile designs. This special piece had been entirely woven on Messrs. Warner's loom in the silk section at the Earl's Court Exhibition, where they have received two diplomas of honour, which is the highest award possible. They have also been given a Gold Medal from the Paris Exhibition, which is of course a more real honour.

E. F. V.

NEW PANELS IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



King John granting Magna Charta.
Panel by Ernest Normand.

THE two panels recently unveiled in the Royal Exchange are part of a project whose inauguration we owe in large measure to the late Lord Leighton. He it was who recommended that the twenty-four spaces round the ambulatory of the interior, grey and empty heretofore, should be filled with as many frescoes illustrative of notable events in the history of the city. Lord Leighton himself painted and gave the first of the series, which depicts Phœnicians trading with early Britons on the Cornish Coast. It is placed immediately to the north of the western entrance, and as chronological order is to be preserved, the series begins at this point. Until October, but six other panels were filled. In No. 3 is Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'William I. granting a Charter to the Citizens of London,' exhibited at the 1898 Academy; in No. 16, 'The Crown offered to Richard at Baynard's Castle, 1483,' by Mr. Sigismund Goetze; in No. 18, 'Queen Elizabeth's Visit to the First Royal Exchange, January 23rd, 1571,' by Mr. Ernest Crofts; in No. 19, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's 'Charles I. Demanding the Five Members at the Guildhall'; in No. 20, an incident on Thames-side during the Great Fire, by Mr. Stanhope Forbes; and finally, in No. 23, Mr. R. W. Macbeth's depicture of Queen Victoria opening the present or third Royal Exchange in 1844. As well as determining the scale of the figures, Lord Leighton desired that a wreath of oak leaves should be introduced at the top of each fresco. Happily, however, this has become optional, and the wreath has been omitted by Messrs. Lucas, Crofts, Forbes, and both Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand.

The subject chosen by Mr. Normand, from a list of those already approved, is 'King John granting the Magna Charta.' At the outset it was intended

to represent the king in the act of signing the Charter, but the artist discovered that John never did sign the document, for the sufficient reason that he could not write. In the accompanying illustration we see him, then, listening to the Charter as read by a clerk who kneels on the steps of the improvised throne. The seal-press to the right, it may be said, is studied from an original in the Chapter House at Canterbury. The portrait of the central figure, suggestive of a wily, by no means over-scrupulous man, is founded on the effigy at Worcester. Peter of Winchester, mitred, his long grey locks framing his sharp-featured, astute face, bends over to whisper counsel into the king's ear. By his side, with arms crossed, is the grey-bearded Earl of Salisbury, strong, determined; and behind him fly the pennons of the Earls of Warren and of Arundel. The prominent figure behind the king, to the left, is the Earl of Pembroke. In the left foreground are grouped the barons, stoutly supporting their demands. Standing, hands on sword, is the powerful Sir William de Montecute, and behind well-known figures like those of Robert de Roos, Robert Fitzwalter, and Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the left background the tents of the barons are pitched on sunlit sward, and behind the king's canopy, emblazoned with the lions of England, is the royal pavilion, the red flag which floats from its top serving to unify the colour scheme. The civic element is present in the person of the grey-bearded Portreve of London, depicted in the left foreground.



The Charities of Dick Whittington.
Panel by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. Normand).

Mrs. Ernest Normand's (Henrietta Rae) was intended to represent Sir Richard Whittington burning the deeds of Henry V.'s £60,000 indebtedness to him; but, alas, the tradition has no foundation in fact. 'The Charities of Whittington' as here seen are of a less grandiose, more human kind. The four-times Mayor, richly robed, stands outside his door, with Dame Alice, in sumptuous green gown trimmed with fur and pointed hat of the period, holding his arm. Snow is on the ground, and the poor of the city have come hither to receive doles of bread. Meanly-clad women gather for warmth round the lighted faggots in the tripod, mothers and children in rags press eagerly towards the serving-man who carries the loaves. The contrast betwixt poverty and affluence is emphasised in the centre of the fresco, where a little child in tatters is receiving alms through the balustrade from a young inmate of the Mayor's household. From the timbered house hangs a wrought-iron escutcheon, with Whittington's arms in the lower half and in the upper a suggestion of the Kat, or trading vessel, whence he derived his wealth—for the pretty fiction of "Dick Whittington and his Cat," like so many others, has to be abandoned. Both Mr. and Mrs. Normand have realised the historical and decorative aims, and have successfully filled the spaces at their disposal.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE, THE BRITISH ARTISTS, AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

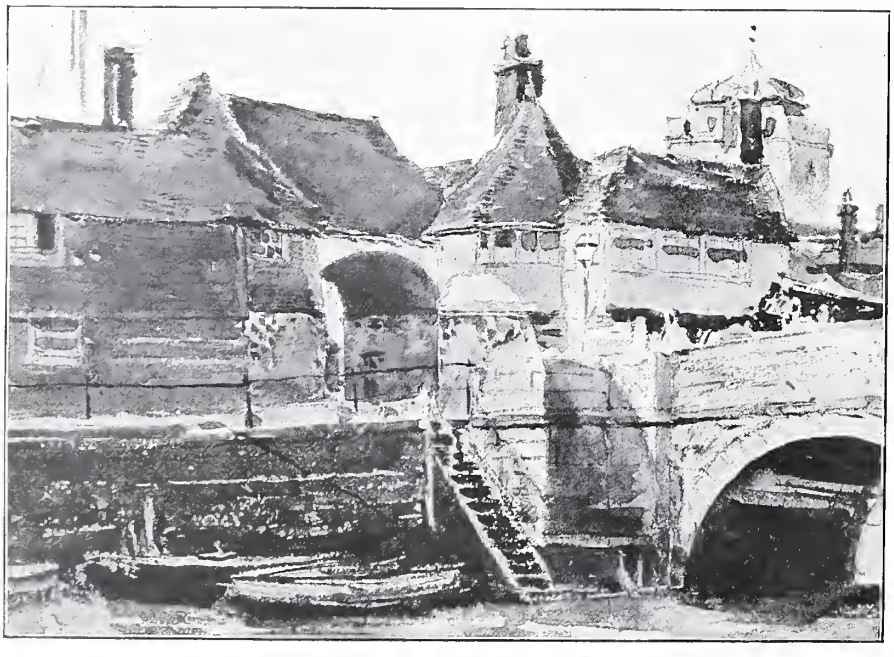
THE Autumn Show at the Institute consists of between seven and eight hundred so-called studies or sketches, in various mediums, by members of the Society. Save in the case of Mr. E. J. Gregory's drawings, the central room is arranged in the ordinary way, but in the east and west galleries works from one hand are hung in

groups or panels. The scope of the Exhibition holds promise of interest. We expect of a sketch that it shall be something intimate, significant, unlaboured. The sustained endeavour necessary to the painting of a big water-colour or canvas is not required; but on the other hand we look in the sketch for pregnant, although it may be rough, notes of the original impression, indication of that clear impulse without which there can be no genuine work of art. Living artists cannot hope to achieve in sketch results like those of a Rembrandt, but the aim should be similar—to lay the foundation, so to say, of a projected work. If it be a study of landscape, the salient features, whether of line, of colour, of atmosphere, should be set down with uncompromising surety. As the note-book of the man of letters or of science, so the artist's sketches should be suggestive, at any rate to the initiated, of eagerness to seize and express essentials. Of course, if sketches be executed, not primarily to serve the artist's own purposes, but with the object of exhibition, their distinguishing qualities tend to disappear Unfortunately, the greater proportion of drawings at the Institute merely repeat, on a smaller scale, works from the respective artists to which we are accustomed. No wonder the shows of the Piccadilly water-colourists are of little account artistically if their finished drawings are developed from motives no more fresh, no more individual. Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, who seldom if ever sacrifices the general to the particular nor loses sight of his initial impression, is an absentee, and so it is with Messrs. J. S. Hill, Byam Shaw, and Leslie Thomson. Mr. Phil May's series of black-and-white studies of Dutch peasants show his ability to express structural line; for the time, however, we could dispense with further presentments of Nico and his associates at the Volendam introduced to us by Mons. Jungmann—the type threatens to become an obsession to several artists who have recently been studying in Holland. Mr. J. Bernard Partridge's portrait of Mr. Hall Caine, here reproduced by permission of "Vanity Fair," is the reverse of commonplace; surely a smile must have lurked on his face as he thus depicted the popular novelist. His little landscape, 'An Evening Sky,' belongs to the class of sketch of which one would fain see more in Piccadilly—a swiftly made water-colour capable of evoking the sentiment of the moment—and architectural detail is pleasantly suggested in 'Les Halles, Malines.' Beneath a line of portraits of Bunyan and Milton, Wesley and Tennyson, designs for stained-glass windows by Sir J. D. Linton, hang three of the four landscapes sent by Mr. A. Winter-Shaw. To an undue extent he is under the influence of Mr. Edward Stott, but, as may be seen in his study of an old grey horse dreaming away its last days in a meadow, there are moods of his own which he would express in quiet harmonies of colour and forms not too definite.



By permission of "Vanity Fair."

Portrait of Mr. Hall Caine.
By Bernard Partridge.



Sandwich.
By G. Fulleylove.

At least two Scottish artists send landscapes of merit: as a composition, Mr. R. B. Nisbet's 'October Day, Comrie,' lacks unity, is clumsy, but he has looked at nature for himself and to some purpose; of Mr. Alex MacBride's several exhibits, 'The Old Garden Hedge' shows apt use of cool blue-greens to render a summer effect, with a touch of sadness in it. The figure studies on brown paper of Mr.

Dudley Hardy attract at the Institute. The weird lines of the woman's dress in 'The Yellow Book'—where the face and the hair suggest Madame Sarah Bernhardt—perhaps intentionally symbolise the spirit of the now defunct quarterly; we apprehend that she is a *poseuse*, a would-be eccentric. As transcripts from life, deflected through a temperament, Mr. Hardy's 'Boat Builder' and 'Thoughts of the Absent,' Dutch fisher-folk both, are good. Mr. John R. Reid sees everywhere strong colour, and he has the courage robustly to render what he sees, even if colour sometimes conflicts in the result. Messrs. E. M. Wimperis, James Orrock, Edwin and Claude Hayes, the late Towneley Green, among others, are represented by many drawings; and not the least welcome group is the architectural series by Mr. John Fulleylove. Reminiscent of places as remote one from another as Athens and King's Lynn, Venice and Hampton Court, each shows a desire to be faithful to his theme, not to play artistic pranks with ancient structures. We reproduce opposite Mr. Fulleylove's 'Sandwich.'



The Silver Mirror.
By Graham Robertson.

The 114th Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is in line with most of its predecessors of recent years. It is to be regretted that Mr. Cayley Robinson sends nothing this autumn. His work, of the pre-Raphaelite order, with something of sadness or weariness in it, compels attention. But if Mr. Robinson does not show, we are reminded of him in 'The Silver Mirror' of Mr. W. Graham Robertson, here reproduced. Mr. Robertson is much broader in his brushwork, much less concerned with detail and with the subtler problems of light and shade. No outrage is done to the prevailing silver tones, blent here with the black trimmings of the dress, harmonised elsewhere, as at the top of the mirror, with unemphatic green. Sensibility and intention are to be discerned in this picture, yet it is a thing of parts, not a unity. Sir Wyke Bayliss, the President, is represented by one canvas only: the interior of one of the most glorious religious piles in the world, that dedicated to St. Mark in Venice, whose exquisitely-wrought capitals and splendours of colour find an evocation in the little canvas. Perhaps the most honestly-conceived landscape is Mr. Walter Fowler's 'Waste Lands o'erlooking the Sea.' The pretty, the popularly attractive, the sensational, have no dominion over him, and if the colour-scheme is weak, the dignity of the lone moorland, with its wind-swept firs, is preserved. Mr. H. M. Livens continues to rejoice as he blithely translates effects of strong sunlight and shadow, almost invariably with poultry introduced. Some of his cocks are the true descendants of Chaucer's chanticleer, whose "comb was redder than the fyn coral, like asure were his legges and his ton." If for no other reason, we are indebted to Mr. Livens for his poultry gallery.

Mr. F. Spenlove Spenlove, an artist of many moods, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, one who consciously or unconsciously works under the influence of several and dissimilar masters, is seen at his best in 'Murk of the Morn, Scheveningen.' On the expanse of sandy beach, against which the phosphorescent foam beats with still angry insistence, fisher-folk in blue smocks and white coifs are felicitously grouped round sailing boats, or in twos and threes are moving by the water's edge. Large pictures hung in the central gallery include Mr. Sherwood Hunter's 'Psalms of David,' recited by Eastern folk before the walls of Jerusalem; the forced 'Wharfedale, Haytime,' of Mr. R. Vicat Cole; and Mr. T. F. M. Sheard's depicture of grey-bearded village worthies, smoking and gossiping in the sunshine, beneath a blossom-laden tree. In the water-colour room attention must be directed to Mr. Arthur Stewart's 'Chelsea Embankment,' where the arrangement of faint yellow lights and nocturnal blues is happy; and Mr. A. J. Collister's freely-handled 'Hedgerow in Man.' In order, it may be, to maintain its reputation for catholicity—although at Suffolk Street real catholicity cannot be found—the Society, in addition to many works wherein detail runs riot, hangs others to which the collocation, "clotted nonsense," is applicable.

At the Tooth Galleries, Haymarket, is an imaginative little Corot, 'At Ville D'Avray,' a dream of a willow-bounded river, rendered with infinite tenderness, infinite charm. Besides some interesting L'Hermittes, Messrs. McLean show a dexterous and individual coast-scene by Alfred Stevens. At the Goupil Gallery are twenty pictures by the Kirkcudbright artist, Mr. W. Mouncey, well worthy of study. He has been influenced by Constable, Corot, and James Maris, but he works in a vein of his own, broadly, for the most part in restrained tones. At the Holland Fine Art Gallery, Grafton Street, are some carefully chosen examples by the three brothers Maris, and church interiors by Bosboom and Bauer.

FRANK RINDER.



'Cannetella comes out of the Cask.'
By H. J. Ford.—Andrew Lang's "Grey Fairy Book" (Longmans).

PASSING EVENTS AND NOTES ON CHRISTMAS BOOKS.



Initial. By J. Fitzgerald.

WHILST the Gresham Committee and their friends are busy filling the panels of the Royal Exchange ambulatory with pictures illustrative of incidents in the history of the City of London, it is to be hoped that they will not lose sight of the opportunity of commemorating the raising of the C.I.V.'s. Hitherto only mediæval or fairly remote subjects have been chosen, and in many respects this plan is wise. But if there be any truth in recent popular manifestations, the civic force deserves a niche. Two or three hundred years hence the painter would have a difficult task in rendering with exactitude the khaki volunteer of to-day. If, therefore, the incident of the C.I.V.'s is worthy of pictorial celebration, it would be serving posterity better to take the matter in hand during the present generation.

IN connexion with the decoration of the Royal Exchange it may be stated that Mr. Abbey is at work on the somewhat quaint subject, 'The Award of Sir Robert Billesdon in the Dispute as to Precedence of the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies.' Mr. Frank Brangwyn is to execute a panel inspired by the title 'Modern Commerce.'

SIR W. B. RICHMOND will have the honour of providing the winter exhibition at the New Gallery, thus following the precedent of 1896-1897, when the rooms were devoted to the works of Mr. Watts. The Consulting Committee must by this time be somewhat puzzled as to an effective programme for the future, as already their winter exhibitions have covered a wide field. There is some intention of holding, in the winter of 1901, an exhibition of the works of Sir L. Alma Tadema.

THE Exhibition of Modern Methods of Illustration which will be opened this month at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, under the authority of the Board of Education, will comprise reproductions from original drawings by leading artists which have been executed since 1860, and will demonstrate the progress made in the production of line and half-tone process blocks. Wood blocks, drawn upon by Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Frederick Walker, George J. Pinwell and A. B. Houghton, and worked upon by the best engravers of this period, will also be exhibited. A considerable number of representative examples of the work of Continental artists will be included and the Exhibition promises to be both interesting and complete.

THE success of the first two exhibitions of The Pastel Society has naturally led the admirers of the art to expect a third display. This has been postponed from the winter to next summer, and will be held at the Royal Institute from June 15th to July 20th.

SOME endeavour has been made to systematize the art instruction at the Royal College of Art. An upper and lower school have been created and some scheme of graduation in the various sections of ornament and design, drawing and painting, modelling, and architecture has been settled. In future, too, it will be possible for students in the technical branches to put their theoretical training into practice whilst at the College. These improvements are the first fruits of the recently appointed Council of Art.

THE decay of the stonework of Westminster Abbey has been a matter of much public concern for some time past. Professor Church's scientific investigation of the causes attributes much of the crumbling to the

smoke and fumes emanating from some of the riverside factories. This state of affairs should be an incentive to the chemical expert to discover a remedy for this. The removal of the works would be a far too expensive scheme.

CAMBERWELL is displaying a proper municipal spirit in encouraging local students who have won CountyCouncil scholarships, to furnish mural paintings for the Vestry Hall, illustrating the history of the district.

THE Exhibition of Arts and Crafts promoted by the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education, held in Leeds during the latter part of November, had for its object the collection of examples of industry among those who combine manual skill with artistic taste. Prizes were offered for competitive work in two classes: the first being exclusively for the work of students of the industrial class who received instruction in day or evening schools of art or technical schools; the second being open to all, amateur or professional. The original work shown included specimens of art needlework, embroidery, fan painting, mosaic laying, book decoration, printing, binding and illuminating; work in iron, copper, brass, enamel, silver, plaster and leather; inlaying of metal and mother-of-pearl; hand-engraving of wood, ivory and marble; carpentry and basket-making; together with designs for lace, carpets, tapestry, cartoons, wall-papers, pottery and stained-glass.



'It was a Princess who stood outside.'
By Hans Tegner. From Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales."

RECENT archæological discoveries in Crete have drawn attention to the excellent work effected by the British School at Athens. Both the Cretan Exploration Fund and this School are eminently deserving of private munificence, and it is to be hoped that both will be placed on a satisfactory financial basis.

BY the death of Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I., the art world and the public generally lose an indefatigable worker. As the founder of *The Graphic* he gave a great impetus to the art of the illustrator, and the generous tribute paid to his memory by Mr. Von Herkomer is typical of the sentiment of artists. He was himself a painter of more than usual ability. Always courtly and considerate he was especially helpful in the preparation of the 1900 "ART ANNUAL," placing at our disposal the numerous sketches and drawings executed by his staff of war artists.

A PAINTER who was intimately connected by his art with the Royal Family passed away this autumn. Mr. William Corder had the rare privilege of painting over four hundred pictures for the Queen, chiefly portraits of the numerous members of the Royal House. Among these may be mentioned one of the present Duke of Connaught with his young nephew (the German Emperor) riding pick-a-back, and one of the Duke of Brunswick, in which he was assisted by the Prince Consort, whose artistic gifts have always been recognized. Mr. Corder, who died at the age of eighty, was frequently despatched to foreign Courts by Her Majesty on portrait commissions.



Tamerlane. By W. Heath Robinson.
From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." (Bell.)

OF the many beautiful books published at this season suitable for Christmas gifts, one of the most remarkable is Mr. Heinemann's new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's "FAIRY TALES." The two volumes contain more than two hundred engravings on wood, after an elaborate series of drawings by Hans Tegner, one of the first black-and-white artists in Denmark. The volumes are a kind of protest against process work, as the drawings have been engraved by the best living wood engravers—French, American and German—there are none left in England, unhappily. Mr. Edmund Gosse has written an instructive Introduction which tells charmingly the story of Andersen, and also a memorable interview with the old writer in 1875, when he read one of his Fairy Tales to the young English boy. The illustrations vary a good deal, and this is natural, as Tegner spent fifteen years in their preparation, and he has been rewarded by the originals being chosen for permanent exhibition in the Danish National Museum.

THE hand of Mr. H. J. Ford loses none of its cunning in Mr. Andrew Lang's "GREY FAIRY BOOK" (Longmans), of whose illustrations two were included in the Royal Academy's exhibition last year. When Mr. Ford becomes yet more ambitious much may be expected from his well-trained pencil.

"THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE" (Bell) have been illustrated by a draughtsman whose work is new to us, Mr. Heath Robinson. This gentleman is a very capable artist, combining the chief characteristics of the new school with much that is best in older artists. 'Tamerlane,' which we reproduce from the volume, is a good specimen of his best work.

MR. WALTER CRANE adds steadily to his reputation, and one of his latest efforts, the illustration of "DON QUIXOTE," related by Judge Parry (Blackie), has many interesting pictures. The colour printing of the larger pages is not very successful.

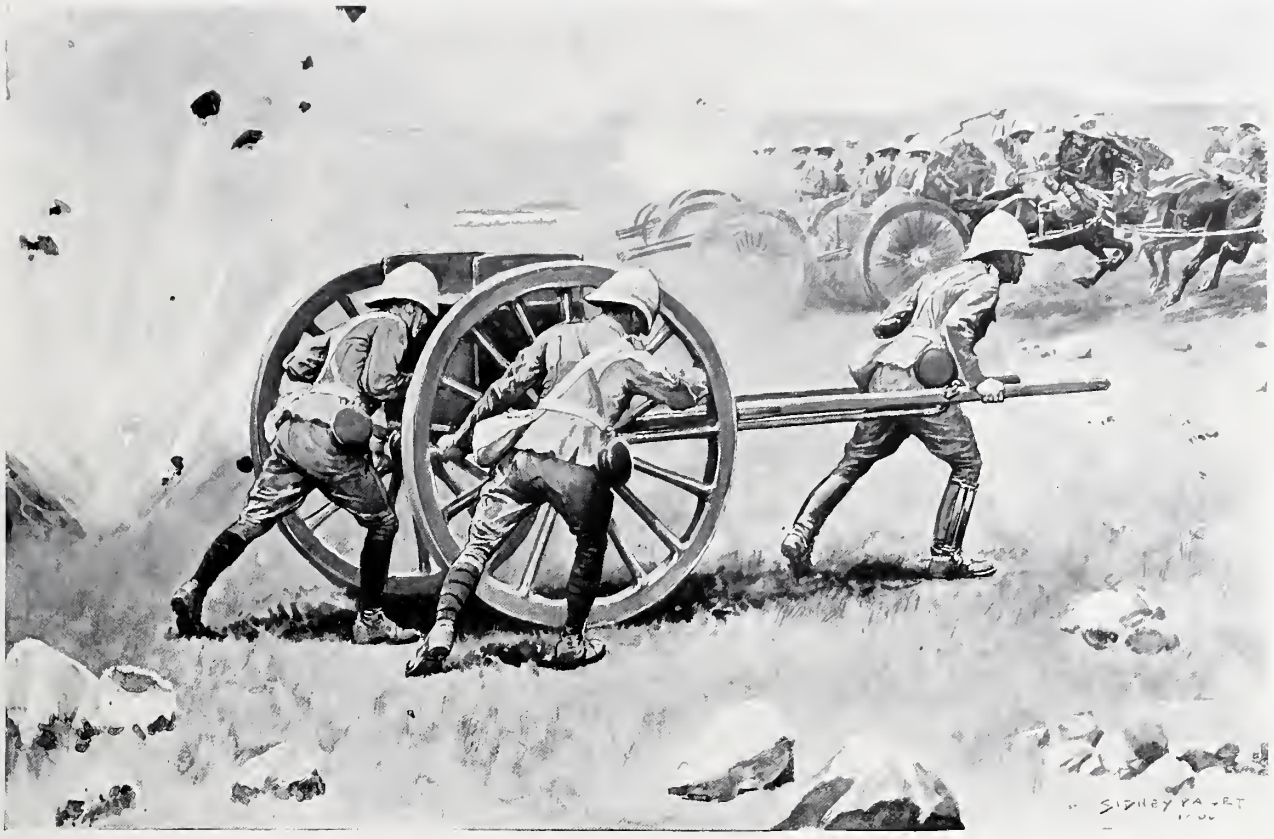
UNPRETENTIOUS in both its art and rhyme, "THE RABBIT BOOK," by Charles Pettafor (Elkin Mathews), will probably please unsophisticated children better than many more elaborate productions.

THE Christmas Cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. are famous all over the world. Great ingenuity is displayed in the search for new designs, and success in this seems to ebb and flow like a tidal river. For the present season no great novelty presents itself, but the general average is maintained.

ANOTHER firm just re-entering into competition in Christmas Cards, games, and artistic Stationery, the two hundred year old house of Messrs. Dobbs Kidd and Co., has brought out a series of cards which promise to receive much favour in the future.

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that with this number is published the twelfth voucher for the Premium Plate of 'A Reverie,' after Marcus Stone, R.A. The twelve vouchers are invited to be sent, with 2s. to cover postage and packing, direct to the publishers, H. Virtue and Co., Ltd., 26, Ivy Lane, London, E.C., who will in due course despatch the etching. It may be mentioned that under no circumstances can the etching be sent unless the complete number of vouchers is forwarded.

PRINTED BY H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 294, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



By permission of "The Sphere."

At the Relief of Ladysmith.—Men of 78th Battery saving their limber (p. 17).
Drawn by Sidney Paget, from a sketch by Ernest Prater.

THE WORK OF
WAR ARTISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

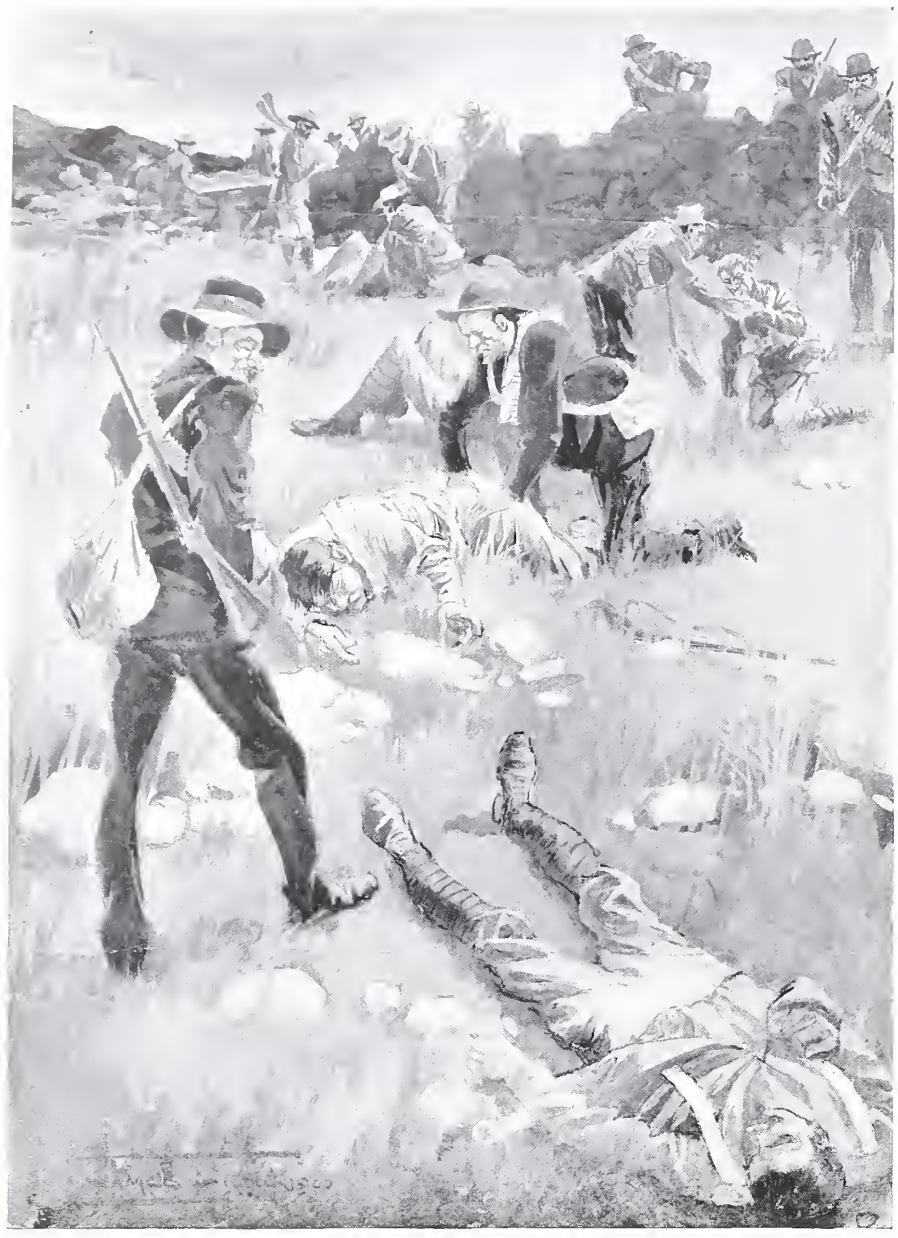
ABOVE all other influences and forces War is recognized as the greatest dispeller of illusions. It will not, however, form any part of the function of the writer of this article to discuss those grave political questions, which the South African campaign has illuminated with the fierce naked light of war. It is necessary only to state that the mighty enthusiasm that quivered from end to end of the British Empire on the outbreak of hostilities, once for all disillusioned us of the idea that we are not a military nation. Another illusion, which, if not entirely dispelled, has yet been considerably shaken, is that we cannot produce a school of battle painters. The immediate future will doubtless decide whether this is wholly true or not. In the meantime, it is unquestionable that, so far as the black-and-white artist is concerned, an extraordinary demand has been made upon his powers to keep pace with the public's well-known interest in examining sketches and drawings which conjure up the scenes of heroism and sacrifice, and all that makes up the grim and deadly circumstance of war.

Here is a phase of art in which the issue and intention are perfectly direct. No question of "art for art's sake" is involved. The man who professes to hate a story on canvas, demands his full pound of literary fact and detail from the artist in black-and-white who essays to depict a



By permission of "The Graphic."

A Candidate for the V.C. (p. 6).
Sketch by W. T. Maud.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Boers looting dead Britishers (p. 17).
Drawn by James Greig, R.B.A., from a sketch by Ernest Prater.

scene with which the public has been made familiar by official despatches and war correspondents' letters.

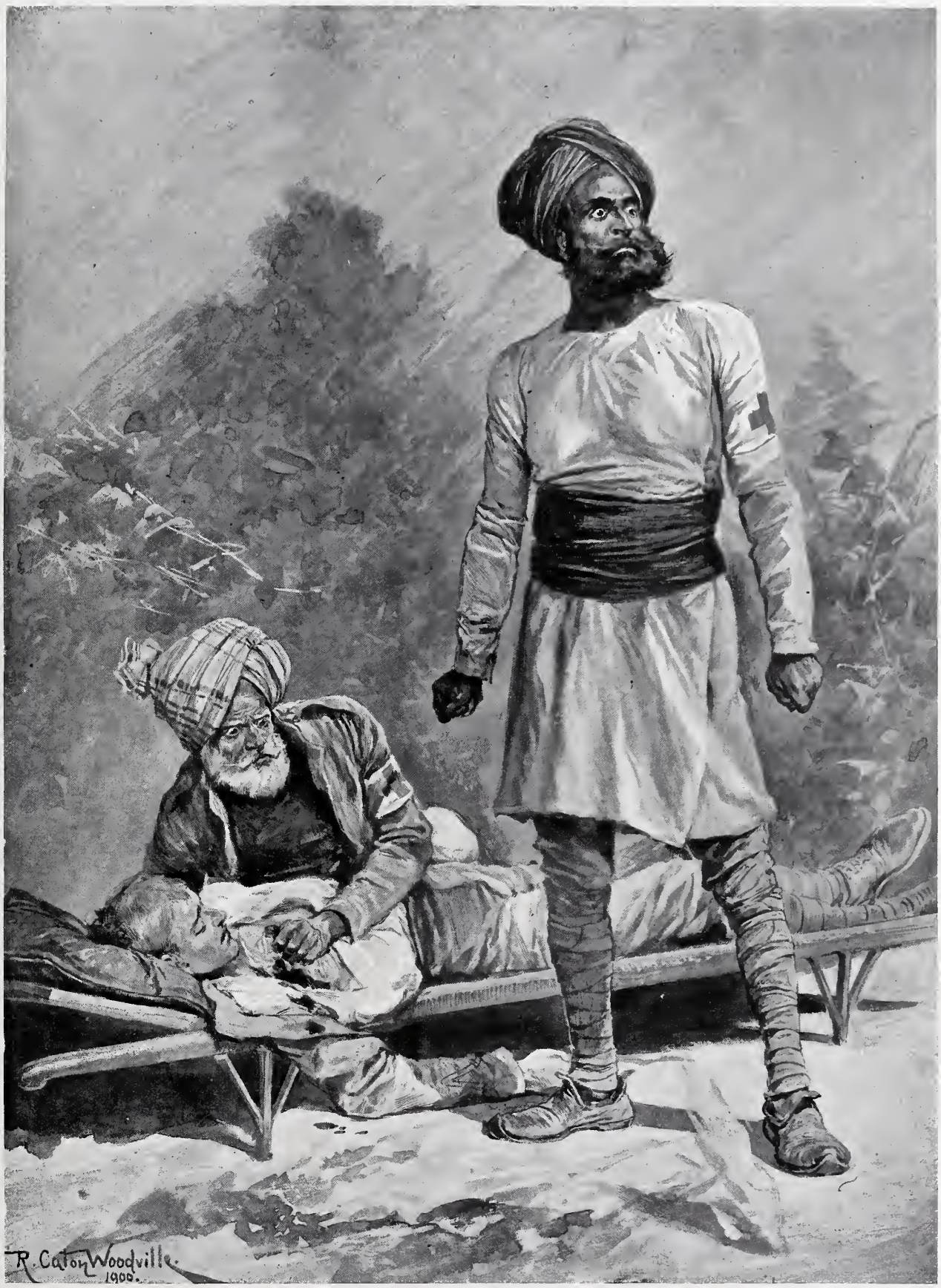
The callings of war correspondent and war artist, as at present understood, were created in the Crimean War by Sir W. Russell and the late W. Simpson, R.I. Since that time the great daily and illustrated papers have shown the most lavish enterprise in times of war, and the South African troubles found the chiefs of the press again prepared to satisfy the national demand for the unofficial story of the campaign by gifted writers, and its vivid illustration by observant artists.

In this way the veterans, Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Fred Villiers, were despatched to the seat of war by *The Illustrated London News; The Graphic* sent Mr. C. E. Fripp, R.W.S., and Mr. W. T. Maud; *The Sphere* engaged Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and a talented young artist, Mr. Ernest Prater; *Black and White* later secured the services of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, whose mission was chiefly to portray the leaders in the military drama as they appeared in the rough stress of active service. Other able artists were also engaged, and now and again some officer or volunteer sent home a sketch of such merit that one would fain hope that the campaign has bred a British or Colonial Meissonier or Détaille.

The Hero of Mafeking's capacity for making a workmanlike sketch was well established before his military fame came upon him, and the ensuing pages contain some characteristic examples of his powers. The work, however, of artists on the spot, may be described generally as of the nature of a correspondent's telegram. The latter is amplified later by the correspondent himself into a finished account. In the artist's case, as a rule, his bald sketch, crowded with suggestive mnemonics and detailed statements, is rarely completed by himself. It is despatched in a jealous hurry to his paper, and is allotted to one of the band of clever black-and-white artists, who endeavours faithfully to reproduce the subject as it was seen by the original artist, amplified by the addition of details as carefully drawn as they were carefully described.

On the other hand, we find that an artist of the calibre and experience of Mr. Caton Woodville is able to evolve a picture, if necessary, without the first aid of a sketch by a war "special." Mr. Woodville's previous service as a war artist for *The Illustrated London News* in the Servian War of 1878, and the first Egyptian Campaign of 1882, has endowed him with the requisite knowledge of "the image of war." As regards the hundreds of details that constitute military accessories, he has made the most patient study of these. It can, therefore, well be imagined that to such a man the recountal of some stirring exploit is quite sufficient for him to picture the scene in his mind's eye, and to proceed to sketch it with surprising verisimilitude.

As Meissonier used to say, the man who has seen war is the man to paint war. The great French artist had had this actual experience, and his extraordinary powers of laborious study enabled him to throw himself back into Napoleonic times and people his canvases with warriors convincingly true to fact and history. No detail was too small for consideration. He ransacked every possible hiding-place of information. Until the day of his death he was learning some new light to make his work as accurate as humanly possible. His imagination, indeed, became so perfectly trained that his pictures always seem to be the evidence of an actual eye-witness. Meissonier's diaries contain almost wearisome accounts of this untiring search of truthful circumstance. One day he finds that Napoleon never loosened his epaulettes, and wore an overcoat large enough to go over the shoulders easily. Another time he meets a man who was a medical officer at Leipzig, who tells him that the



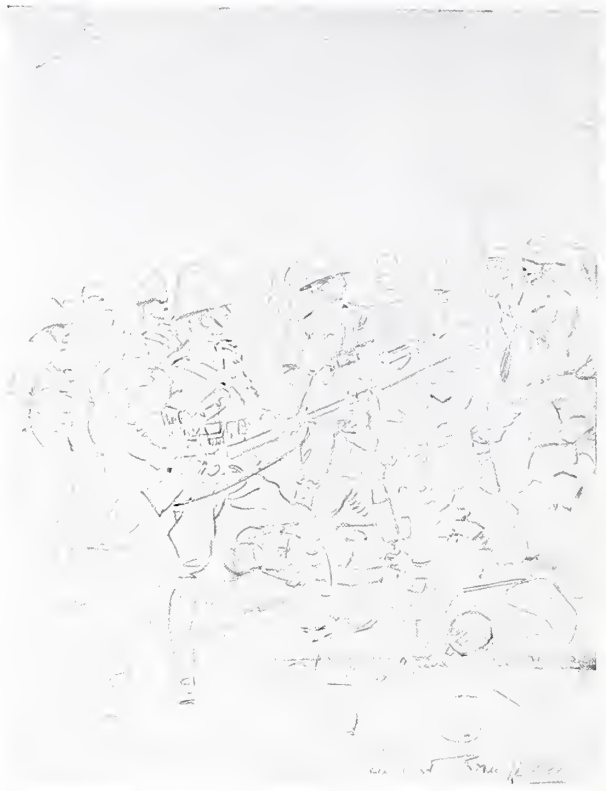
By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Boer Treachery.—Firing on Indian Stretcher Bearers in charge of a Wounded Officer (p. 17).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

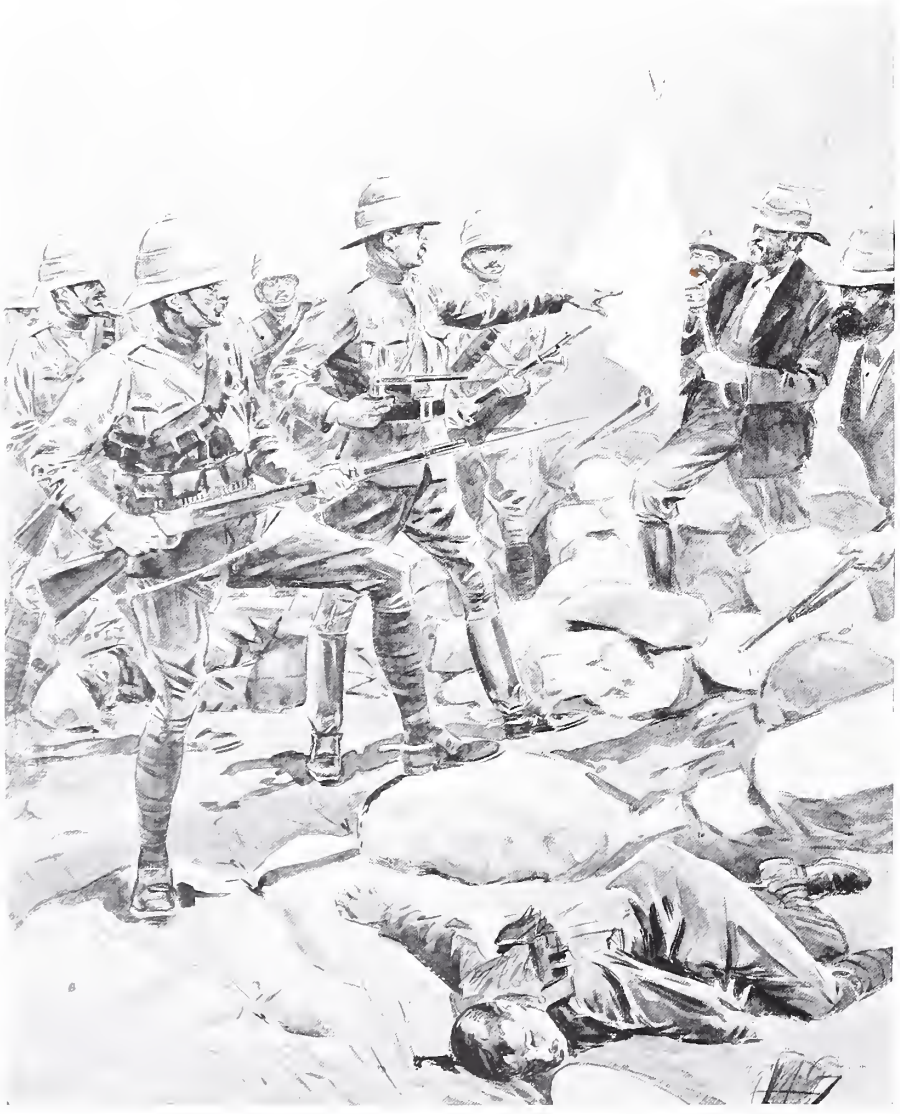
sleeves of Ney's overcoat always hung empty, for he never put his arms through them, and that the plumes of his hat were always dirty. Yet, with all this overmastering love of detail Meissonier avoided the gruesome side of war. He never forgot the carnage at Solferino, and when the peace of Villafranca was signed, he exclaimed, "Thank God, we shall see no more corpses in the furrows." The depicting of such horrors has been left to such a zealous realist as Verestchagin, and to such an uncompromising recorder as the camera.

An examination of the sketches and drawings made by British special artists and war artists, proves that the ideal aimed at has been the medium between this avoidance and emphasis of the sensational side of battle. The enormous area, however, now covered in military operations has completely altered the artist's opportunities. He must perforce endeavour to depict stirring incidents, but, where the conflicting forces are miles apart, it is very difficult to find subjects which follow the old conventions. Whenever there has been hand-to-hand fighting, the war special has been eager enough to make the best of his chances, and, it goes without saying, has been fearless enough to risk everything.

The sketches sent home by Messrs. Melton Prior, Villiers, Fripp, Maud, Prater, Wollen, and other artists engaged at the front, all contain evidence of this absolute disregard of personal safety. Everybody knows by this



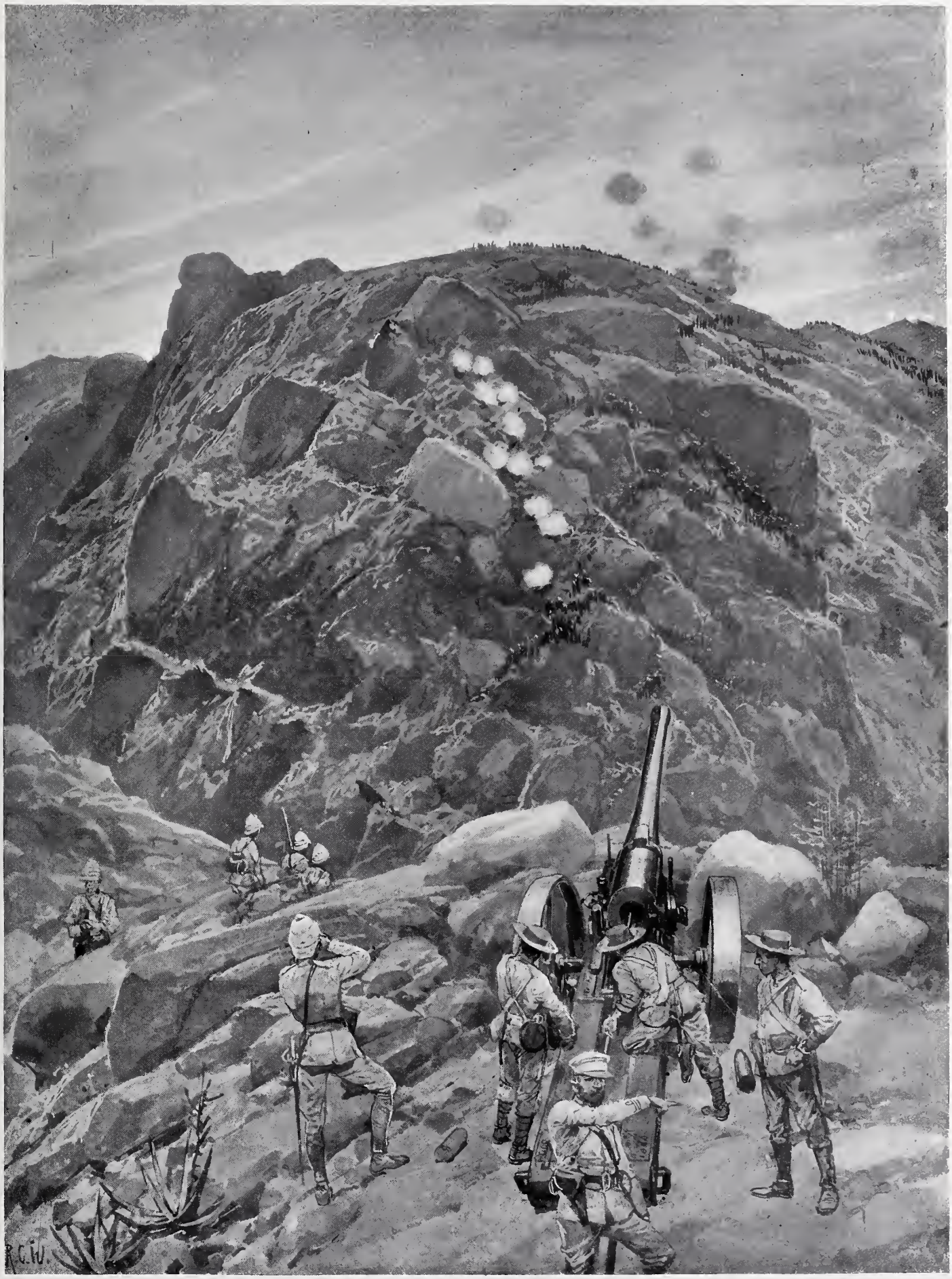
By permission of "The Sphere."
Colonel Thorneycroft at Spion Kop (p. 12).
The original sketch by Ernest Prater.



By permission of "The Sphere."
Colonel Thorneycroft at Spion Kop (p. 12).
Drawn by R. M. Paxton, after a sketch by Ernest Prater.

time the hardships which the best war correspondents are prepared to undergo in the fulfilment of their duty. It is not always grasped, however, what a number of exciting experiences can be crowded into a few years of life. Take, for example, the career of Mr. W. T. Maud, of *The Graphic*. His record, stated modestly in his own words, runs thus:—

"I started as a war correspondent in the Cretan Rebellion in 1896, and spent two months with the insurgents in the mountains, where I had a good opportunity of seeing guerilla warfare. In the spring of 1897 I was sent out to Greece, and was present at all the battles that took place in Thessaly. In July of the same year I joined the Egyptian army and advanced with it to Berber, where active operations ceased for that year. In company with four other correspondents I crossed the desert to Suakim; our caravan being the first to reopen the route to the Red Sea from the Nile. Upon arriving at Suakim I found awaiting me a telegram from *The Graphic* instructing me to proceed in all haste to the North-west Frontier of India. When I reached Peshawur it was mid-winter, and



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

A 4·7 Naval Gun in Action (p. 17).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, from a sketch by a Naval Officer.



By permission of "The Sphere." *The Charge of the Black Watch at Magersfontein (p. 10).*
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

the sudden change from the heat of the Sudan to the intense cold of Tirah was somewhat trying. I was with Sir William Lockhart in the Bazar Valley in the reopening of the Khyber Pass. At the conclusion of these operations, I joined the Malakand Field Force under Sir Bindon Blood, and entered the country of the Bunerwals. This expedition brought the Tirah campaign to a close, and I returned to Bombay, which I found scourged with the plague. I spent a few days in the hospitals and segregation camps, receiving every facility from the authorities for making sketches. I then returned home, married, and it was on my honeymoon that I had the opportunity of witnessing the two days' street fighting in Milan. In July of the same year (1898) I returned to the Sudan, and was present at the Battle of Omdurman. In the September of the following year I went out to South Africa, and arrived in Ladysmith a few days before it was besieged. The great Boer attack on January 6th considerably weakened the garrison, and, with many other civilians, I volunteered for the defence of the town, and was appointed aide-de-camp to General Ian Hamilton. The very day that General Buller arrived with the relief force I went down with enteric fever."

A perusal of this frank and simple statement will give a suggestive key to the difficulties that beset the path of the artist war correspondent. From Ladysmith Mr. Maud despatched many interesting pen sketches. 'The Charge of the Devons on Wagon Hill' (page 8) is a good example of his powers. The headlong rush of the Devons, led by Colonel Park in the driving rain, is finely drawn, and is precisely the kind of sketch to endow a battle painter with an inspiring theme. In 'A Candidate for the V.C.' (page 1) he has illustrated one of those numerous incidents of self-sacrifice with which the campaign has teemed. The sketch shows the Hon. R. Pomeroy, of the 5th Dragoon Guards—which had brilliantly covered the retirement of the Imperial Light Horse in the sortie on November 3rd—galloping back and carrying a trooper who had lost his horse.

Mr. Maud's sketches form an instructive series, illustrating the life in Ladysmith during the memorable siege. Whether the incident be such as the bursting of a shell amongst a group of Natal Carabiniers exercising their horses in the main street, or the mounting of two old howitzers on Wagon Hill, he shows a careful mastery of detail and an eye to pictorial effect. His ability to draw a horse can be easily recognized in 'Driving Cavalry Horses Away' (page 18), which illustrates one of the saddest incidents of the siege. On the back of his sketch Mr. Maud explains that when the supplies of forage were exhausted the cavalry horses were turned out to hunt for their own living, but when their accustomed feeding time came round they all came cantering back to their lines whinnying for their corn, whereupon the troopers would try to drive them away, but quite in vain.

Mr. Melton Prior and his adventurous colleague Mr. Frederick Villiers have long ago clinched their reputations as artists in the field. Each possesses an intimate acquaintance with military affairs and each has reduced his work to a perfect system. Mr. Prior's sketches show a wonderful grasp of a general situation, and the abundant notes which cover his work are found invaluable to his London colleagues on the *Illustrated London News*. The portrait group of 'Foreign Military Attachés' (p. 14) is very characteristic. There is much internal evidence of truthful detail, and the useful colour notes which can easily be read in our reproduction must have been found most serviceable to



By permission of "The Sphere." *Corporal McKay at the Modder (p. 10).*
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Colonial Troops commandeering a Boer Dinner (p. 18).
Drawn by S. Begg, from a sketch by F. Villiers.



By permission of "The Graphic."

The Charge of the Devons on Wagon Hill (p. 6).
Sketch by W. T. Maud.

It becomes a pleasurable duty in connexion with our publication to render the most appreciative acknowledgments of the great courtesy of the proprietors of the chief illustrated papers in permitting the writer of this article to examine the sketches forwarded home by their representatives in the field, and the finished drawings made from them by their war staff of special black-and-white artists. Further, in generously allowing the reproduction of the selected sketches and drawings which adorn this Annual, the proprietors of those papers have granted an exceptional favour, and at the same time have paid a graceful compliment to that gifted branch of artists which has brought such credit to the illustrated press in return for the wise fostering of its services. Thus it will be found that, among others, such well-known men are represented in this number as R. Caton Woodville, John Charlton, J. Finnemore, Dudley Hardy, Sidney Paget, A. Forestier, W. Hatherell, James Greig, and Frank Craig.

the artist to whom the task of making a finished drawing was allotted. Mr. Prior may be described as the *doyen* of war specials, and his portrait will be found on page 32.



By permission of "The Sphere."

The heroic attempt to save the guns at Colenso, where Lord Roberts' son lost his life (p. 12).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.



By permission of "The Graphic."

An Ambush and Stampede (p. 18).
Drawn by John Charlton.



By permission of "The Sphere." *Saving the Guns at Colenso (p. 18).*
Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

As previously stated the chief duty of the artist on the spot is to make sketches which shall be of the greatest utility to the artists entrusted with their elaboration. And, without suggesting any invidious comparisons, it must be stated that Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and Mr. Ernest Prater have displayed, besides this sense of usefulness, an unwonted power of draughtsmanship which has transformed a workable sketch into a work of art. Mr. Wollen's drawings, executed whilst accompanying the western force, are of singular ability. Naturally, he had many opportunities at Magersfontein, and on page 6 is reproduced a spirited sketch of the attack of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Highlanders. He has contrived in this to give the effect just before that period of dawn known to us in Cæsar's language as "prima luce." As the Black Watch came abreast of the Boer position at 4.10 A.M. the whole of the trench was one sheet of flame from end to end; the kopje behind looming out black and indistinct in the faint flickerings of early morning light. The falling figure leading the attack is the gallant Major-General Wauchope.

To the solemn spectacle of the funeral of this hero, Mr. Wollen devoted a large sketch which is reproduced on page 27. The notes on this drawing can be easily deciphered, but without these, the masterly study is most effective, and there is a convincing sense of motion in the advancing pipers who are playing the slow-step usual at the impressive function of the burial of a Highland chieftain.

Mr. Wollen is especially apt in portraying masses of men, and his power of realizing distances is given much scope in such an example as the departure of Cronje and the four thousand Boer prisoners under escort after Lord Roberts' brilliant capture of the Paardeberg stronghold (page 12). An admirable landscape effect is reproduced in the scene 'Cavalry Patrol engaged with Boer Scouting Party' (page 29). Of a more exciting kind is his wash drawing of Boers stampeding under the merciless fire of a shell from the Naval Brigade (page 14), and a theme dear to admirers of the cool truculence of the Highland piper will be seen illustrated on page 6, showing how Corporal McKay of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders played that soul-stirring strain of Lucknow fame, "The Campbells are coming," at the Modder, to get the men together, as the officer's word of command could not be heard in the storm of bullets. Altogether Mr. Wollen's record in the war is of great achievement, and some of his huge panoramic scenes such as General French's action at Rooj Kop, the size of which prevents its reproduction in these pages, give a very lucid idea of the great range of country covered in most of the military operations.

A similar measure of success has attended Mr. Ernest Prater's work throughout the war. His sketches, uniformly executed on ordinary drawing paper in pencil, are of exceptional merit and would delight the eye of the most exigent master of an art class by their conscientious draughtsmanship. But above this there is a breadth of view and a spirited sense of life and action. He shows no tendency to repeat any studied formula that would make his work more easily performed, and, in conse-



By permission of "The Sphere." *Boers surprised (p. 12).*
Sketch by Ernest Prater.



By permission of "The Sphere."

A British Shell (p. 16).
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I. From a sketch by Ernest Prater.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Departure of Cronje and Boer Prisoners from Paardeberg (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

quence, his sketches give an air of versatility and variety which it is to be hoped will always characterize his work.

In reproducing a goodly number of his examples an opportunity is afforded of adequately illustrating the duty of an artist in the field and the efficiency with which this duty can be fulfilled. Of all the heroic deeds chronicled in the war none has exceeded in glory and pathos the attempt of the late Lieutenant Roberts and his brave comrades, Captain Congreve, Captain Reed, Captain Schofield and Corporal Nurse, to save the guns at Colenso. This sketch by Mr. Prater (page 8) is the tribute of a young artist to a young hero. Nothing could be more eloquent of the theme. The snorting artillery team of horses, with difficulty checked in their terror by the drivers, make a fine foil for the figures of the cool Lieutenant and Corporal hitching on the traces to the limber. Note, too, the head of the calm charger on the extreme left in keeping with its intrepid master and in telling relief against the prancing team. The drawing is so suggestive of the scene that Mr. Prater's notes to the middle and right, "shrapnel shell bursting," and "common shell bursting," seem superfluous.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Meeting of General Buller and Christian Botha (p. 18).
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I. After a sketch by Trooper Simon.

'Colonel Thorneycroft on Spion Kop' (page 4) is another forcible sketch, and by the courtesy of *The Sphere* we are allowed to give on the same page Mr. R. Paxton's development of it. The observer will see at a glance how faithfully the original suggestion has been followed. Mr. Prater's note on the back of his sketch will be found of interest:—"After having gained and occupied a portion of the ridge of Tabamyama (Spion Kop) it was held all day under a most terrible cross shell and rifle fire which shockingly mutilated our troops. A Boer then came forward with a white flag and demanded our surrender. Colonel Thorneycroft, in a great rage, peremptorily ordered his return, saying, 'Go away! I'm in command. There is no surrender here!'" Another note states that Colonel Thorneycroft wore a lower hat than his troops, is a big, powerful man, and carried a Mauser revolver, a sketch of which Mr. Prater appended.

Previous to the fight on Spion Kop an incident occurred —unfortunately too rare in the campaign—of our troops surprising the Boers. This forms the subject of the sketch on page 10, and gives a good idea of the affair. The Boers, quite unaware of a flanking party of Natal Carabiniers, Natal Police, Imperial Light Horse, and South African Light Horse, are seen advancing towards the scouts. In this incident the Boers lost over forty killed. The figures in the sketch are Natal Carabiniers, and are sketched with much regard for accuracy of detail.



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Champagne Luncheon to Cronje (p. 171).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville. From a sketch by F. Villiers.



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Foreign Military Attachés (p. 6).
Sketch by Melton Prior.

Another reproduction, 'Capture of Pieter's Hill by the East Surrey Regiment' (page 25), on Majuba Day, is a very realistic sketch of hand-to-hand fighting. In the fury of their onset, the infantry rushed the Boer trenches, and bayoneted or knocked over many of the defenders before the genuine white flag could be raised. The struggling figures in the foreground—farmer and private—are drawn with much vigour. In 'Bringing in the Wounded' (p. 22) Mr. Prater throws a sidelight on the grim side of war. It requires very little imagination to grasp the stress and suffering of which this little sketch of an extemporized hospital is so mindful. The solitary surgeon and his assistant have assuredly enough in hand, and this may account for the incorrect bandaging of the left arms of the two figures in the foreground and against the wall respectively.

The last example of Mr. Prater's work, 'The Meeting of the Two Battalions of the Devonshire Regiment' (page 24), suffers somewhat in reproduction, but is an uncommonly clever sketch in the original. The history of all reliefs shows that the besieged are as a rule smart and clean compared with their deliverers, and Mr. Prater points out that the Ladysmith garrison, though wan and weak, appeared quite neat and tidy, whereas Buller's men were dust-begrimed and dirtily clad. The men of the twin battalions of the Devonshire regiment had long been separated, and the dramatic moment of their meeting, one as part of the relieving column, and the other as a portion of the



By permission of "The Sphere."

A Shell from the Naval Brigade (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Marksmen keeping down Fire of Enemy's Guns (p. 18).
Drawn by A. Forestier. From a sketch by Melton Prior.



By permission of W. L. Thomas, Esq. *The Washerwoman's Son (p. 16).*
Sketched by General Baden-Powell at Mafeking.

welcoming guard of honour, was very touching. Mr. Prater has portrayed this interesting group with much fidelity. The bearded and unkempt member of the relieving force shaking hands with his spick but emaciated comrade is capitally drawn, and the scene generally is strikingly realized.

In according praise for capable and artistic work, Mr. Prater's name should be frequently mentioned. The gallant defence and relief of Ladysmith, just referred to, give Mr. J. Finnemore's drawing of 'The Meeting of General and Lady White' (page 30) interesting significance. Apart from its personal side the drawing is well arranged, and is a good example of sound portraiture and unexaggerated effect. Another of Mr. Finnemore's large drawings has been reproduced on page 11. This is a finely conceived picture, and depicts with much vividness the terror of horsemen stampeding at the horrid burst of shell. The riderless horse to the right making his death plunge is admirably sketched, and one can readily see that such a sketch as Mr. Wollen's on page 14 has afforded Mr. Finnemore plenty of suggestion.

It can be stated without contradiction that to General Baden-Powell was left the discovery of the cheery side of war, and this came as no surprise to those who had known him either as schoolfellow or comrade in arms. For a long time these had felt that in the soldier had been lost both a capable artist and a clever actor. Happily for England the opportunity came to vindicate the soldier's choice in spite of other inducements. The *vis comica*, which he possesses to such a high degree, stood him in good stead throughout the hardy defence of Mafeking. It helped him to make light of hardships and to inspire his forces with breezy confidence and determination.

Every communication that came through was alive with this hearty humour, and the British public prayed and waited for the happy ending. Just a month before relief came he wrote the following characteristic note :—"All blooming and booming here. We shan't know what to do with ourselves if we get relieved, we're so accustomed to our imprisonment now. Perhaps they'll forget about us and leave us to our little fun with the Boers, who, by the way, seem far more tired of the game than we are. I hope in a few days to make them still more tired of it. Hoping this may get through to you (our last two runners came back with bullet holes in them)."

Accompanying this was the funny sketch of 'The Washerwoman's Son' (page 16), depicting the trials of a Mafeking baby, whose mother, infected by the general indifference to danger, insisted on prosecuting her calling, notwithstanding the nearness of bursting shells. The native method of nursing babies causes the child literally to be standing on its head, and it must be confessed that the humour of the drawing is very much at the infant's expense.

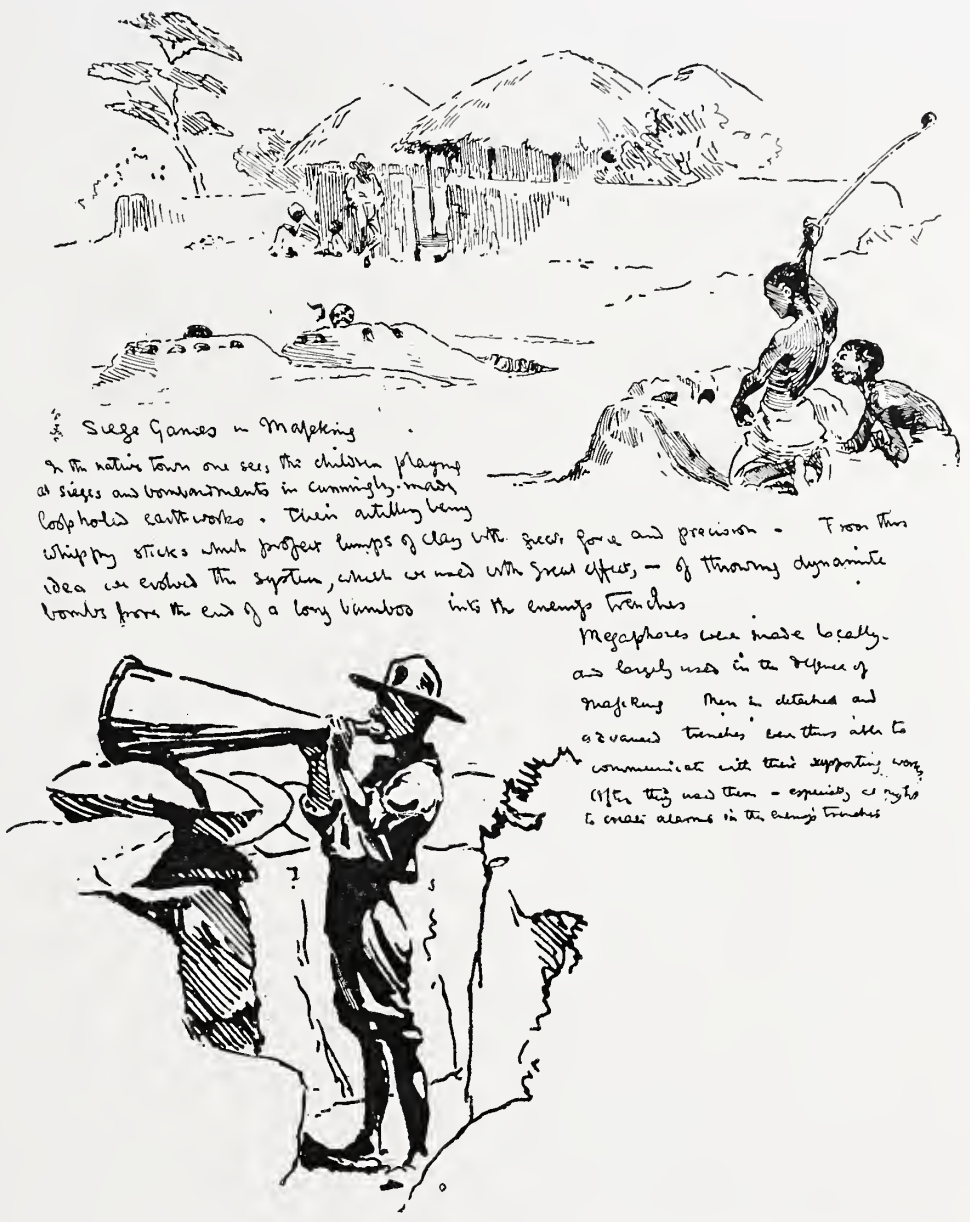
Another clever sketch was that devoted to Lord Edward Cecil's bright 'Cadet Corps' (p. 26) which rendered such useful service as boy messengers and powder monkeys during the siege. It requires little examination to show that General Baden-Powell is no tyro in art, and that it is long ago since he passed the stage of the amateur. As the author of one of the best works of military observation, "Scouting," it was only natural that he should be quick to perceive how to turn all his resources to the best account.

The sketch, 'Siege Games in Mafeking,' with his own notes, illustrates this (p. 17). He explains how, by watching the native children's precision in throwing lumps of clay with whipping sticks, he adopted the effective method of throwing dynamite bombs from the end of a long bamboo into the enemy's trenches. Another sketch shows the use of a home-made megaphone.

It is eminently fitting at this stage to make allusion to Mr. Dudley Hardy's 'Mafeking Night' (page 31), which vividly calls to mind the unprecedented national

enthusiasm when the Empire went literally mad with joy over the relief of the famous garrison. Here was a theme to inspire any artist, and it is not invidious to say that Mr. Hardy's realization of a typical scene thoroughly represents the best of the drawings made of the subject, as well as it embodies the perfervid thankfulness of the nation. There is no need to detail the parts of the stirring drawing. Mr. Hardy has contrived to mass them into a broad and telling impression of the national jubilation, and it must be one of the many pleasures of the defenders and relievers of Mafeking to look upon such a record.

It now becomes necessary to allude to those works reproduced in the foregoing pages, which have not yet been described. The headpiece on page 1 is characteristic of much sound work done by Mr. Sidney Paget for *The Sphere*. It amplifies a sketch made by Mr. Ernest Prater of a fine deed performed by the 78th battery of artillery, after engaging the enemy at Potgieter's Drift, in the advance to the relief of Ladysmith. Our guns had been shelled from end to end and the order was given to get out of range. Most of the limber was fortunate in getting clear, but in the incident portrayed, three men, after the horses had been shot, dragged a gun half a mile across the plain and miraculously escaped death.



By permission of W. L. Thomas, Esq.

Mafeking Siege Games (p. 16).
Sketch by General Baden-Powell.

On pages 2 and 3 we have instances of the well-proved ruthlessness of the enemy. Mr. James Greig's clever drawing, however, shows that, although some of the Boers mercilessly robbed the dying and the dead, others gave aid and water to the wounded. Mr. Greig has not hitherto been known as a war artist, but in this and other drawings he has been able to evince much readiness of resource and capable figure-drawing.

'Boer Treachery,' on page 3, is Mr. Caton Woodville's pictorial counterpart to Kipling's "Gunga Din," and is a worthy tribute to the fearless devotion of the Indian Stretcher-Bearers. The indignant attitude of the perforce-unarmed bearer in the drawing is of dramatic intenseness, and nothing could better give point to the notorious breaches of the humanity of war committed so often by the Boers, and reluctantly admitted by their sympathizers.

In the large illustration on page 5, 'A 4·7 Naval Gun in Action,' Mr. Caton Woodville has made good use of a capital sketch by an anonymous naval officer. The drawing furnishes a vivid idea of the great scope of operations at Grobler's Kop, and also a good insight into the splendid range of this invaluable weapon.

Mr. Woodville's third full-page drawing, 'Champagne Luncheon to Cronje,' on page 13, is a speaking commentary on what foreigners describe as our tearful magnanimity in dealing with a fallen foe, and is from a sketch by Mr. Fred Villiers, who drew the gormandish Cronje slaying the victuals so abundantly provided out of a really slender larder by the quixotic officer in command at the Modder just before the Boer leader's departure for Cape Town, illustrated on page 12. In the general shortness of rations the last of everything seems to have been bestowed on the prisoner. After smoking an officer's carefully treasured cigar, sympathetically offered during Cronje's quarter of an hour with Lord Roberts, it is on record that he asked for more, and in Mr. Woodville's elaboration of Mr. Villiers' sketch we see the guard looking very wistfully at the imminent waste of priceless champagne. There is both comedy and tragedy of a sort here, and the memory of that



By permission of "The Graphic." *Riding for a Fall (p. 21).*
Drawn by G. D. Giles.

luncheon at the Modder will be a sour possession to Cronje's guard for many a long year.

One feels that the victuals commandeered in Mr. Begg's capital drawing on page 7 are a poor set-off against this Modder feast. There is, nevertheless, infinitely more humour in the faces of the happy Colonials who have contrived to drop into Lubber Hoop Farm at dinner-time, than in the wolfish visage of the free luncher in Mr. Woodville's picture.

Another illustration of the war's amenities is to be found on page 12, depicting the friendly meeting of General Buller and Christian Botha. Mr. Finnemore's work is based on a workmanlike sketch by Trooper Simon, who was present. The hill behind is the fateful Majuba, and the incident illustrated is the consultation, which proved to be fruitless, on terms of surrender; Botha eventually refusing to give in unconditionally.

From one of Mr. Melton Prior's numerous sketches sent from Ladysmith, Mr. A. Forestier's full-page drawing on page 15, 'Marksmen at King's Post,' has been evolved. Mr. Forestier has rapidly come to the front in the field of illustration, and in this work he has faithfully followed Mr. Prior's suggestions, and well realized the distance of the enemy's hill guns, whose fire the marksmen from their advanced position are endeavouring to cripple. No record of war artists' work should omit mention of Mr. Stanley Berkeley, and if the small drawing on page 10, 'Saving the Guns at Colenso,' does not repeat the success of 'How Lord Roberts won the V.C.,' it is yet a forceful piece of work and worthy of a place in these pages.

With regard to Mr. John Charlton's An Ambush and Stampede,' page 9, occasion will again be taken to refer to this well-known horse-painter's work.



By permission of "The Graphic." *Driving Starving Cavalry Horses Away (p. 6).*
Sketch by W. T. Maud.



By permission of "The Graphic."

Advance of Hildyard's Brigade at Colenso (p. 21).
Drawn by Frank Craig.



By permission of "The Graphic."

An Ambush at Sanna's Post (p. 22).
Drawn by John Charlton.

It now suffices to say, that his lifelong study of the horse has, as usual, stood him in good stead in this magnificent drawing. Mr. Charlton's intention in this work is to illustrate the favourite method of the Boers of harassing an attacking enemy (who thinks he is unobserved), by firing a well-aimed shot at the transport wagons. This sets the animals plunging about, and they quickly get out of hand and stampede in the headlong manner so cleverly shown in the picture. It is interesting to state in connexion with this well-known tendency of animals to break away, that the practical suggestion has been made of making each transport horse wear a loose noose round the neck, so that immediately he begins to bolt, the cord produces a temporary sensation of choking, and he is checked.

The four extra plates contained in this number have been chosen to prove the high standard reached in the illustration of the war by representative black-and-white artists. Mr. Caton Woodville's record of work is an astonishing display of industry and gifted facility, and the fine subject 'Their Ordeal of Fire,' is in every way worthy of his powers. It depicts the gallant stand of the Grenadiers at Biddulph's Berg on the burning veldt, which, as it became blackened, threw the doomed Guards in their khaki into high relief, and made them conspicuous marks for the enemy's fire. Many of the unfortunate wounded, despite the valiant efforts of their heroic comrades, were burnt to death, but through it all the indomitable coolness of the British infantryman prevailed. This is the spirit with which the picture is instinct, and it perpetuates the memory of an exploit fit to be ranked with any on the Guards' glorious roll of fame.

In Mr. Frank Craig's 'Holy Communion on the Veldt,' the young artist has sought inspiration from the most solemn ceremony known to men. Fritz Von Uhde, Liebermann and Dagnan-Bouveret have painted the subject, and striven to impart a pathetic simplicity to it by choosing the peasant and the fisherman as types; but surely no note could ring more true than the rugged sincerity of this intense composition. The manly devotion of it all is overwhelming, and in these stern faces, wearing the expression of meek trustfulness, one



By permission of "The Graphic."

Majuba Avenged (p. 22).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I., from a sketch by H. McCormick.

can see the reflex of that cheerful faith which, like Havelock, Lord Roberts nobly and manfully confesses. In place of the Saxon warriors singing a tumultuous song to Wodin and Thor, or of gladiators shouting the despairing cry, "Morituri te salutant!" we have here still a band of dauntless men, but in a serene and majestic calm.

A return is made to the grim actuality of war in Mr. John Charlton's 'Cavalry crossing a Drift.' This well-known painter of the horse has a subject here into which he has put much of his experienced study, and in every case the trooper's mount is drawn to the life. The figure of the officer in the rising background, utterly regardless of the bursting shell below, gives the composition just that touch of cool intrepidity shared by all his men in the decidedly uncomfortable crossing.

Our frontispiece, 'Colonel Plumer's Attempt to Relieve Mafeking,' drawn by Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., is decidedly one of the most picturesque drawings of a conflict at close quarters executed by any artist during the war. The gallant endeavour was checked at Ramathlabama, as the small force, with little or no cover, save from the railway embankment, found itself in danger of being encircled by the reinforcements which poured forth from the Boer laagers. The drawing is alive with movement, and the figures of the troopers of the Rhodesian Horse, whether scorning or using cover, are powerfully realised. The Boers advancing to the attack in the middle distance are grouped equally effectively, and the stretch of veldt beyond shows a mastery of landscape effect to be classed with Mr. Hatherell's work on this page, to be referred to presently.



By permission of "The Graphic."

B.-P. at Mafeking—the last Look Round (p. 21).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Along with Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. G. D. Giles has made a name as a battle-painter in addition to establishing a reputation as a black-and-white artist. The example of his work given on page 18, 'Riding for a Fall,' is opportune in calling attention to the signal services rendered in the war by the Australian Volunteers. These magnificent troops, whether as scouts or rough-riders, quickly won their spurs in the field, and the illustration is typical of their unfailing resource. Finding their progress barred by a wire fence, they called on one of their number—a famous steeplechase jockey—to show his prowess. Straightway he rode bang at the obstacle, and his sturdy mount managed to break through without injury. The reader can well appreciate the admiration shown in the faces of the plucky rider's comrades.

Mr. Frank Craig's gift of filling his drawings with light and life—or should it be said atmosphere and death—is again displayed in the Battle of Colenso (page 19), devoted to the advance of General Hildyard's Brigade. He has well realized the terrible stress and difficulty of the unflinching infantryman's work on that day, and the picture is yet another proof of Mr. Craig's splendid work done for *The Graphic* during the year.

The same paper has also been well served by Mr. William Hatherell, R.I., who has long been known at the Langham Sketching Club as one of its cleverest members. In choosing four of his drawings for this Annual a good idea of his versatility may be obtained. The most ambitious of the series is undoubtedly 'The last Look Round,' given above, although B.-P.'s native



By permission of "The Graphic."

Bringing up the Big Gun (p. 22).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

worshippers, in giving him the name of "The Wolf that never Sleeps," would deny that he ever did look round for the last time, unless it was on the day he left Mafeking for good. Here is, nevertheless, a finely conceived portrait, not unlike the figure on the Gordon monument, and on the moonlit stretch of mound and veldt the imagination can dwell for long.

The elaborate drawing reproduced on this page, 'Bringing up the Big Gun,' shows the sort of outing the gallant Naval Brigade had in their forced march to Ladysmith. There are no light picnic baskets here, but the stiffest tug-of-war in which a body of men could indulge. Mr. Hatherell's figure-drawing has been put to a full test, and, like the strenuous bluejackets in the picture, it has been successful. Her Majesty's message to General Buller: "Pray express to the Naval Brigade my deepest appreciation of the valuable services they have rendered with their guns," might well be attached to this picture. In its way 'Majuba Avenged,' page 20, is a pendant to Mr. Greig's drawing on page 2. After the battle on Talana Hill, officers and correspondents alike bore witness to the humanity of our privates, who, with rare self-denial, proved that Sir Philip Sidney's example has not been forgotten, and freely gave up their water-bottles to many a wounded Boer. Mr. Hatherell's last drawing, 'Spiking a Gun,' page 26, conveys a spirited impression of the exploit on Gun Hill outside Ladysmith, when General Hunter selected a body of Imperial Light Horse, Natal Carabiniers, and a few Sappers and Gunners, under the command of Major Henderson, to rush the Boer position at night and settle Long Tom. This was the occasion when some quick-witted volunteer shouted "Fix Bayonets!" (there were only four in the whole force) and the Boers fled precipitately, leaving a 6-inch Creusot and a 4·7 howitzer to be destroyed.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Bringing in the Wounded (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

If Mr. John Charlton's 'An Ambush,' page 20, has, on the other hand, a regrettable incident as its foundation, none can gainsay the marvellous *élan* of the drawing. The Londoner is never more excited than when he has to stand aside and watch the mad rush of the team dragging a fire-engine through the parting stream of traffic. With this spectacle in his mind he can understand the intensified motive of Mr. Charlton's drawing depicting a driverless team of Royal Horse Artillery dashing in wild terror from the



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

In the Trenches at Ladysmith (p. 24).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.



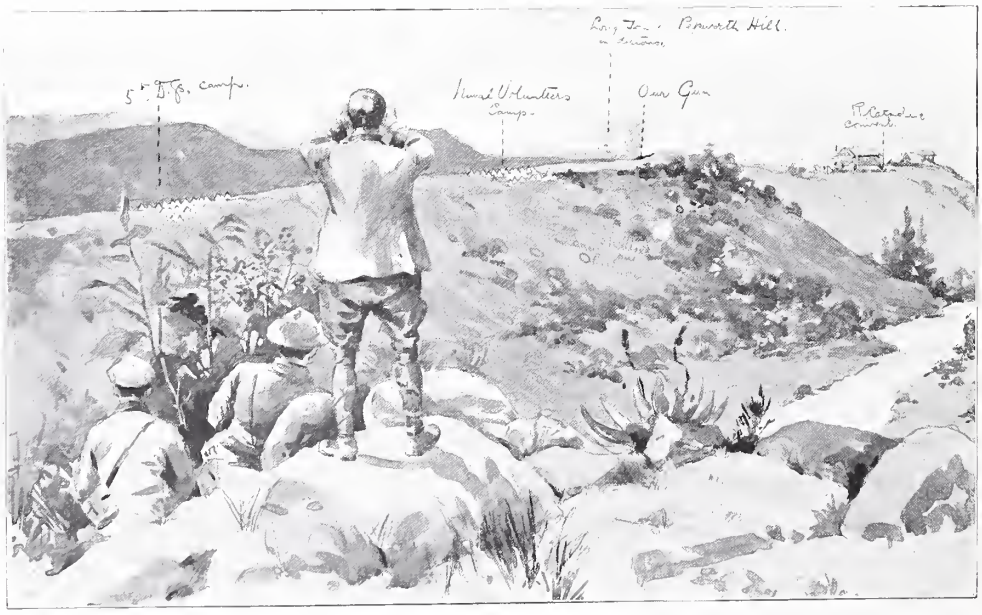
By permission of "The Sphere"

The Meeting of the Twin Battalions of the Devonshires at Ladysmith (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater

terrible ambush at Sanna's Post, where the Boers waited for the unsuspecting convoy.

It will have been noticed how the fighting in and about Ladysmith has called for much of the best work done by artists during the war, and it seems fitting that our last illustration of Mr. Caton Woodville's series should be 'In the Trenches at Ladysmith' (page 23). There is not such an opportunity for the display of dramatic composition as we have seen in 'Their Ordeal of Fire,' but no man knows better his types, and in this thin rank of determined defenders Mr. Woodville sets down all that stolidity, eagerness, coolness, and self-sacrifice incarnated in Tommy Atkins. Each face here is national; it is the face of a British hero, and happily for us as a nation it can be recognized at home in the face of the man in the street.

Whatever debateable questions have been or may be



By permission of "The Graphic."

Correspondents watching a Big Gun Duel at Ladysmith (p. 30).
Sketch by H. McCormick.



By permission of "The Sphere."

The Capture of Pieter's Hill by the East Surrey Regiment (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

aroused by the campaign, every correspondent and foreign attaché has borne glad testimony to the incomparable grit and pluck of the British private. No one can look through the drawings and sketches in this Annual without feeling that the fighting stock of the nation has suffered no deterioration. The war artists have had abundant material at hand to make a lasting record of the patient and humble heroism of the common soldier, whether regular, volunteer, or colonial; and whilst this is our proud possession now, it will be in years to come a firing example to those who take up arms in the cause of the Empire. Imperturbable in danger, hopeful in hardship, and restrained in victory, the man of the rank and file has fulfilled his part. Whatever excesses of jubilation or depression were committed by Englishmen at home (and diligently emphasized by the foreigner abroad), there is only one opinion about the never-failing equability of the British soldier in South Africa. In the Crimea there was one soldiers' battle; on the veldt and kopjes there were scores. It is the duty of every writer who touches upon the chronicle of the campaign to pay this tribute, and even on that account alone the illustrations in this publication will not have been in vain.

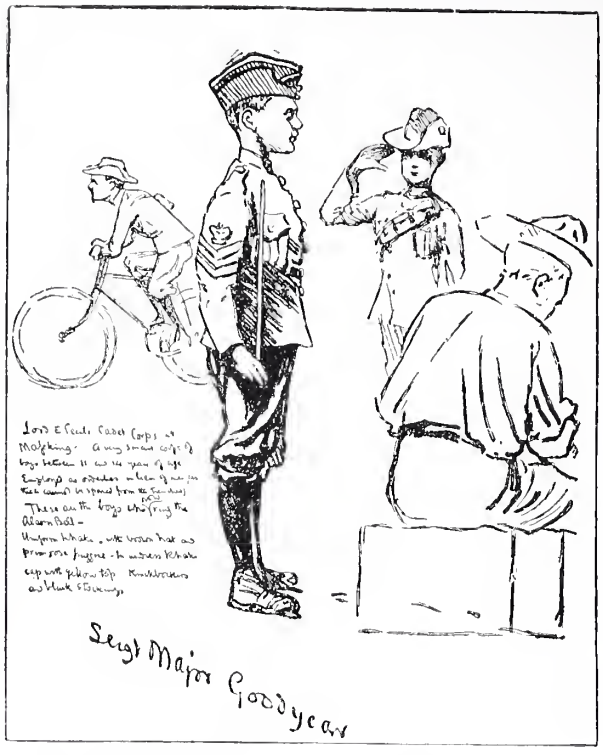
Great though this popular appreciation of the soldier's



By permission of "Black and White."

A 6-in. Gun in Action (p. 28).
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

services has been, it does not exceed the gratitude and devotion shown to Lord Roberts and his able generals by the men whom they have led. It was, therefore, a happy thought of the proprietors of *Black and White* to despatch Mr. Mortimer Menpes to the seat of war in order that he might portray the leaders of our side as they appeared amongst their men. The portraits which this distinguished artist was able to make, and the many sketches of the stirring scenes he saw, cause one to regret that more painters, as such, did not avail themselves of the opportunities which the war provided. It may well be that eventually many of the gifted black-and-white artists, whose work is represented in these pages, will transfer their works to canvas, and it may also happily turn out that among the hosts of volunteers there were embryo battle-painters, but it is nevertheless disappointing that Mr. Menpes' example did not inspire a considerable section of painters to try their fortunes in the field. Hitherto our school of battle-painters has been thin indeed, despite the popular success that awaits it. The ensuing year will, however, show what men have been enterprising or imaginative enough to rise to the occasion. A flood of battle-pictures followed the Franco-German war, and new reputations were made. It is true Meissonier disappointed his admirers, but that ardent patriot found his excuse in declaring his inability to picture his countrymen defeated after his long series of Napoleonic triumphs. Yet, if the price of a national



By permission of W. L. Thomas, Esq.

Lord Edward Cecil's Cadet Corps at Mafeking (p. 16).
Drawn by General Baden-Powell.



By permission of "The Graphic."

Spiking a Gun (p. 22).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

school of battle-painters be a foreign invasion, we must all rest thankful that it is not yet established. The resourceful artist who has never seen war will, nevertheless, have material enough to work upon if he makes use of the sketches and drawings of which this work contains so many examples.

The ready facilities offered to Mr. Menpes for the prosecution of his work were turned to excellent purpose. Of all the leaders in the campaign none has clinched the popular imagination more than that darling of the soldiery, "Fighting Mac." In Mr. Menpes' portrait (page 28) there is all the suggestion of unaffected manliness, for which he is idolized by his men. In its catch and insight of character it fulfils our expectations, and the result coincides with the fancy portrait that the mind conjures up in reading of the career of this fortunate soldier. Mr. Menpes has contrived in a few strokes of the pencil to take his man off guard as unerringly as ever Mr. Sargent does when he surprises his sitters. At first one is disposed to imagine that Mr. Menpes must have had many difficulties, in the absence of studio comforts, but on the other hand it must be borne in mind that a soldier is never more his real self than in a tent or on the field, and the artist's personal discomforts are compensated by the easy capture of his sitter's true personality. Yet Mr. Menpes confesses to having felt an unwonted diffidence when set face to face with Lord Roberts, despite the great leader's characteristic courtesy. The late



By permission of "The Sphere."

The Funeral of General Wauchope. The pipers are playing a pibroch (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



By permission of "Black and White."

The Battle of Osfontein—Colonel Le Gallais' Mounted Infantry Brigade waiting the order to advance (p. 28). Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

Admiral Maxse introduced the artist, who was forthwith begged to put himself at his ease and not to feel shy! It is doubtful whether any artist could give adequate expression to the refined strength that marks the individuality of Lord Roberts, but Mr. Menpes' portrait goes far to that end, and its inclusion in these pages (page 32) will help many to realize the extraordinary combination of force and sensibility possessed by this national hero.

One can detect the tentativeness of ultimate battle pictures in Mr. Menpes' three sketches of military operations. 'A 6-inch Gun in Action,' on page 25, has all the makings of an impressive picture. The main idea of rapid action and movement is well adhered to; the eye cannot fasten upon conspicuous detail; the morose hill in the background sends into relief the group of active artillerymen working their deadly ordnance. The scene is depicted as one would see it in one quick glimpse with the eye. In the same time the camera would register infinitely more detail at the expense of the broad impression. The pencil and wash drawing, 'The Battle of Osfontein,' above, drawn at the moment of Colonel Le Gallais' mounted infantry awaiting the order to advance, is interesting as showing one of those rare occasions when troops were massed in geometrical arrangement. Here again there is no insistence on subordinate parts. The scene in its entirety is suggested, and Mr. Menpes doubtless remembers vividly the colour scheme that filled his eye. A personal interest is added to this sketch, in that Lord Roberts enabled the artist to view the scene by lending him the field glasses presented by the Lord Mayor of London on the commander-in-chief's departure from England. The remaining sketch by Mr. Menpes, 'Lord Roberts addressing Lumsden's Horse,' page 29, is another characteristic piece of work. This was made on the arrival of this body of troops at Bloemfontein, and contains all the elements of a spectacular picture. It is to be hoped that the artist's developments of these



By permission of "Black and White."

"Fighting Mac" (p. 26). Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.



By permission of "Black and White."

Lord Roberts addressing Lumsden's Horse on their arrival at Bloemfontein (p. 28).
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

suggestive sketches will be successful, and thereby point the usefulness of personal experience of war to painters who would essay its treatment.

The sterner necessities of modern warfare will be found, however, to have robbed the artist of his greatest picturesque accessory — variety of colour. When armies went forth to battle, bedizened in all the swaggering plumage of military dandyism, the palette sparkled with gay pigments. The Field of the Cloth of Gold has now become a literal fact, and it will be decidedly interesting to see what artistic enterprise or license can make out of the masses of the dull yellow gold of khaki. The locomotive has not succeeded the four-in-hand as a pictorial accessory, and the frigate in the Painted Hall at Greenwich still waits for the ironclad.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Cavalry Patrol engaged with Boer Scouting Party (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



By permission of "The Sphere."

The Meeting of General and Lady White (p. 16).
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I.

How will the painter of modern warfare make up then for the rich uniforms the troops have left behind them? Let us hope that the future school will not rush to sensationalism to compensate itself for this deprivation of picturesqueness. Art has no home amongst the horrors of realism or of carnage. The warrior asks for no reminder of these. He hopes that they may be buried deep beneath the paths of peace. Preachings on canvas against the strife of battle have always been in vain, and a gallery full of pictures by Delacroix will not prevent a people rushing into war. As the Comte Delaborde said in his oration on Meissonier before the French Academy: "Let there be no dwelling on the stern lessons of a terrible disenchantment, but a noble encouragement in patriotic devotion, in well-doing, in faith and in hope."

The little sketch on page 24, 'Correspondents watching a Big Gun Duel at Ladysmith,' made by Mr. H. McCormick, the three figure in which are the late Mr. G. W. Steevens (on the extreme left), Mr. G. Lynch, and Mr. W. T. Maud, looking through field-glasses, reminds us of other men besides soldiers who risk their lives in war in the service of the public. Mr. Maud's artistic work has received worthy acknowledgment already in these pages, but few perhaps are aware how cheerfully and unselfishly he strove to save the life of his comrade Steevens when stricken down in Ladysmith. The little band of artists and war correspondents, including such men as Mr. Lionel James of *The Times*, Mr. William Maxwell of *The Standard*, and Mr. H. Pearse of *The Daily News*, all attest Mr. Maud's noble devotion to their brilliant colleague, whose untimely cutting off was a national loss. Mr. James says:—"Maud was as mother, nurse, and everything to poor Steevens."

It seems especially fitting that this personal tribute should find a place in our pages. Mr. McCormick's sketch shows the weary round and common task, so frequently described by Mr. Steevens in his interesting letters, of the endeavour of our guns to cope with the enemy's big ordnance. The sketch is dated November 7th, and by the end of the month "we had assumed," wrote Mr. Steevens, "half-sullenly, half-carelessly, that the big guns were invulnerable, and that the only thing was to stiffen our backs and go on being shelled." But on the 28th—"two deserters and a native spy all said so—a shell from the forward 4·7 hit the original Long Tom on Pepworth's Hill. It chipped a bit off the muzzle, said they, exploded a shell in the gun, blew out the breech block, crumpled up the wheels, and killed the five men who were in the emplacement. Later, a native deposed—probably falsely—that he had seen a battered gun being taken home by rail to Pretoria. Anyhow, Long Tom never spoke again."

That the illuminating word pictures drawn by the few brilliant war correspondents at the front have been, and will be, most helpful to the war artist is unquestionable. When Mr. E. F. Knight, the author of "Where Three Empires Meet," lost his right arm at Belmont—shattered by an expanding bullet fired under cover of a white flag—what would have been an invaluable chronicle of this campaign was ruthlessly cut short; but no painter need be short of inspiration if he turns to the many graphic writings of Steevens, to such a moving recountal as Mr. Lionel James' 'Battle of Elandslaagte,' or Mr. Maxwell's telling description of the desperate onset of the Boers at Ladysmith in the month of January; to Mr. Bennet Burleigh's story of the gunners' heroism at Colenso; to Mr. Neilly's recital of the unbreakable endurance of the Mafeking garrison, or to Mr. Hales' rousing episodes of scouting forays. These chronicles teem with vivid suggestion of valour and devotion, and prove that while the image of war may have changed, the old traditions of individual daring and self-sacrifice have been maintained over and over again.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Mafeking Night in London (p. 16).
Drawn by Dudley Hardy, R.I.



By permission of "Black and White." *Lord Roberts (p. 28).*
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

War would indeed be a scourge, however, if it were wholly an unbroken chain of slaughter, violence, pain, and watchfulness. It has been abundantly manifest that the British soldier is always ready to take all the risks lightheartedly, and the kind of man who says when he is wounded: "Don't mind me: chuck me on one side!" is not the one to be moody and depressed when the strain of fighting or watching is slackened. It is not surprising, consequently, to find among the batches of war artists' sketches a goodly number of illustrations which show that there is a time for relaxation as well as for work.

Mr. Wollen and Mr. Prater have each been careful to note this welcome relief from toil and hardship, and the light comedy of war has been set down in many a clever sketch. "B. P." mentions the little children of Mafeking laughing and crowing over the bursting shells, and the besieged in Ladysmith were not slow in finding means of amusement during the monotony of bombardment. In the National Gallery there is a canvas by Teniers, 'Boers playing Tric-Trac.' Should a painter be desirous of making a companion picture he has only to borrow Mr. Maud's sketch of 'The Manchesters playing cards in a sangar on Cæsar's Camp' during an interval in the bombardment. There is much excellent fun in Mr. Prater's sketch, 'The Disappearing Irishman,' a game played now and again by Buller's cheery men. The rules of this are worth giving. One of the troopers wearing a hard felt hat and false beard occupies an empty tub. His comrades stand around with light missiles, and a cigar is the prize for anyone who can hit his head. A penny per "shy" is demanded. The occupant of the tub has naturally to be extremely quick in ducking, and knows when to show his head in safety by peering through small eye-holes bored through the front of the tub. Nor was St. Patrick's Day forgotten, and in the Irish camp at Ladysmith the celebrations in honour of the patron saint would have yielded to none in any corner of the Empire for genuineness and enthusiasm.

Enough has now been written to prove how faithfully and intimately the artist at the front and his collaborator at home have watched the moving fortunes of the war. Both have risen to the standard of their inspiring duty, and the first man to acknowledge the patience and tenacity of the correspondent has always been the uncomplaining and untiring British soldier. The record which the artist has made, serves a double purpose. It has illustrated his own high qualities of efficiency, and it will permanently reflect the achievements of the men to whom their countrymen owe so much. As might be expected it has not been possible to exemplify in this Annual the work of every distinguished black-and-white artist who has won credit during the campaign, but it may fairly be claimed that the collection of sketches and drawings is typical of the best accomplishment, done, not for one only, but all the illustrated papers. In declining to make cheap capital out of seething realism the artist has followed the example of the soldier. So long as war exists, the acme of human suffering must be endured, and fortunately it can still remain our proud boast that no man is readier to meet it in heroic silence, and in unflinching fortitude than the Briton. Such has been the theme of the work of artists in South Africa, and such it can confidently be stated will always be the inspiring motive of artists depicting the soldiers of the Empire in the stern but glad performance of their duty to their Sovereign and their Fatherland.

A. C. R. CARTER.



Photo. Ball. *Mr. Melton Prior.*

PRINTED BY H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 294, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



HELIOCHROME.

Cartoon, in pastel, for Glass Painting—"CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM."

Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons.

THE DECORATIVE ART OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

ON the occasions, alas! only too rare, when some stupendous genius has arisen amongst us, it is not unfitting to inquire, although indeed its origin be a thing altogether sporadic and unaccountable, at any rate, what auxiliary causes contributed to its wondrous fashioning. Such a genius was Edward Burne-Jones. Of all the forces then living to impress themselves upon his art, there can be no question that the most powerful were Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and William Morris. The influence of the two first-named, his seniors, the former by twelve years, Rossetti by five, was comparatively transient; but that of William Morris, his contemporary and most intimate and devoted friend, almost from the moment when they both matriculated together at the same College, Exeter, at Oxford, was as energetic as it was life-long. Yet the natural bent of either artist was quite distinct. While both were so far imbued in common with the spirit of Romanticism as to be able to pore with equal delight over the pages of Malory, the bias of Burne-Jones was towards the Italian school of picture-painting, whereas Morris, on the other hand, was Northern or Gothic in feeling—architecture, with the attendant handicrafts, occupying the foremost place in the artistic scheme as he conceived of it.



Fig. 1.—Cartoon in colour for glass-painting. 'The Good Shepherd' (p. 2). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of Messrs. J. Powell and Sons.

From the days of Consular or, later, of Imperial Rome, when the Latin engineers—being without decorative forms of their own, and misunderstanding those of Grecian architecture—essayed the illogical device of masking their round-arched masonry with the features of trabeate construction, introduced in such wise as to fulfil no functional purpose whatever, the Latin race of itself has been somewhat barren of purely organic design. If Burne-Jones, then, had allowed himself to be guided solely by Italian traditions, his work, as decoration, must have suffered.

There needed the infusion of some other strain, that of the more imaginative North or East, to quicken into æsthetic productiveness; and this factor most fortunately was forthcoming through his constant intercourse with William Morris, whom, however, in one important regard, Burne-Jones greatly surpassed. For, manifold as was Morris's experience of technical processes, and unerring as was his decorative instinct, his ornament was of a lower order than Burne-Jones's from the very nature of the materials dealt with severally by the two artists.

Whether from diffidence or actual limitation of executive capacity, Morris confined his designs almost exclusively to *motifs* founded upon inferior organisms or upon mere abstract lines; while Burne-Jones, with his excellent mastery in delineating the human form, of all created the noblest, in so far as he was able to supply this deficiency of Morris's, lifted his own work into a higher plane than the latter artist ever attained. Morris's admiration for Burne-Jones was boundless; but, Northern and sturdy himself to the backbone, that which (if he ever analyzed his feelings on the subject) he admired most in his friend was not any such absence of the above qualities as might have existed to afford the faintest shadow of justification for Mallock's harsh criticisms, but what was positive about Burne-Jones, viz., his splendid faculty of interpreting the ideas to which it was not vouchsafed Morris to give visible expression with his own hand.

To Morris's undying credit it belongs that the talents of the greatest painter the world has known since the fifteenth century should have continued to be attached for upwards of thirty-five years to the supreme service of the arts of decoration. Yet it is not to be inferred herefrom that Sir Edward Burne-Jones was indebted to anyone else for that incommunicable imagination which, above every other note, distinguishes the genuine artist from the commonplace canvas-colourer of academic type. On the contrary, he was endowed with an extraordinary degree of inventiveness.

Were there no further evidence of the fact available, it might stand established solely by the priceless monument which, in fulfilment of the artist's wish recorded before he died, was acquired by the nation as a gift and deposited in the British Museum in July, 1899. It consists of a volume of studies and ornamental designs for all sorts of objects. For, such was the teeming fertility of Burne-Jones's resource that, when he undertook a design on any given occasion, it rarely happened but that he produced others as well, often as many as

ten or a dozen more ideas for different subjects occurring to him before the original plan had reached completion.

The drawings in this collection, in the British Museum, are done for the most part in crayon, with here and there a touch of water-colour laid on with the brush. None can be regarded as finished works; many of them are simply rough sketches; but therein lies their special charm and value, that, embodying the earliest inception of the idea as it sprang fresh and fervent from the master's brain, without any impairing of vigour from the subsequent revision and refining away to which his sensitive scrupulousness led him to subject some of his large and elaborate compositions, they represent more vividly than anything else could do the direct utterances of his inspiration.

But, to continue, famous as the name of Edward Burne-Jones, coupled with that of William Morris, has become in connection with decoration—with glass-painting and book illustration in particular—it was not due to Morris's instance, in the first place, that the attention of Burne-Jones was directed to either art. By a curious paradox, it was a design of Rossetti's, and that neither a painting nor any work in colour at all, which excited the first rapturous emulation of Burne-Jones, but a small black-and-white wood-engraving of 'The Maids of Elfen-mere,' in long, white robes, each one of the three spinning, distaff in hand, the pastor's son on the ground at their feet. Published in 1855, in a volume of poems by William Allingham, entitled "The Music Master, and Two Series of Day and Night Songs," Burne-Jones, writing in the following year, called it the most beautiful drawing for an illustration he had ever seen.

As for painted glass, a correct account of how Burne-Jones was led to design for this purpose has not hitherto appeared. It befell thus: and the facts are noteworthy as supplying a connecting link in the chain of the history of the arts. That which, at a time when ignorance and ugliness reigned supreme, Rickman achieved for the intelligent appreciation of the historic styles in architecture, was effected for the corresponding study of glass-painting by two volumes, published in 1846, by Charles Winston, whose researches, pioneer though he was, have provided the foundation for all later knowledge of the subject. Now Winston, a lawyer by profession, resided in the Temple, conveniently near to the Whitefriars Flint-glass Factory, whose existence can be traced at least as far back as the year 1710; and it was on these premises, and by the aid of the Messrs. Powell, who were the proprietors in his day, that Winston was furnished with the material and the opportunity to carry out the practical tests required for his investigations. If, therefore, it was not at Winston's initiative, anyhow, it was indirectly owing to his instrumentality, through the zeal he aroused for the betterment of their art, that one of the chiefs of the firm, Mr. Arthur Powell, applied to Dante Gabriel Rossetti to provide him with a design to be carried out as a painted window. Rossetti excused himself on the ground that he was too busy with other work, but at the same time suggested that his clever young friend should be asked to undertake the order.

Burne-Jones accepted the offer, and the result, the first cartoon he made for glass, remains in the possession of Messrs. J. Powell and Sons to this day. The design (Fig. 1) is remarkable, not only for its inherent qualities, but because of the account Rossetti—who, as was natural, watched the experiment with keen interest—wrote of the work shortly afterwards, in 1857. "[Burne-]Jones," he says, in a letter hitherto unpublished, for the use of which acknowledgment is due to Messrs. Powell, "has just been designing some stained glass which has driven Ruskin wild with joy: the subject is the Good Shepherd. Christ is here represented as a real Shepherd, in such dress as is fit for walking the fields and hills. He carries the lost sheep on His shoulder, and it is chewing some vine leaves which are wound round his hat—a lovely idea, is it not? A loaf and bottle of wine, the Sacred Elements, hang at His girdle; and behind Him is a wonderful piece of Gothic landscape. The colour of the whole is beyond all description."

Considering the inexperience of the designer and the class of stuff which passed for stained-glass "design" at that early date, this work is an amazing accomplishment. Yet, truth to tell, it is both immature and empiric, and such that it would be quite unfair to take for a measure of the artist's powers even at the time when it was produced. Like the cartoons which immediately followed for Messrs. Powell, it is obviously imitative, reproducing most of the mannerisms of the early Pre-Raphaelites. The windows depicting the call of St. Peter and of St. Paul respectively are full of quaint imagery. So, again, are the three lights executed for the dining-hall of Bradfield College, of which two (Figs. 2 and 3) are here reproduced. In these may be seen, besides the excessive symbolism of the Pre-Raphaelite school, the very cast of countenance they affected: the set, stony stare of the eyes, the pursed-up, prim, Puritanical mouth, and the lank hair, plastered flat over the forehead. The design, 'Outside the Gate of Paradise' (Fig. 2), as an early representation of Adam delving and Eve spinning, may be compared with the artist's treatment of the same subject, thirty years later, for a book illustration. In the right-hand upper corner on the white margin of the cartoon may be discerned the artist's monogram, E. B.-J. When the Rev. J. Keble saw the window in 1859, two years after it was designed, he was so much impressed that he wrote some verses for it on the text "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" (Gen. iii. 19). The companion design (Fig. 3) represents a ceremonial procession in honour of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who may be seen, hand in hand, just above the middle of the cartoon. The third of the series contains incidents connected with the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues that arrested its building. The figures are many, and notwithstanding they are on a smaller scale than those in the two last-named designs, the effect of the whole light is marred from overcrowding.

A similar defect (due, however, to the fact that the crazy architect gave Burne-Jones wrong measurements, which necessitated the whole composition being reduced to make it fit the allotted space) appears in the window of the Legend of St. Frideswide, in the north choir chapel at Christ Church, Oxford. The colouring of this glass is gorgeously rich, and the treatment of the many groups it contains unequalled for fantastic invention. Executed in 1859, it marks a distinct advance on previous cartoons by the artist. He must himself have been conscious of the proficiency gained, else he could scarcely have undertaken, as he did, to give a course of lessons on glass-painting to a class in the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street.

Burne-Jones had a share in designing a large window of the Creation for Waltham Abbey Church in 1861. This was the last of the artist's glass designs executed by Messrs. Powell. For, before the close of 1861, the firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co.—of which Burne-Jones himself was one of the original partners—had been established, and from that time onward to the



Fig. 3.—Cartoon in colour for glass-painting. 'Procession of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba' (p. 2). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of Messrs. J. Powell and Sons.

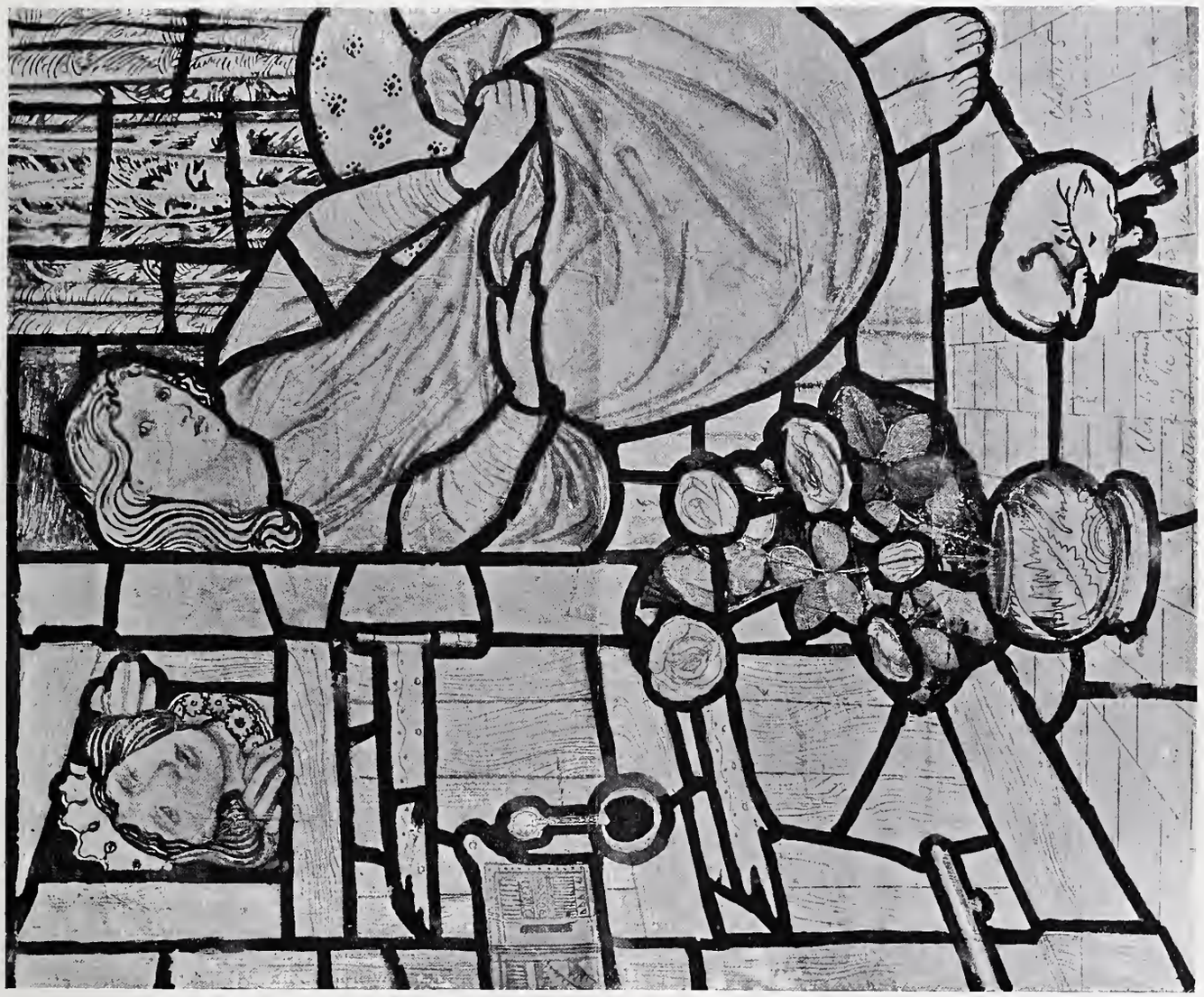


Fig. 4.—Cartoon for glass-painting. Panel to illustrate the Fifth Chapter of 'The Song of Songs' (p. 4). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.



Fig. 2.—Cartoon in colour for glass-painting. 'Adam and Eve after the Fall' (p. 2). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of Messrs. J. Powell and Sons.



Fig. 5.—Cartoon for glass-painting. 'The Martyrdom of St. Stephen' (p. 8). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.

day of his death his talents as a designer of painted glass were exercised exclusively in the service of his friend's Company.

Space does not permit a detailed description, nor even mention by name of a tithe of the windows designed by Burne-Jones for Morris's firm. Neither, indeed, were it possible to ensure an accurate list where complete records were not systematically kept. Another difficulty arises from the firm's early habit of co-operation—not, that is, in the financial sense, but in the sense that frequently several artists in union contributed to one and the same piece of work. Thus in one design of Burne-Jones's the birds were drawn by Philip Webb, the architect; or again, in a design of Morris's, representing Christ blessing little children, a child's face was drawn in by Burne-Jones. An additional difficulty presents itself to anyone attempting to identify the subjects recorded, since very often portions of separate designs, once used, would be used over and over again in various combinations for different places. Moreover, Burne-Jones's style of design for glass changed very rapidly, passing through several successive phases that merged one into another ere it arrived at its ultimate development.

It has been shown how his earliest cartoons bore the impress of dawning Pre-Raphaelitism. From this period he entered upon another, where he was swayed alternately by Madox Brown or Rossetti. The influence of the former is unmistakable in the panel (Fig. 4), designed about 1862 to form one of a series illustrating the 'Song of Songs' for Darley Dale Church. The type of face in this design has altered completely from the primitive type of four or five years previously. The passages represented are to be found in Chapter V. The artist depicts the Shulamite in the act of reclining, her heart wakeful, and sick of love, with her head close to the door to enable her to catch the melody of her lover's endearments. "It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled.'" There is the "hole of the door," by which he put in his hands, that are likened, a few verses further on, to "gold rings set with beryl"; and there too are the "handles of the lock," which was opened in vain, when too late, because the beloved had withdrawn himself.

In the Birmingham Art Gallery, which has been enriched, largely through the munificence of Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, with a fine selection of cartoons by Morris and Burne-Jones, is another design of the latter's, dated 1863, which exhibits the influence of Madox Brown still dominant. The subject is St. Edith; the Royal Abbess being depicted of graceful, if elongated, proportions, with the insignia of her office in her hands. Four other cartoons in the same collection, designed in 1863, for Lyndhurst Church windows, three of them here reproduced (Figs. 5, 6, and 7), are, if anything, rather Rossettian than otherwise; yet they present a standard of such high excellence in drawing and invention throughout as Rossetti, under the most favourable circumstances, was hardly equal to sustaining unabated for the same duration. And this marvellous feat accomplished by Burne-Jones at no longer interval than six years from the date of his first crude effort for Messrs. Powell!

However, the Lyndhurst windows have thus much in common with the early designs for Bradfield College, that in each case a single subject is contained in one tall light, the various incidents being spread out panoramawise from end to end, or, to adopt the architectural draughtsman's term, in isometrical projection. Thus, in the case of Fig. 6, there is the foreground occupied by armed combatants battling desperately within the vineyard enclosure; and beyond it, in the middle distance, kneels Joshua on Mount Gibeon, above the summit of which, again further off, are seen more warriors fighting in the tented field.

Without diminishing scale to give the relative distances between the different groups, nevertheless the whole is depicted with such power that no disagreeable sense of false perspective is felt. Although Burne-Jones's design is quite conventional,



Fig. 6.—Cartoon for glass-painting. 'The Battle of Beth-horon' (p. 4). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.



Fig. 7.—Cartoon for glass-painting. 'Elijah and the Prophets of Baal' (p. 8). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.



Fig. 8.—Cartoon for glass-painting. 'Angels Playing Hand-organs' (p. 8). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.



Fig. 9.—Cartoon for glass-painting. 'Angels Playing Harps' (p. 8). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.



Fig. 10.—Part of a coloured cartoon for glass-painting. 'The Evangelistic Symbols of St. Matthew and St. Mark' (p. 9). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the Victoria and Albert Museum.

one may safely say that a more graphic representation of this particular subject has never been produced. It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the face of the man who thrusts back the elbow of the soldier grasping him by the coat and about to smite with the sword, is a portrait of William Morris; while another man near the top, behind Joshua, appears to resemble Rossetti. He may be distinguished as, of all the number, the only one wearing a helmet encircled by a coronet.

The two remaining subjects illustrated are (Fig. 7) 'The Contest on Mount Carmel between Elijah and the votaries of Baal and Ashtaroth'; and (Fig. 5) 'The Stoning of St. Stephen.' The protomartyr is vested, after the manner usual in mediæval art, in a deacon's dalmatic. It may be noted that there is to be found, on the north side of Morton Church, near Gainsborough, a later version (1891) of the same event, which, with its semi-realistic setting, offers in every way a striking contrast to the Lyndhurst window. The fourth light, not shown here, is the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. In all of them the composition is arranged in horizontal tiers, a plan to which the last-named subject, by the introduction of a building in storeys, lends itself more readily, demanding less manipulative skill than the landscape scenes.

The two beautiful groups of angel minstrels (Figs. 8 and 9), designed about the middle of the sixties, exhibit the artist's own individual type already asserting itself.

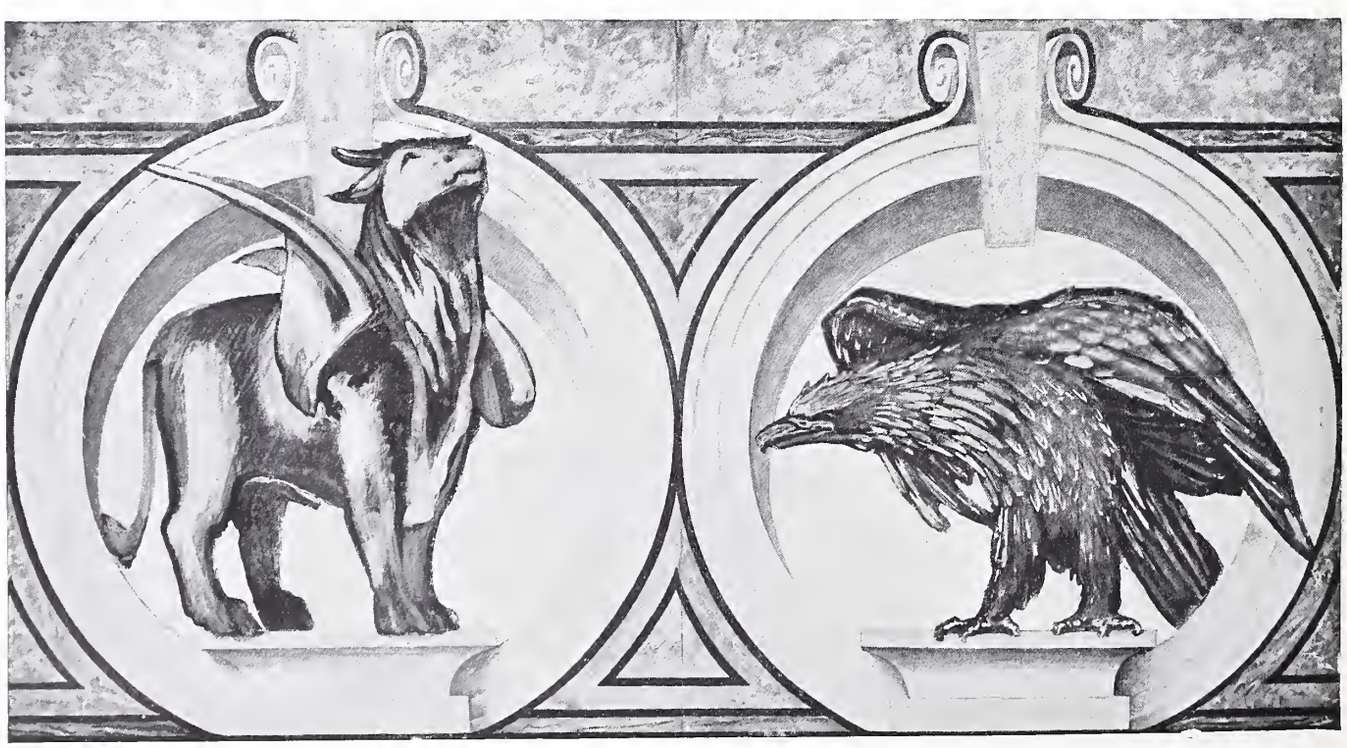


Fig. 11.—Part of a coloured cartoon for glass-painting. 'The Evangelistic Symbols of St. Luke and St. John' (p. 9). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the Victoria and Albert Museum.



HELIOCHROME.

Design for Arras Tapestry—"THE PASSING OF VENUS."

From the Water-Colour Sketch by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By permission of the Executors.



Fig. 12.—Cartoon in black-and-white crayon on brown paper, for glass-painting (p. 9). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Photographed by Mr. J. Caswall Smith, from the original in the possession of Harold Rathbone, Esq.

designs for glass ever conceived by the artist.

In the last-named year, also, was designed the magnificent composition (which forms our frontispiece) of 'Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem,' for St. Peter's, Vere Street. This work, for the period in which it was produced, is rather exceptional, as being a coloured design. Thus the drawing for Boston is solely in black crayon throughout. In the case of the Vere Street window, nevertheless, Burne-Jones's latest phase, the pictorial, which culminated in the windows at St. Philip's, Birmingham, had perceptibly begun.

Since it is easier to make this clear by comparison of various renderings of similar subjects, take the Angels (Fig. 12) holding the two ends of a scroll, designed in 1892 for the lower part of a mullioned window at Hillhead, Glasgow, and refer back to the Angels in Figs. 8 and 9. Now, apart from the divergence in style, which cannot fail to appear in works divided, as these are, by a space of nearly thirty years, the most important factor is the absence of lead-lines in the newer drawing. And herein lies the whole secret of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's development—or decline, whichever one regard it—as a designer of painted glass.

His earliest cartoons for this purpose not only have the lead-lines indicated, but are coloured as well. And, seeing that two indispensable conditions of the craft are colour and leading, it is a strange anomaly that the artist should ever have done otherwise than make adequate provision for both items in his drawings. The inevitable result of discontinuing the systematic practice of showing the colour and inserting

Another ten years and it had triumphed so completely that it would be impossible to attribute to anyone else a design produced thenceforward by Burne-Jones. Take, for instance, the large four-light window for the Vyner Memorial at Christ Church, Oxford, with its inimitable figures of Samuel and Timothy in the two outer lights, and four small subjects below. These were all designed in 1872, the figures of David and St. John being only replicas of former work.

To the same year also belong the Four Evangelistic Symbols (Figs. 10 and 11), which form portion of a design for Castle Howard. Though these medallions are fashioned with Renaissance surroundings, they offer but few points of comparison with such well-known examples of the period as Donatello's reliefs at S. Antonio, Padua. In the water-colour drawing by Burne-Jones all four are comprised in a row, the figures being silhouetted in green-bronze tones against pale blue. The decade which comprises the superb St. Cecilia window (1874) at Christ Church, Oxford; the '*Angeli Ministrantes*' and '*Angeli Laudantes*' (1878) at Salisbury Cathedral, and the 'David giving Solomon instructions for the Building of the Temple' (1882) at Holy Trinity Church, Boston, U.S.A., numbers some of the most wonderful and characteristic



Fig. 13.—Design in blue and white for tile-painting. 'Luna' (p. 11). By Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.

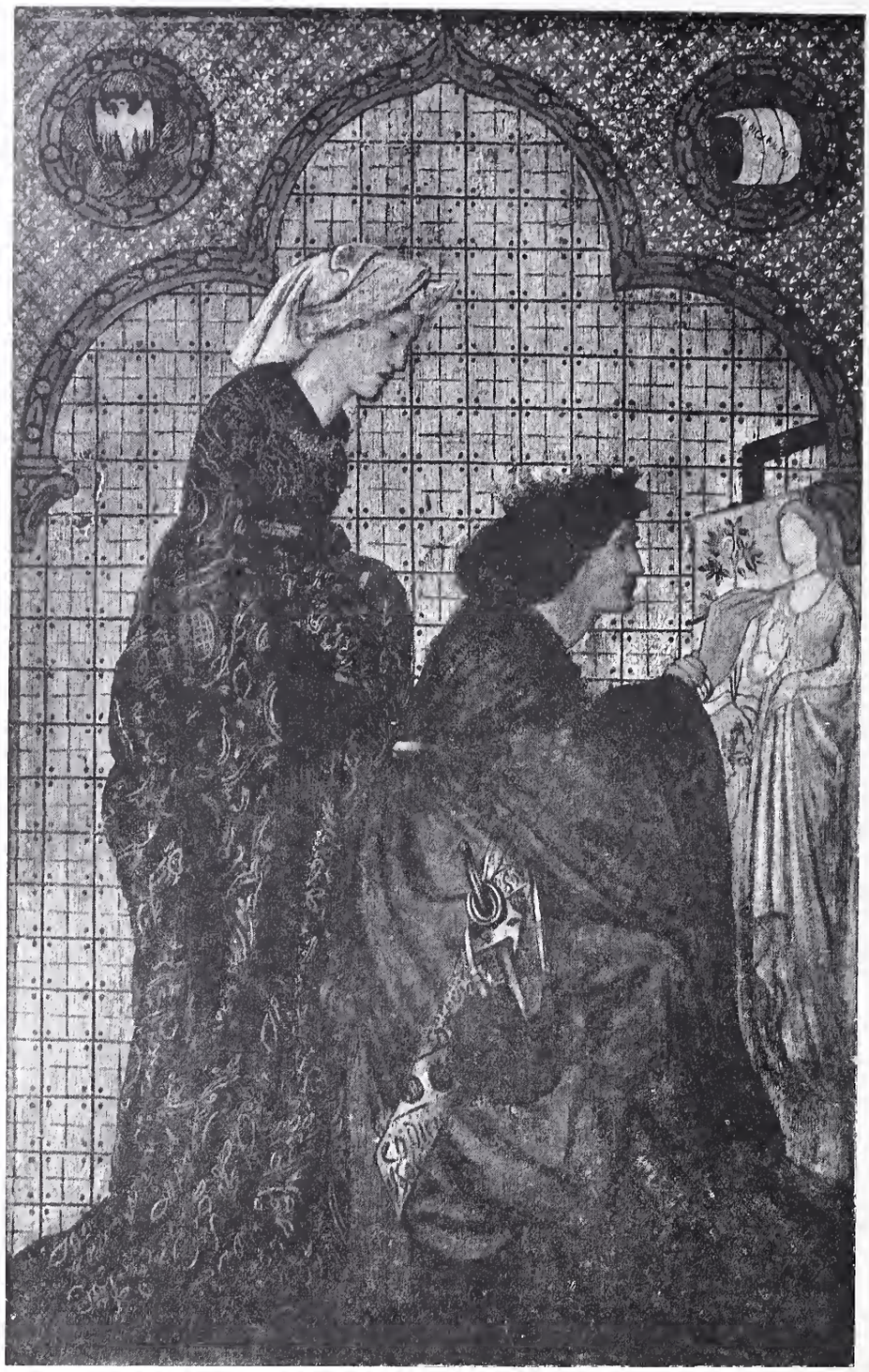


Fig. 14.—Decorative panel of a cabinet belonging to J. P. Seddon, Esq., architect. 'King René Painting' (p.26). Painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the photograph by Mr. F. Hollyer.

the lead-lines was that, however much his designs gained in other ways, they gradually lost in respect of those special characteristics which distinguish glass-painting from the rest of the arts.

The coloured glass at St. Philip's, Birmingham, is the logical outcome of a painter's disposition to make attractive pictures rather than practical working drawings. The best known of the four windows are 'The Nativity' and 'The Crucifixion'; another is 'The Ascension.' The latest of the series was designed in 1897, and erected at the west end of the building about a year after Morris's death. The subject is 'The Last Judgment.' It is a large composition, but, graceful and scholarly though it be in every part, as becomes the work of so transcendent a master as Burne-Jones, it yet resembles rather a deep-toned picture than, strictly regarded, a painted-glass window. The minute scheme of the leading bears no proportion to the large scale of the figures, which, instead of being such that could be carried out in broad, brilliant masses, are wrapped in clinging robes of close-drawn pleats, whose shades and gradations of tone, as elaborate as in a picture, are, however, not rendered by painting on large pieces of pot-metal, but by a fine patchwork of fragments of every subtlety of colour. So small are the component parts that at a distance the impression of lead-glazing disappears; while seen from near at hand they are intersected by an intricate multitude of black lines which, forming a thick net-work, darken the whole without the counterbalancing advantage of any of them being bold enough to accentuate the principal forms. A building, fitted throughout with windows of this density, if anyone therein should want to see to read, would infallibly require to be lit by artificial light, even at midday; and in that event the effect of the glass itself must be dimmed.

The windows at St. Philip's Church are plain, round-headed openings. But where, as in many cases, the space to be filled with glass was both mullioned and traceried, Burne-Jones scarcely modified the treatment of his designs accordingly. If he could not exactly ignore the stonework divisions, he certainly did not welcome them as integral features of the composition, or as the architectural basis upon which the rest of the ornament ought to be constructed. This was increasingly apparent as years went by, and as the artist's own mannerisms became intensified. From the early eighties, if not from even before that time, William Morris declined to accept orders on behalf of his firm to execute painted windows except for modern edifices. This step on his part was clearly desirable in order to maintain a consistent attitude in his capacity of the leading member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. But may it not also be that the above considerations, by no means incompatible with loyalty to his friend, had something to do with his decision? Sir Edward Burne-Jones, with his tender, almost exotic, sense of physical beauty and fascinating charm of style, went on to the end producing most unique and exquisite drawings for painted glass; but still it is his earlier cartoons, with their more perfect subordination to place and purpose, their frank and workmanlike acceptance of the conditions of the material, that must commend themselves to the purist as being more satisfactory by comparison than much of his later work of the same class.



Fig. 15.—Design for gesso decoration in an oak panelled room. 'The Birth of Pegasus and Chrysaor' (p.12) Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of the Executors.

Almost from the outset of their career, that is in 1862, the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., took up the art of tile-painting, Burne-Jones supplying the figure drawings needed for this purpose. Some early tiles, illustrating the fairy story of "The Sleeping Beauty," in which appear the germs of the famous set of pictures, "The Briar Rose," of later date, were provided for Mr. Birket Foster's house at Witley. The tile design reproduced (Fig. 13), and another of the same date, about 1868, depicting a female figure on one knee before a fire, were drawn for Mr. Murray Marks, who intended to have them made in Holland; but they never were actually executed.

The story of the distemper paintings on the walls of the present library of the Oxford Union Society is tragic, as also it is, by this time, trite. In that youthful essay of 1857 Burne-Jones joined, 'The Death of Merlin' being the subject which fell to his share. The result, however, was not so discouraging as to deter him from entertaining, three or four years later, a far more elaborate project, to wit, the decoration of the staircase walls of Morris's "Red House," at Upton, with a whole series of tempera paintings from the "Tale of Troy," while the walls of the principal room were to be encircled with a series of subjects from the mediæval romance of "Sire Degravaunt." Of all these decorations none were carried out but the four concluding pictures from the latter set.

Subsequent schemes, only in part fulfilled by Burne-Jones's own hand, comprised a frieze of decorative pictures, begun in 1872, of the legend of "Cupid and Psyche," for a room in the Earl of Carlisle's house in Palace Green; and another series, originated in 1875, of



Fig. 16.—Design to represent 'The Son of God emptying Himself of His Glory' (p. 14). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

"The Story of Perseus," for the drawing-room of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour in Carlton Gardens. The artist's intention was to execute some of the scenes in gilt and silvered gesso, in silhouette, as it were, upon a background of oak. One of these decorations, never carried out (Fig. 15), represents Chrysaor and the magical winged horse Pegasus, both springing into being from the trunk of Medusa, whose head has just been stricken off by Perseus. It may be observed that in this instance the treatment of the horse is, for Burne-Jones, unusually classic. Modelled after the animals in the frieze of the Parthenon, it offers a striking contrast to other horses designed by Burne-Jones, who evolved a conventional type that cannot be pronounced an improvement upon nature, as witness the thick-legged, short-headed, short-bodied horses which occur, for example, in the tapestry at Stanmore Hall, and in the illustrations of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." In the last-named work are two illustrations of "L'Amant in the Vale of the Garden of Idleness," which contain a very fine *motif* for mural decoration in the shape of six allegorical figures of Poverty, Sorrow, and certain vices, upon a filigree foliage background. In the pair of paintings of the same subject the artist adopted a different treatment, representing the figures by ten statues in so many niches. When the Church of the Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, was built by the late Mr. J. D. Sedding, a plan was drawn up for adorning the space above the arches of the nave with a frieze of the Parables of our Lord, and Burne-Jones prepared some coloured sketches for the work; which, however, was not carried any further. In short, it may be said that the number of projects conceived by the artist for various kinds of wall decoration far exceeded that which ever he was destined to execute.

One has only to turn over the pages of the Book of Sketches and Designs at the British Museum to realise how much the artist's thoughts ran in this direction. For instance, there is a wonderful study for a design of 'The Good Shepherd,' who, in spite of his boyish face, is identified with Christ by the cross-charged nimbus. Holding a lamb, He stands, in the midst of His sheep, between two long parallel palisades, on the outer sides of which ravening wolves prowl and strain in every attitude of menace towards the flock fenced within. The whole composition is most dramatic, almost too much so for a monumental treatment like mosaic. But



Fig. 17.—Detail of Mosaic from the middle of the apse of St. Paul's American Protestant Church in Rome 'Christ Enthroned in Majesty' (p. 14). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

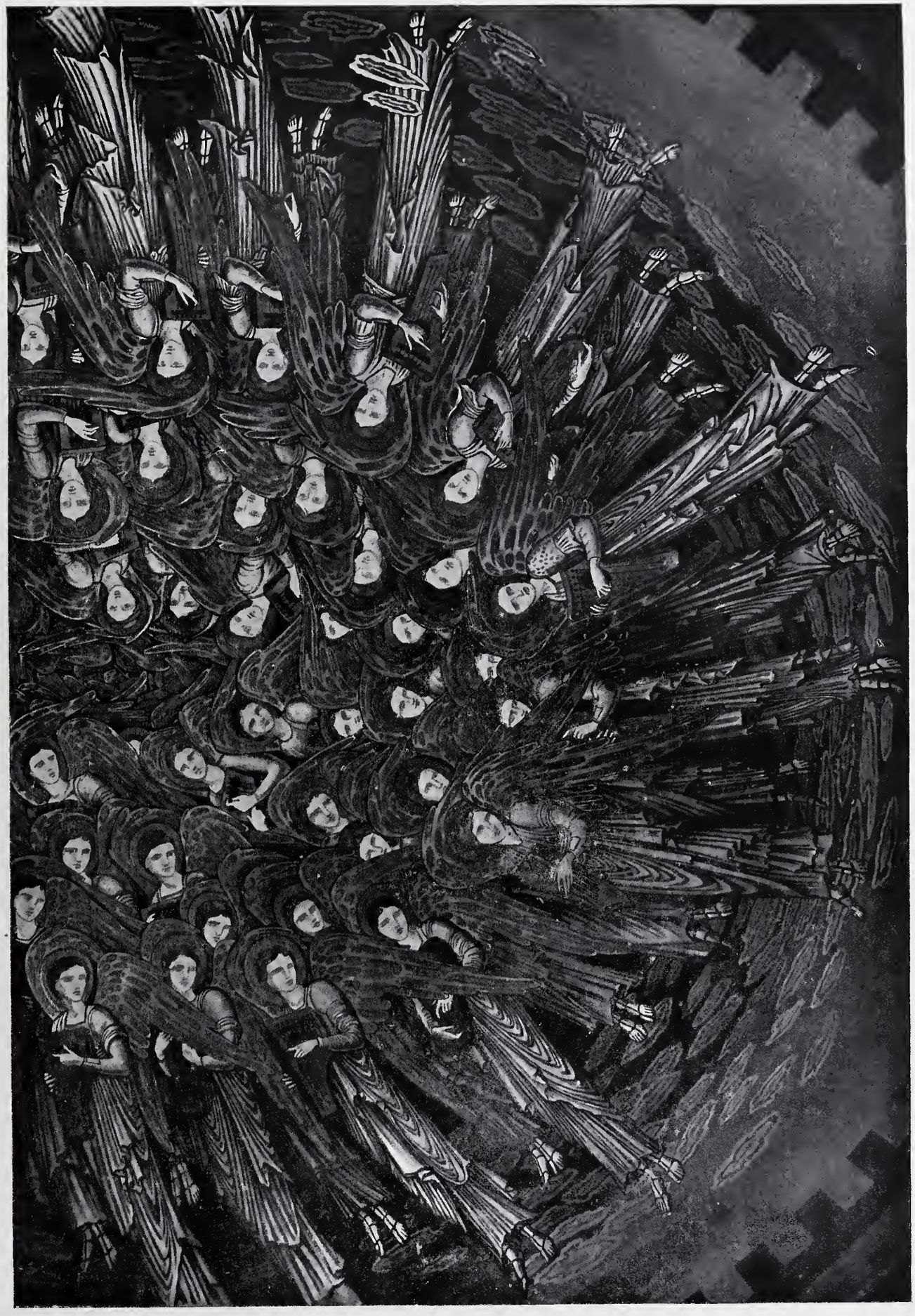


Fig. 18.—Detail of Mosaic from the summit of the apse of St. Paul's American Church in Rome. 'The Angelic Choir' (p. 14). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the photograph by Mr. F. Hollyer



Fig. 19.—Sketch for a panel for the decoration of the wall of a church. 'The End of the World' (p. 16). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

it is only a sketch, and such that perhaps was never intended to be carried out as it stands.

The subject of another design (Fig. 16) is 'Christ's Voluntary Renunciation of His Glory.' The Heavenly throne amid the seven golden candlesticks of the Apocalypse is vacated, whilst upon the bare and rugged earth below stands the Son of God, stripped, and exhibiting the tokens of His Passion.

It was not until comparatively recent years that the occasion presented itself for Burne-Jones to embody his fancies in the durable form of mosaic, a branch of art which became with him a particular favourite. About 1883 the artist was commissioned to design the mosaics for the American Protestant Episcopal Church at Rome. He began with the decoration of the apse, the subject being 'The New Jerusalem.' For this work he submitted a model lined with plaster, gilt and coloured, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the central position is Christ in Majesty (Fig. 17), surrounded by Cherubim and other orders of the celestial hierarchy, in rich shades of blue, red, and purple respectively. Beneath the throne on which He sits the four rivers of Paradise issue from within the arc of the rainbow at His feet. On either side, before arched doorways opening in the golden rampart of the Heavenly city, stand Archangels, three on the left and two on the opposite side; for the place at Christ's immediate right, which should have been held by Lucifer, is empty, and the door shut fast—a most impressive piece of symbolism.

Another mosaic, placed over a pointed arch in the same church, is named 'The Tree of Life,' for which the finished drawing, in body colour on brown paper, was made in 1892. It was executed, like the preceding, by Salviati on the new system, that is to say, the glass tesseræ are not worked one by one into a cement bed *in situ*, but, having been first put together in the factory, the work is then conveyed to its destination in sections for permanent fixing. In spite, however, of this departure from the traditional method of execution, Sir Edward Burne-Jones's mosaics remain the most beautiful ornament of modern Rome. In the Book of Designs, already referred to, is an interesting study of the first idea (Fig. 20) of 'The Tree of Life,' and several more drawings from which the course of its development can be traced to its final state. As the space is first mapped out, the design consists practically of no elements beyond the figures and the tree; but gradually the space widens, the side figures receding further and further apart, until they stand, clothed, upon a landscape ground, with additional features introduced of lilies and standing corn.

The idea underlying this design in the mind of the artist is conveyed best by the Latin quotation from St. Bernard, which is written over against the original, and may be translated thus: "Who is there that, regarding His body, would not be rapt unto hope? His head is bowed for kissing; His arms opened wide for enfolding; His hands pierced for bountiful blessing; His side for loving; His feet fastened for abiding with us; His whole body stretched out for bestowing Himself without reserve unto us." The arms extended horizontally, in the ancient manner of Christian art, symbolise the fact of the Redemption being universal, in contradistinction whereto the Jansenists, to emphasise their own belief in a limited redemption only, purposely introduced a novel form of crucifix, with the arms lifted up obliquely, to imply that the saving hands were above most men's reach. The representation of Christ upon the Tree between our first human parents, instead of the more familiar figures of Mary and John, is a mystical

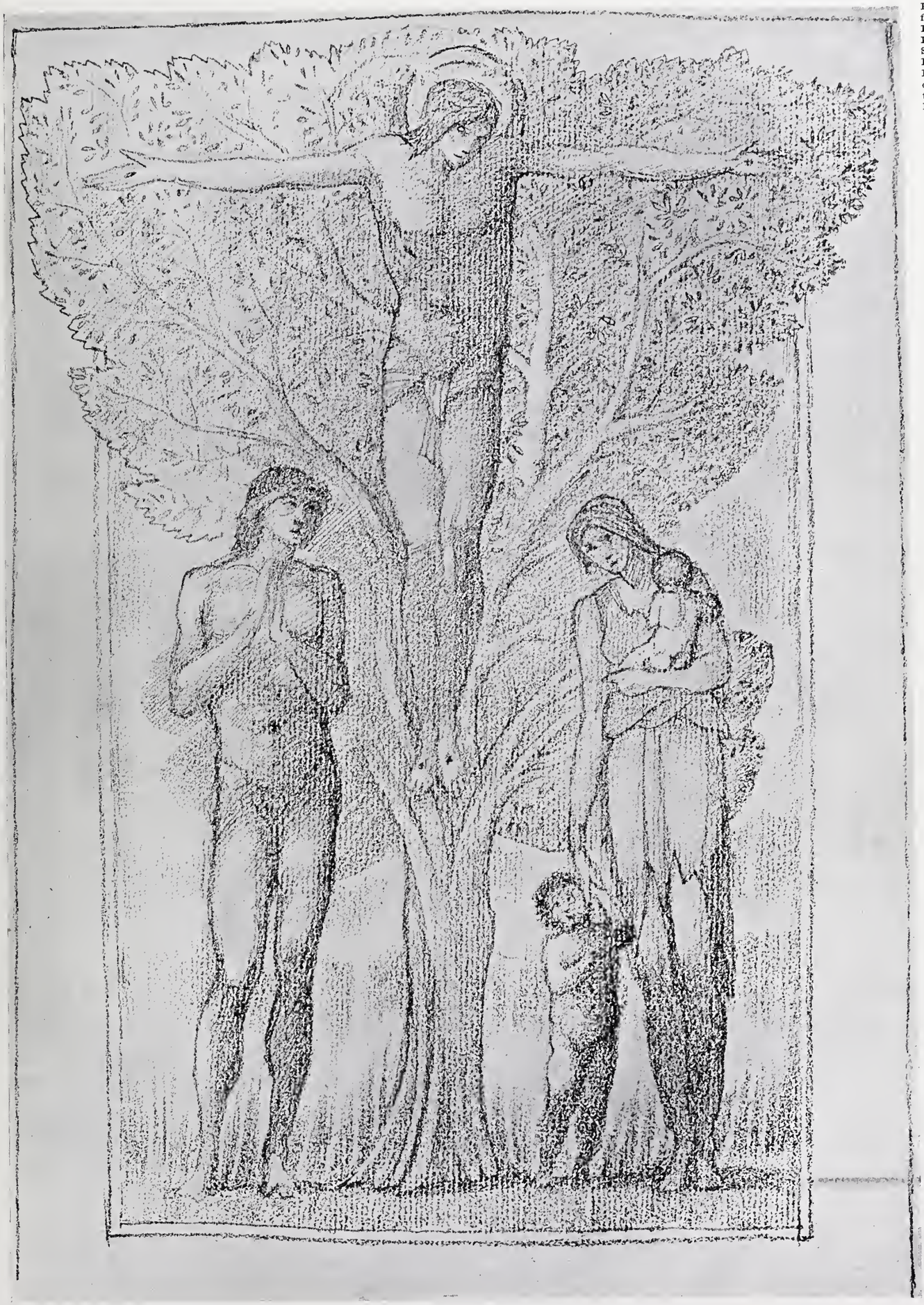


Fig. 20.—Sketch for 'The Tree of Life' (p. 14). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

way of showing the theological connection between the Fall and the Redemption of Mankind.

There were further plans for mosaic decorations in the same building, to include an 'Annunciation,' a 'Nativity,' and 'The Fall of Lucifer and the Rebellious Angels.' For all these subjects Burne-Jones made drawings and studies; a version of the last-named was eventually carried out by him as a painting. The design (Fig. 19) seems to represent 'The End of the World,' and, from a small sketch accompanying the original, showing the proposed site of the work in the middle of a gabled space, with a window over it and double door below, was probably intended for the west wall of a church—maybe the self-same American church which possesses the artist's masterpieces in glass mosaic, above described.

In very early days Burne-Jones turned his attention to designing for needlework. Thus there is to be seen in the Birmingham Art Gallery a cartoon, dated 1861, for silk embroidery. The subject is SS. Cecilia and Dorothea, who are represented in the traditional manner, the one with a hand-organ, the other with a basket of flowers. Behind them, forming a sort of dado, is a brocaded curtain, looped up to stakes and the stems of trees. The character of the figure-drawing is such that, but for the testimony of so great an expert as the donor, Mr. Fairfax Murray, one would have hesitated to attribute the design to Burne-Jones, so much more suggestive is it of the limitations of Morris's handiwork.

Burne-Jones undertook a set of designs representing Chaucer's "Good Women," for embroidered hangings, which were never completed. Some that were finished were eventually made up into a screen for the Earl of Carlisle.

The artist designed a magnificent group, entitled 'Musica,' for the Royal School of Art Needlework. The style of the figures and draperies is closely analogous to that of the design for the title-page of "The Earthly Paradise," which appeared a few years previously. It was carried out in outline crewel work, and shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. A coloured replica of 'Musica' is in the possession of Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham. Burne-Jones must have had a special liking for outline embroidery.



Fig. 21.—Decorative Ornament (p. 16). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.



Fig. 22.—Sketch for embroidered bag (p. 16). Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

To this class of work belong the set of "The Four Seasons," mounted in the form of a screen for the late Mr. Graham, and another series of five subjects, within ornamental borders, from "The Song of Songs." These designs were made in the seventies, with the intention of being executed in outline embroidery. One of them became the *motif* of a picture, 'Sponsa di Libano,' finished in 1891.

'The Heart of the Lotus' (of which a plate is given here), a drawing in pencil and chalks of soft, blended tones of pale blue, lilac, and rose, with the maiden's hair in gold, was designed in 1880, and, unlike most of the preceding examples, was meant for solid embroidery. The delicate gradations in the veining of the petals have an almost iridescent effect.

The sketch for an embroidered bag (Fig. 22) is a delightful instance of pure ornament without the least literary taint. The same may be said of the swallow-and-branch design (Fig. 21) and of the border of birds and roses, also intended apparently for embroidery, which forms the tailpiece of this work.

There are other designs from the same source, like the Peacock border and filling (Fig. 23), which may well have been intended for needlework; but, in the absence of a record to define the precise purpose of the artist, any statement on the subject is necessarily conjectural. This last remark applies to several of the designs here shown, *e.g.*, to the 'Combat between a Centaur and an Eagle' (Fig. 24), as well as to the 'Knight and Imprisoned Lady,' and the very original decoration of female figures and overlapping leaves, both to be found on page 32.

Next to be considered are Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs for book decoration, an important section of applied art, and one in which he became so distinguished that this alone would have sufficed to immortalise his name. On account of the engraver's inadequate rendering of 'King Sigurd,' which appeared in *Good Words* in 1862, it is scarcely fair to form an estimate of Burne-Jones's powers as a black-and-white artist at that time.



HELIOCHROME.

Design for Embroidery—"THE HEART OF THE LOTUS."

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By permission of H. Reece, Esq.



Fig. 23.—Two sketches for Peacock decorations. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 16). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.



Fig. 24.—Decorative design in water-colour. 'A Centaur fighting with an Eagle' (p. 16). By Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.

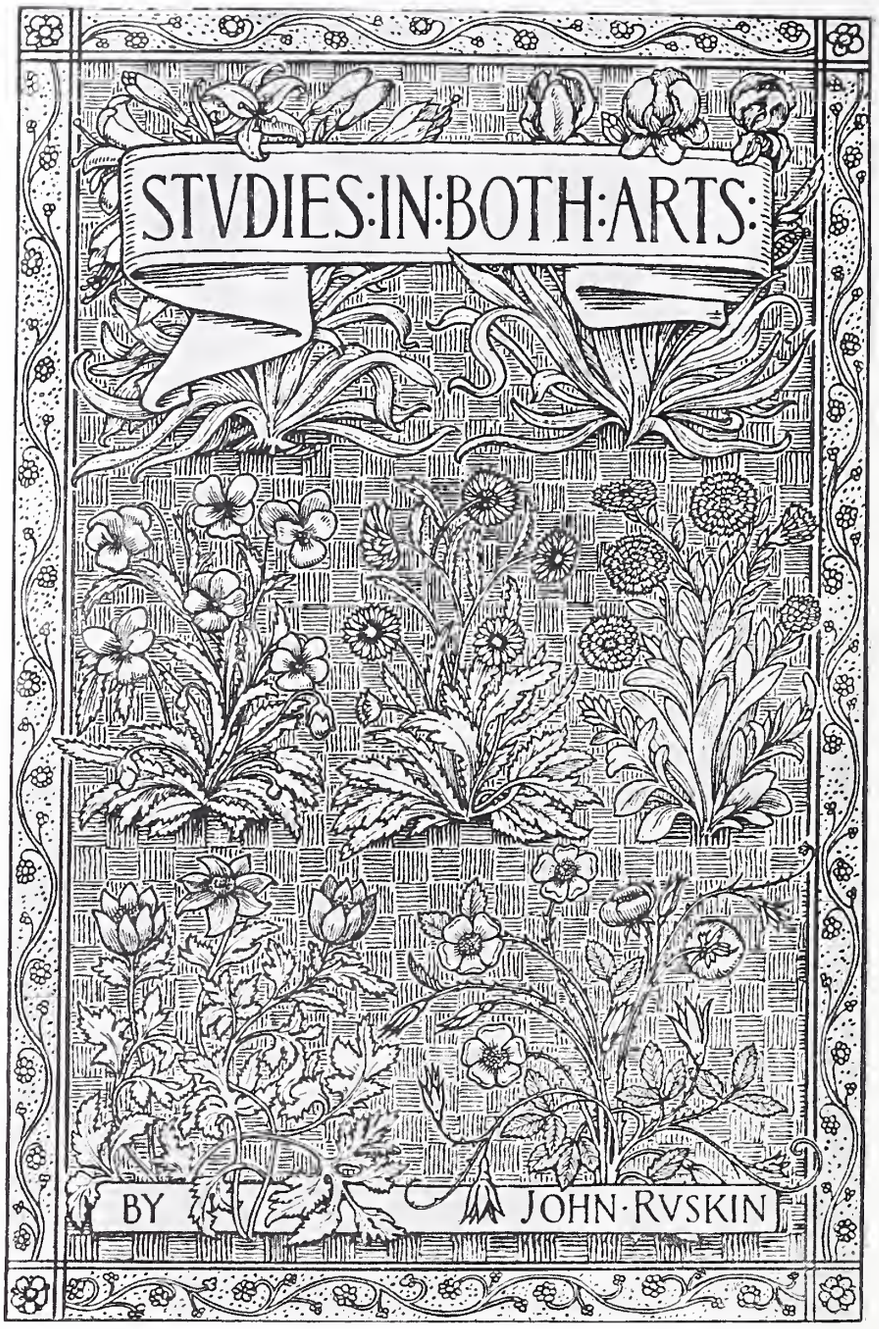


Fig. 25.—Ornamental cloth cover and paper cap. Adapted from a design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 21). By permission of the publisher, Mr. George Allen.

The next illustration, 'Summer Snow,' published in the same periodical in 1863, shows but slight advance. The same must be said of 'The Parable of the Boiling Pot,' which, though it did not appear until 1880, was designed for the Messrs. Dalziels' "Bible Gallery" many years before. The poetical picture of the Nativity, which, under the title of 'The Deliverer,' came out in Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," in 1864, is the first to exhibit any notable evidence of Burne-Jones's remarkably inventive genius. But this drawing was excelled beyond compare by the exquisite little design, engraved by William Morris, for the title-page of the latter's "Earthly Paradise" (1868). However, two or three years previously, a folio edition of the great poem had been projected, for which Burne-Jones was to have designed all the illustrations. He made a number of studies and drawings for this purpose, and even finished the requisite number to illustrate four of the stories, viz., "Cupid and Psyche," "Pygmalion and the Image" (which poem itself never appeared), "The Ring given to Venus," and "The Hill of Venus." Over forty of the first-named set were actually engraved in line on wood, and a certain number of copies were printed and circulated privately. But the undertaking was given up definitely by the year 1868, and the only one of all the number that ever attained to publication was 'Psyche borne off by Zephyrus,' which appeared in the frontispiece to the last book printed at the Kelmscott Press ere it closed in the spring of 1898.

Another plan which never reached maturity was the elaborate ornamental edition of Morris's metrical masque "Love is Enough." It was in the autumn of 1871 that Morris set about it in earnest, and, beside his own designs for the work, got Burne-Jones to make him a marginal ornament and a frontispiece. The latter drawing was still unfinished when the project was abandoned in 1872; nor was it until later that Burne-Jones completed the design (Fig. 26) at the request of Mr. Fairfax Murray, the present owner. It is a work of exceeding beauty. The figure of Love, stooping forward to place a coronal on the brow of the lover, who stands with his bride before the high seat of the god, is positively superb. For the rest, those persons who complain of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's type being too emaciated and anæmic for their jovial liking, ought to appreciate the vivacious amorini, plump and robust almost to crudeness, who frolic in the two upper tiers of the composition. They find a parallel in the child forms which occur in the embroidery panels of 'The Seasons' already mentioned, and in those painted on the lid of the famous Graham piano. The frontispiece which the artist designed for the Kelmscott edition (1897) of "Love is Enough" is florid, and of a different character altogether from the original design; which, however, then appeared, engraved, at the end of the volume.

At intervals, from 1873-75 inclusive, Burne-Jones made careful drawings in pencil for an illuminated transcript of Virgil's "Æneid," including a picture for each of the twelve books, storied initials and other ornaments, nearly thirty designs in all. At this point may be mentioned "The Flower Book," a series of nearly forty circular designs in water-colour, suggested by the old English names of flowers, *e.g.*, "Love in a Mist," "Traveller's Joy," "Golden Cup," "Adder's Tongue," "Star of Bethlehem," "Most Bitter Moonseed," "Meadow-sweet," &c. "No words," it has been rightly said, "can describe the wealth of graceful imagery, of lovely colour and tender feeling which has been lavished on these flower-fancies. Each subject is rendered with the same exquisite charm, each painting is a poem in itself." The book which contains them is the property of Lady Burne-Jones.

Burne-Jones made a pen-and-ink drawing of 'The Wise Man training his Son in Wisdom,' for an illus-



Fig. 26.—Pen-and-ink drawing by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for wood-engraving to illustrate William Morris's 'Love is Enough' (p. 18). By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.



Fig. 27.—Sketch design of 'Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise' (p. 20). From the Book of Designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the British Museum.

tration of Mr. Joseph Jacobs' edition of "The Fables of Bidpai," in 1887; and another, suggested by the couplet "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" for Morris's "Dream of John Ball" (April, 1888). The same design was engraved afresh for the Kelmscott Press edition of the book in May, 1892. It was moreover redrawn on a larger scale, and appeared, with the title "Labour," in the *Daily Chronicle*, in February, 1895. On the title-page of "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," edited by Mr. J. W. Mackail (1890), is a small design, unsigned, nor in any way noted in the book, after a pen-and-ink drawing by Burne-Jones. It represents a draped female figure stooping to gather flowers off a meadow bank, with a background of forest. In 1892, for the Earl of Lytton's poem of "King Poppy," Burne-Jones supplied two fine drawings: one about four inches square, a design of poppies growing on a sea-girt rock, and one full-page illustration of a poppy plant in flower and a crowned king hovering over it, his voluminous draperies swirling about in the air above. A design of 'Erin' (Fig. 56), made for the use of the Irish Industries Association, is interesting, not only because its composition is very similar to that of the "King Poppy" title design, but also because it contains a feature, none too common in works of Burne-Jones's, of ornamental lettering. He made a pen-and-ink drawing (Fig. 34) for the catalogue of the Exhibition of Venetian Art at the New Gallery at the end of 1894; and three drawings, two of them figure subjects, the other a decorative title-page (Fig. 35), all reproduced in photogravure in Mr. Sebastian Evans's translation from the old French of "The High History of the Holy Graal" (1898). But these later designs for book ornament are rather exceptional. For while the Kelmscott Press lasted, and his friend Morris had need of him as an illustrator, Burne-Jones suffered no one else to have a priority of claim upon his services in this direction.

The first works Burne-Jones designed for the Kelmscott Press were the two illustrations in "The Golden Legend," which, though the earliest book taken in hand, was not finished until September, 1892. A sketch (Fig. 27) in the British Museum collection, of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and the Angel with flaming brand to ward the gate, affords so striking a parallel to the engraving which faces, 'The Lyf of Adam,' in the above-named work—the very attitude of Adam being identical in the two cases, and the treatment of the Angel with scarf-like drapery folded round him, as well as the stone wall in the front of the picture, being closely alike—that there can be no doubt the artist originally meant it for book-illustration, although no note to that effect is appended.

Of the succeeding books not yet mentioned, printed at the Kelmscott Press, "The Order of Chivalry," "The Wood beyond the World," "Syr Percyvelle of Gales," "Sire Degravaunt," and "Syr Ysambrace" have one illustration apiece by Burne-Jones; "The Life and Death of Jason" and "Sigurd the Volsung" have two each; and "The Well at the World's End" four. But the most monumental work of all is, of course, the folio edition, dated June, 1896, of Chaucer's Works, which contains no less than eighty-seven wood engravings designed by Burne-Jones. Of these it is not possible to give a due account in words; for they must be seen, and not only that, but examined diligently, and it is scarcely too much to say, with reverence, by anyone who aspires to appreciate them as they deserve. As compared with some others of the artist's designs for Kelmscott volumes, *e.g.*, for the "Jason," the later frontispiece for "Love is Enough," and that for "Syr Ysambrace," there is about most of the Chaucer illustrations a freedom from floridness or overcrowding, and an austere and simple dignity which happily recalls the line work of early book decorators, whom it is evident the artist took for his model in the original designs for "The Earthly Paradise" and "Love is Enough."



Fig. 28.—Study for frontispiece of "The Song of Songs" (p. 21). From the Book of Designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the British Museum.

The companion designs (Figs. 28 and 29), as shown by the artist's quotations for the Vulgate inscribed above the originals, are respectively a frontispiece to "The Song of Songs," and an illustration of chapter iv. 8:—"Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse: . . . look from the top of . . . Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards." The calm and stately, spiritualised rendering of the text is in striking contrast to the quaint literalness, nay, if one may so express it, the humour, of an earlier period, as exhibited, for example, in Fig. 4.

The two drawings (Figs. 30 and 31), of ships with trees flourishing in their midst—a not uncommon device which owes its origin possibly to the legend of Jason's ship, *Argo*, being provided with the mysterious oracular bough from the sacred oak of Dodona—may be intended for book plates.

The cloth cover (Fig. 25) is adapted from a drawing, originally made for the late John Ruskin, for binding the "Bibliotheca Pastorum" series, of which he was editor. With different title on the upper scroll, and an extra label below for lettering, it does not represent Burne-Jones's work exactly; but it is given here as being the only instance of a design of his for this purpose ever produced, and also for the sake of its ornamental rendering of plant forms: lilies, irises, heart's-ease, daisies, marigolds, anemones, and eglantine.

Two vellum-bound books, with the covers ornamented by the hand of Burne-Jones, were exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1899: the first (1871). an Apocrypha with pen-and-ink drawings of 'Wisdom Enthroned' on the one side and 'The House of Wisdom' on the other; the second, dated 1880, a volume of Beethoven's songs, with a water-colour drawing of 'Orpheus with his Lute,' and climbing rose-tree decoration.

Of greater importance, however, than these, is a copy of the "Morte d'Arthur," half-bound in pigskin, with oak boards painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and fitted with metal studs and clasps (Figs. 32 and 33). The upper side contains a representation of the Round Table, with the Siege Perilous standing unoccupied; and the under side 'The Revelation of the Holy Grail,' the mysterious cup veiled reverently and held aloft by an angel. The latter scene has a diaper background of rich blue, while the rest of the painted ornament is carried out in subdued tones of grey, blue, pink, and heliotrope. The borders, consisting of conventional leaf scrolls on the one side, and of purely geometrical ornament on the other, serve as an unobtrusive framework to give unity to the more pictorial portions of the composition.

This work (Fig. 33), together with the illustrations



Fig. 29.—Study for an illustration of "The Song of Songs" (p. 21). From the Book of Designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the British Museum.

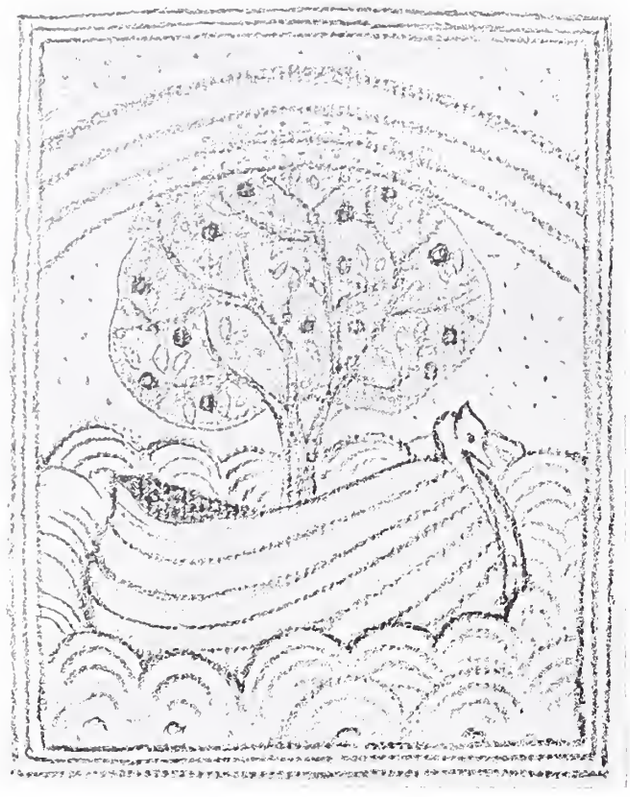


Fig. 30.—Decorative design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 21). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

severally on pages 24 and 25, incidentally afford samples of Burne-Jones's architectural design. For although he had not an architect's training or practice, it was impossible for anyone as intimately acquainted as he was with William Morris and his artistic creed, to ignore the paramount claims of Architecture to recognition as being the parent and chief of all the arts; and thus in much of Burne-Jones's work architectural features occupy a sufficiently prominent part. Such as they were, they may be grouped generally under three or four main divisions. The first class, which comprises buildings in masses and groups for backgrounds, rather than in detail for near inspection, can scarcely be said to belong to any recognisable type. Sometimes they have a far-away suggestion of early Florentine architecture; at other times there is an almost Oriental reserve in the bare frontage they present to the gaze of the outer world. But if their precise place and period be indefinable, there is no question but that their native atmosphere and environment are those of old-world romance. Included in this category are the distant hill-town in the painting 'Love disguised as Reason,' and buildings in which decorative effect is obtained by picturesque massing and disposition of parts, as in the backgrounds of 'Chant d'Amour' and 'The Mill,' of 'Aurora' and 'Vespertina Quies;' as also, in a measure, in the spirited little pen-and-ink drawing of Venice (Fig. 34). And here it should be observed how skilfully Burne-Jones has managed to maintain the conviction that it *is* Venice that is represented, at the same time that scarcely a single detail of the whole city is accurately given. The Venice here depicted is an idealised Venice, viewed from some imaginary eminence opposite to the Piazzetta and the entrance of the Grand Canal. The artist has not scrupled to amend the two actual defects of the façade of the Ducal Palace, to wit, the extremities of the arcading supported at the angles by thickened columns merely, instead of substantial abutments, and the tea-garden cresting that runs along the top of the building.

A position midway between the above class and the next is occupied by the drawing of the elevation of the Temple in the already-mentioned cartoon for Holy Trinity, Boston, U.S.A. The design to which David therein is shown to be directing the attention of Solomon is one of severely simple dignity, with massive wall-spaces and towers, surmounted by a series of domes for roofing. The second division of Burne-Jones's architectural design, then, comes under the head of Byzantine rather than any other form of round-arched construction. A typical example is to be found in the ciborium which shelters the Holy Grail in Fig. 35, where the columns, being without bases, and tapering upwards, have the same kind of Oriental effect as those in the transept of St. Mary in the Capitol at Cologne. The Early Christian ciborium, with its hanging veils to screen the Sacred Mysteries, as represented, for example, in the mural painting of the eighth century in the subterranean Church of San Clemente at Rome, is an architectural feature of which Burne-Jones availed himself in more than one instance. Thus the throne of David, in the window at Boston, U.S.A., has a round-arched canopy, hung with curtains which are looped up round the shafts of the columns, as represented in ancient art. A somewhat similar canopy, with round arches upheld on slender but elaborately-carved columns without bases, occurs in the second picture of the 'Briar Rose' series. In both illustrations of the Kelmscott edition of W. Morris's "Sigurd," dated February, 1898, there occurs round-arched construction, with cushion capitals on slender shafts without bases. The frontispiece is a particularly fine architectural design. The hall of the Volsungs' King is seen through the open, round-headed arcading of a polygonal apse, roofed and draped like a ciborium. The instances of round arches of Byzantine or Romanesque character in the illustrations of the Kelmscott Chaucer are too numerous to mention.

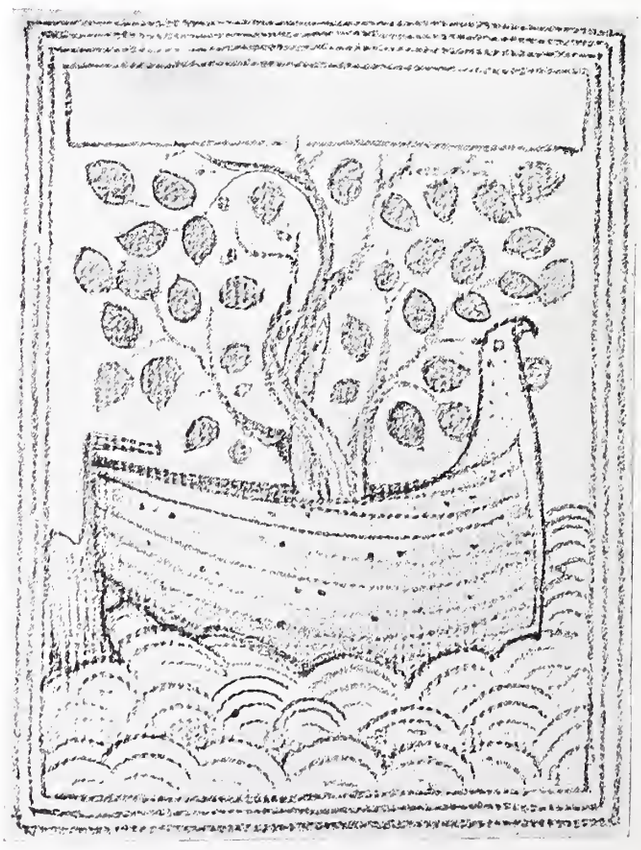


Fig. 31.—Decorative design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 21). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.



Fig. 32.—Bound copy of the "Morte d'Arthur," showing under side with oak board painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 'The Revelation of the Holy Grail' (p. 21). By permission of the Executors.

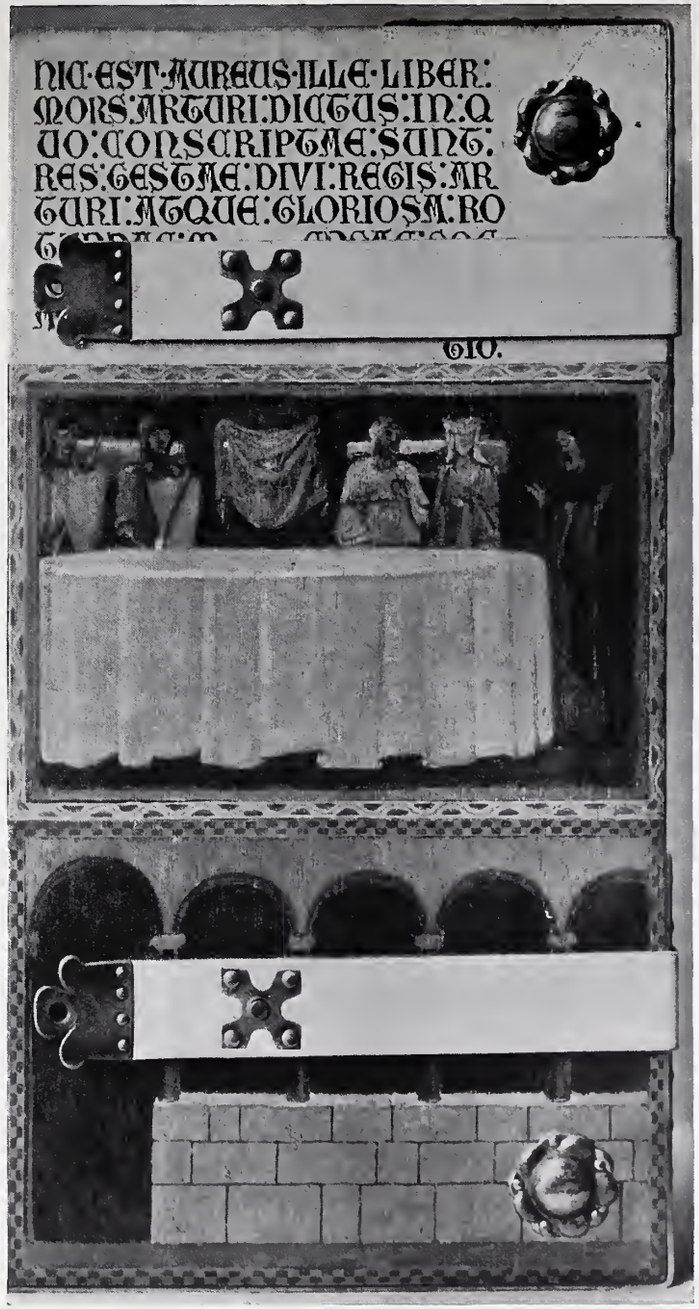


Fig. 33.—Oak board on upper side of the "Morte d'Arthur," painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 'The Round Table' (p. 21). By permission of the Executors.

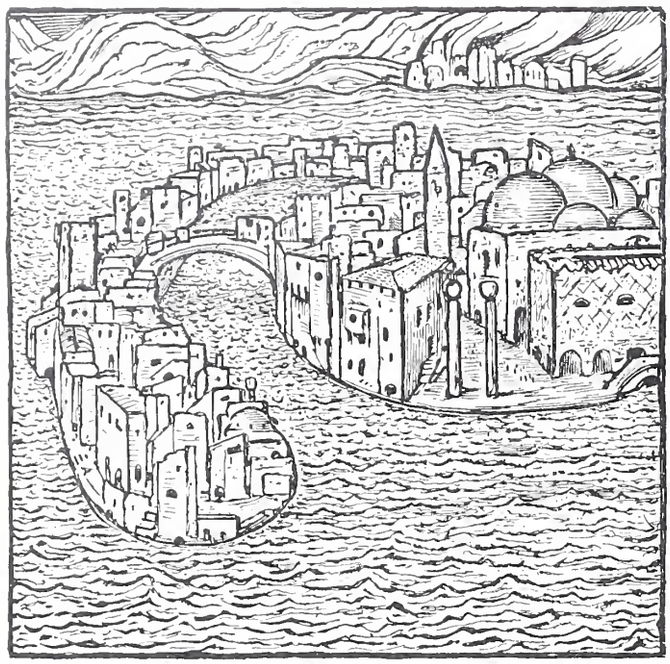


Fig. 34.—Pen-and-ink drawing by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 'Venice.' For the catalogue of the Exhibition of Venetian Art (p. 22). The block kindly lent by the New Gallery.

Further examples are to be found in Fig. 33, and in the design for the seal of the Welsh University (Fig. 38). Occasionally, as in the scene of the Vision of the Holy Grail in the Stanmore tapestries, Burne-Jones employed a segmental arch; but, strangely enough, he does not appear ever to have adopted the architecture of the pointed arch. Thus, a painted glass panel (1864) of his design, 'The Poet Chaucer asleep,' now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in spite of such pronouncedly Gothic details as a crocketed hood-mould and traceried windows, yet admits no other than round-headed arches.

The third variety is the architecture of the Italian Renaissance, which, in its aggravated forms, as seen in Figs. 10 and 11, for glass at Castle Howard, and in the two paintings of Allegorical Statues, in fluted, shell-topped recesses, in the Vale of the Garden of Idleness, Burne-Jones employed but rarely; though it does occur, in a mitigated form, with cornices and pilasters, in the pictures of the 'Annunciation,' 'Spes,' 'Fides,' and 'Love among the Ruins.' Of the last-named work it need only be remarked that—notwithstanding the vogue for wreck, for mouldy masonry, crumbling and cadent, with the bats and the night-birds, the ivy and the moonshine and the rest of nature's stage-properties, be a morbid cult, whose popularity, if not origin, must be traced to the false sentimentality of Horace Walpole and Sir Walter Scott—the style of the architecture portrayed is so debased that one could not seriously lament the fact of such a building having been laid waste.

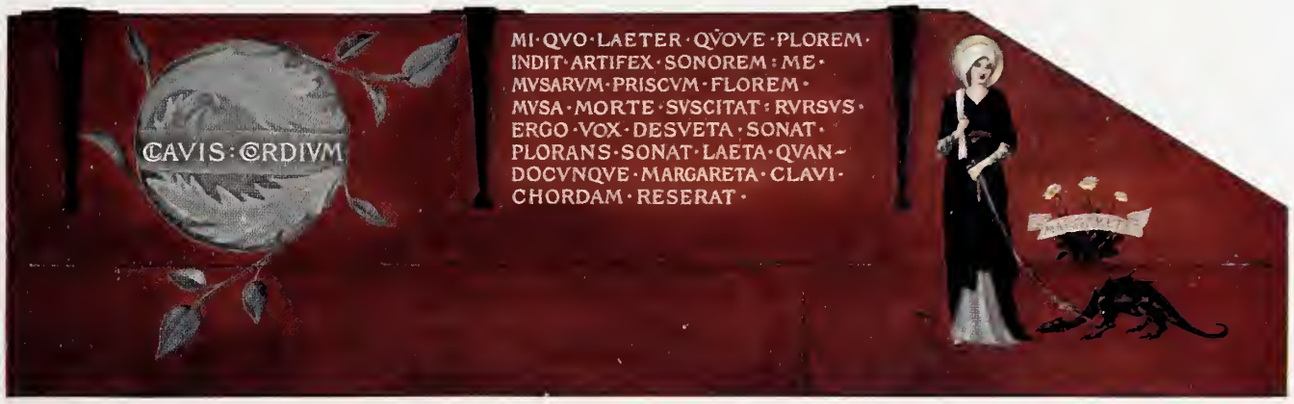
Fourthly, and lastly, Burne-Jones made most effective use of the rudimentary post-and-lintel construction; for well he knew the æsthetic value of simplicity of outline. However, the capitals and the details of the ornament with which he encrusted these archaic forms were borrowed neither from ancient Egypt nor classic Greece, but rather from the Byzantium of Justinian, and, albeit necessarily inorganic, they are yet of exceeding delicacy and beauty For, his aim being to transport whatever he touched into the realms of fancy, it was not to be expected that Burne-Jones would submit to be holden by the fetters of archæological veracity. Thus the architecture of the important painting of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' though rigidly trabeate in structure, has no feature exclusively characteristic of Egyptian ornament, beyond a suggestion of the lotus flower in the lintel of the door at the top of the picture. For the rest, there may be discerned the scale pattern and the guilloche; while the reliefs of lions and of peacocks might have hailed respectively from Nineveh and Torcello. Another instance of lintel construction is to be found in the carved stone screen, with short columns and Byzantine caps, which occurs in one of the 'Briar Rose' paintings. And yet again the architecture, which, in the large unfinished 'Arthur in Avalon,' occupies perhaps a more conspicuous place than in any other composition of Burne-Jones's, is entirely trabeate. In plan the building consists of a cloister running round three sides of a square, in the midst of which "mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son . . . watched by weeping queens," is stretched upon a canopied couch (Fig. 37). The roof of the latter is overlaid with square panels representing the exploits of King Arthur, carried out in repoussé metal plates, somewhat after the manner of the famous Palla

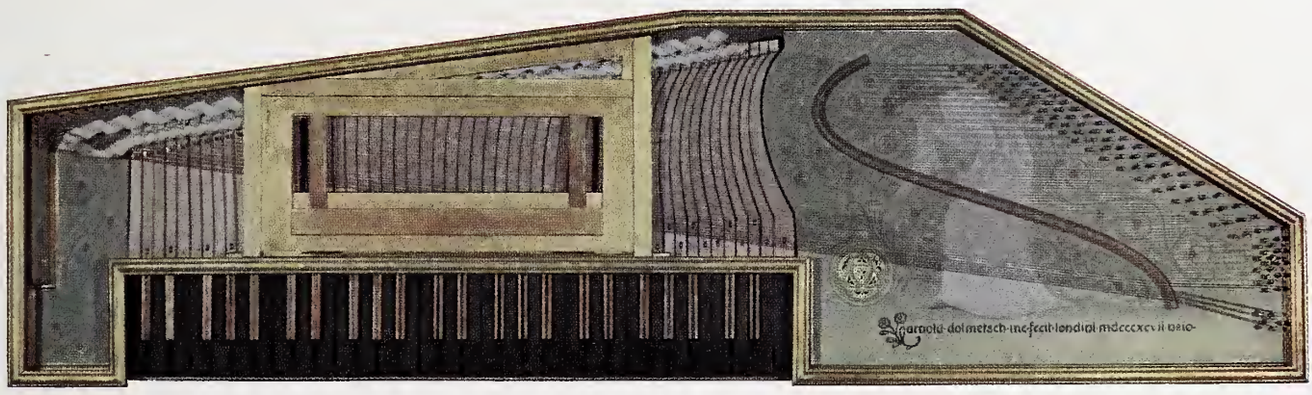


Fig. 35.—Title-page of "The High History of the HolyGraal," translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. (p. 20). By permission of the Publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.



Fig. 36.—Perspective view of the Clavichord reproduced in the plate opposite.





Clavichord, and Case for same, both decorated with painted ornament

by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By permission of Mrs. J. W. Mackail.

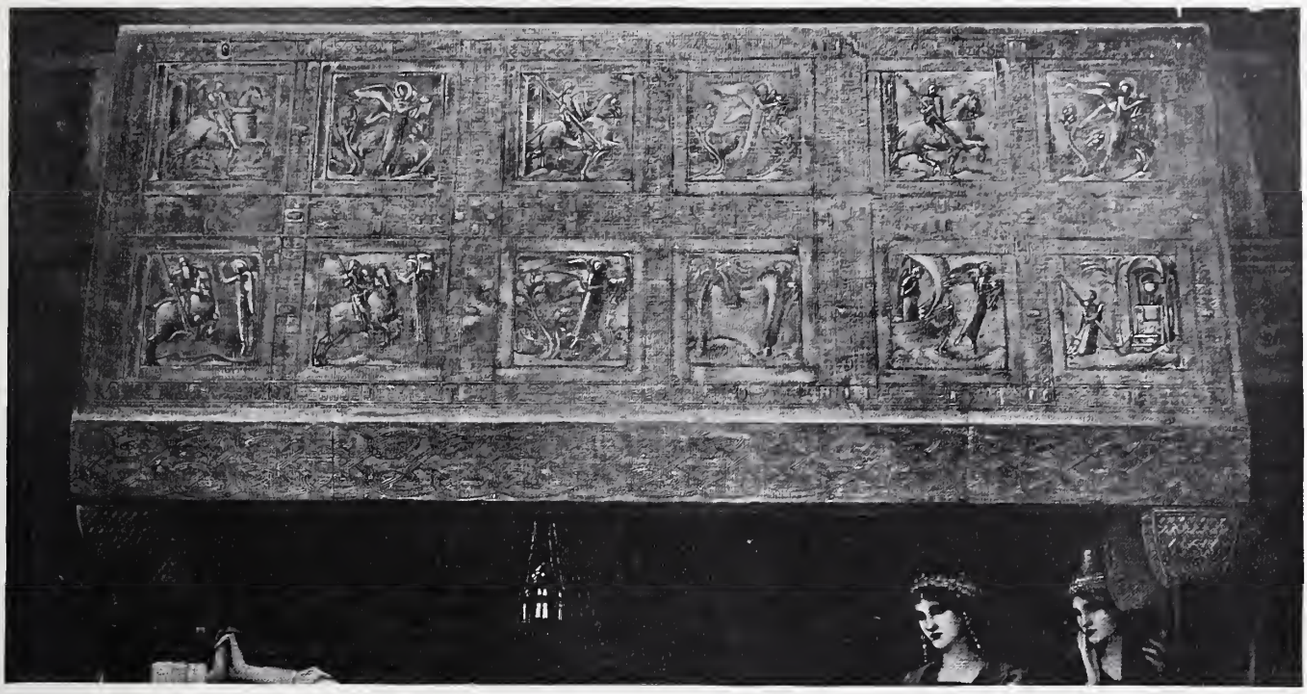


Fig. 37.—Repoussé metal-coveredCanopy Detail from the unfinished painting of 'Arthur in Avalon.' By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 24). By permission of C. S. Goldmann, Esq.

d'Oro at St. Mark's, Venice, or the shrine of St. Simeon, at Zara. A coffer supported on slender shafts in the frontispiece of the Kelmscott edition of Morris's "Life and Death of Jason" (1895), and the chamber of the Banquet Scene in the Stanmore tapestry, furnish other instances of the architecture of the lintel.

So also do two sepulchral monuments designed by Burne-Jones: the one in memory of Lady Lyttleton (1886), modelled to represent a peacock perched on an olive tree which springs from an empty sarcophagus, much foreshortened, upheld on short, fluted piers with Byzantine caps; the other erected in the Brompton Cemetery as a memorial to Mr. F. R. Leyland, who died in 1892. Standing within an ornamental iron railing, it is made in the form of an ark, the corners of which rest on stunted shafts, with heavy sculptured cushion capitals, but no bases. Neither are there any mouldings, nor any other carvings. The ornament consists of foliated scroll-work in low-relief bronze, sunk into a matrix incised in the surface of the white marble. On the front is a flowing tulip pattern, divided horizontally by the inscription. The back and the two gabled ends are filled with conventional ivy arabesque; the top is covered with overlapping scales of bronze.

Of all the examples of ornamental ironwork which may be met with in the various works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, none is more characteristic, nor more elaborate, than the hinge-work which occurs (Fig. 39) in a pencil drawing to illustrate "The Romaunt of the Rose." The door, it should be observed, is shown standing half-opened, and is thus in perspective; but the detail, nevertheless, is clear enough to give a fair impression of the great beauty and originality of the design. The hanging lamp (Fig. 40) which, with its

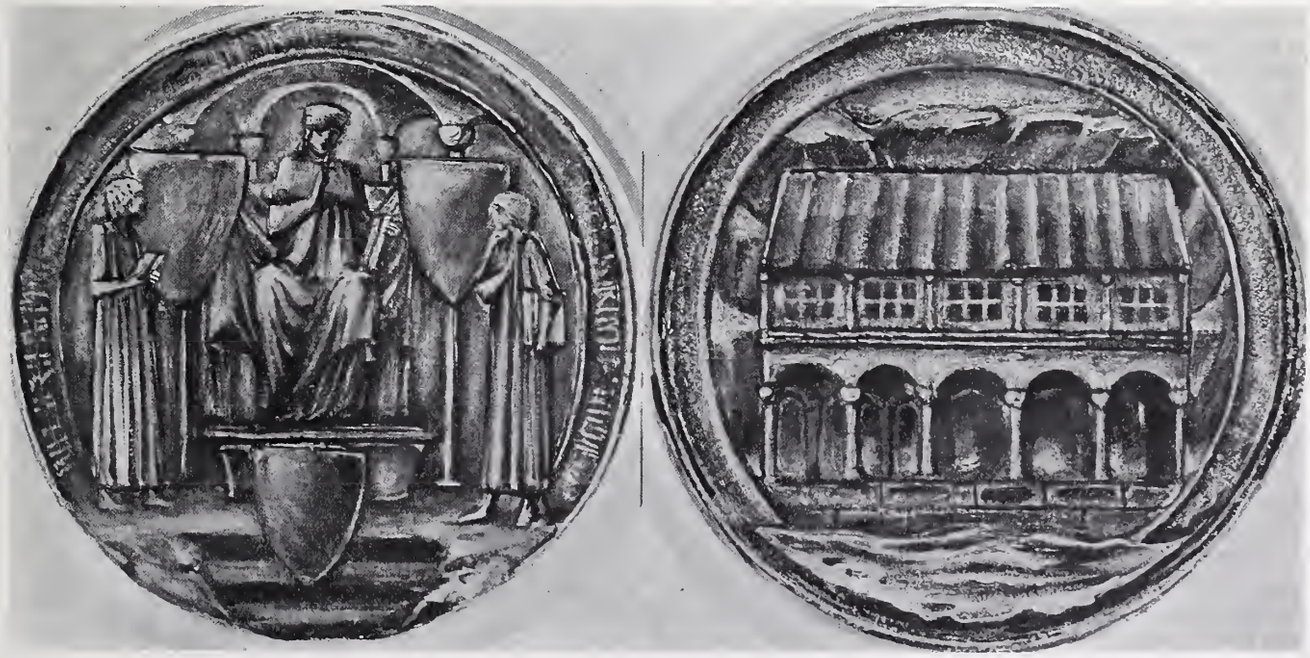


Fig. 38.—Design for obverse and reverse of engraved metal Seal for the Welsh University. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 24). By permission of theExecutors.



Fig. 39.—Detail showing ornamental door-hinges. From the pencil drawing of 'The Romaunt of the Rose.' By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 25). From the photograph by Mr. F. Hollyer.

pierced cover, recalls the form of a mediæval censer, is suspended over the royal couch in the picture of 'Arthur in Avalon.'

'The Battle of Flodden Field' (Fig. 41), with its serried ranks of spearmen under opposite banners and its struggling combatants at close quarters, is a vigorous composition, which was modelled by Sir Edgar Boehm after the original water-colour drawing for a bronze relief panel at Naworth Castle. Two other works of the same class, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in 1879, and executed, like the above, by Sir Edgar Boehm, are 'The Nativity' and 'The Entombment,' for the decoration of a tomb at Castle Howard.

As early as 1857, Rossetti mentions, in the letter already quoted, that Burne-Jones, together with Morris, had "designed some wonderful Gothic furniture, different" from "anything yet done," and that Morris, having the means, was causing it to be executed.

In actual practice, however, it was mainly in applied painting upon furniture that Burne-Jones's talents found expression. He executed several important works of this description. For example, in the spring of 1858 he painted the doors of a large cabinet for William Morris with decorative scenes from Chaucer's "Prioress's Tale"; and, about three years later, when Mr. Seddon, the architect, had designed himself a buffet, and had commissioned Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. to decorate the panels, Burne-Jones painted the two central compartments of the four meant to illustrate "King René's Honeymoon." One of them is reproduced on a preceding page (Fig. 14). The subject is 'Painting,' and shows the royal patron of the arts seated at work at his easel, while his consort looks on approvingly over his shoulder. Two works of gesso decoration may be mentioned: one a cassone with a figured panel of 'The Hesperides,' in 1888; and a casket, the ornament founded on the legend of "Pandora," in 1893.

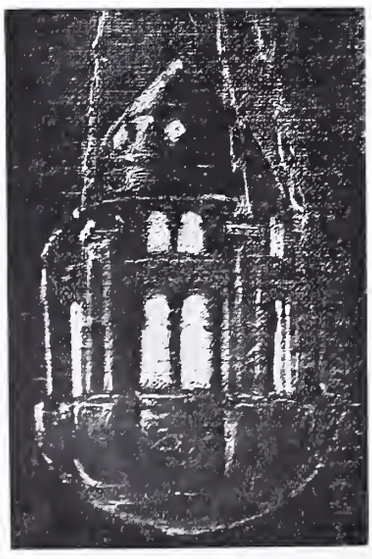


Fig. 40.—Hanging Lamp, Detail from the painting, 'Arthur in Avalon.' By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 25). By permission of C. S. Goldmann, Esq.

Perhaps the best known of all such works is the grand piano, painted by Burne-Jones in 1879 and 1880 for the late William Graham: the story of "Orpheus and Eurydice" in monochrome medallions around the sides; the lid treated in more elaborate fashion, a poet and the spirit of music on the top, and Mother Earth and her progeny amidst a curling growth of thorns and vine branches on the under side.

Nearly twenty years later the artist decorated with paintings a clavichord and case for the same, made by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch in 1897 (Plate opp. p. 24 and Fig. 36). The instrument is the property of the painter's daughter, Mrs. Mackail, in allusion to whose name the top of the case is ornamented with a representation of St. Margaret and her customary emblem, a dragon. The figure, in sable draperies, stands out strikingly against the rich red with which the body of the case is coloured. The inside of the clavichord is painted with more delicate ornament of floral sprays, and a female figure in light robes on the sounding-board. Beautiful as this work is in many ways, it may yet fairly be objected that the ornament is so disposed that the bridge of the instrument breaks right through the female form; and also that the lid, both of this case and of the Graham piano, is painted without regard to the fact that, when folded, it mutilates the figures, and, when opened, makes them stand on their heads. It is just in such instances as these that Burne-Jones occasionally betrayed the picture-painter's impatience of the limitations imposed by material and purpose, exigencies which no decorator can safely afford to treat with indifference.

On the other hand Sir Edward Burne-Jones was too fastidious and careful an artist to risk marring the unity and individuality of his work by the admission of any extraneous element. And so, instead of working at second-hand from among the existing stock of picture-painters' properties, he caused models to be made from his own designs, and used them whenever he had occasion. To this class of objects belong a model of a ship, completely rigged with sails, ropes, and blocks, for the unfinished painting of 'The Sirens'; the chairs in the Banquet Scene of the Stanmore tapestry; and a number of musical instruments, crowns, arms and armour. The latter include the splendid helmet of Perseus (Fig. 46), the short sword—the Herpé of classic mythology—which may be seen in the hand of Perseus in Fig. 15; and the shield of King Cophetua (Fig. 42), with its picturesque outline, and shining convex boss in the middle.

The breastplate (Fig. 44), and the three helmets (Figs. 47, 48, and 49) were made under different circumstances. It will be remembered that in January, 1895, Mr. Comyns Carr's play of "King Arthur" was produced by Sir Henry Irving and his Company at the Lyceum Theatre, the whole of the scenery, fittings and dresses being devised by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In preparation for this piece, in the preceding year, 1894, Mr. Karl, the costume designer, of the firm of Messrs. Nathan, spent four months in Sir Edward Burne-Jones's studio, working out the details of the drawings under the artist's



Fig. 41.—Design for bronze relief, 'The Battle of Flodden Field.' Water colour drawing by Sir Edward-Burne Jones (p. 26). By permission of the Executors.

direction. Some fifty to sixty suits of armour, all different, were designed for the purpose, and carried out in various places, some in London, others in Paris, Vienna or Italy; in short, wherever the most suitable craftsmen for each particular example could be found. The four specimens here shown, not having been used in the play as it was acted, remained in the artist's possession. The helmet (Fig. 47) was introduced, with a more elaborate coronet round it, into one of the tapestry panels of the Holy Grail series at Stanmore. The breastplate (Fig. 44) and helmet (Fig. 48) belong to a suit of blue-black armour, intended to be worn by Sir Henry Irving, as King Arthur, and made, in allusion to the name Pendragon, with overlapping, serpent-like scales.

The romantic character of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's subjects entailed the introduction of an extraordinary amount of amour, in the designing of which he gave free play to his artistic fancy.

He created imaginary, fantastic forms, based on the leafage of plants or the scales of reptiles. With a blissful unconcern of precedent he would clothe his knights in surcoats underneath their hauberks; or he would combine chain mail and plate mail in such a manner as might drive the connoisseur to distraction. But for all that, Burne-Jones has made more exquisite designs for armour, and has used it to more decorative purpose, than any other artist since the sixteenth century.

The two charming little sketches of pendants (Figs. 50 and 51), a heart aflame and a chained heart respectively, are specimens of Burne-Jones's designs for jewellery. The two crowns (Figs. 52 and 53) were modelled in copper from his drawings, for introduction into pictures and other compositions. Fig. 52, which is of extremely beautiful form, was evidently a favourite of the artist's, as is shown by the fact that he used it in three of his most important works, viz., 'Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,' the second of the "Briar Rose" set (where it is fitted with an inner cap or bonnet), and in 'Arthur in Avalon.' The outline is the same in each case, while the various jewels were added according to the artist's option at the time of painting.



Fig. 43.—Ornamental Device for 'Arms of Sir Lancelot.' Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 30). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

Of musical instruments, such as hand-organs and various kinds of stringed instruments, Burne-Jones designed and introduced a goodly number into his various works. For some he had models made, *e.g.*, for a long horn, like the ivory oliphants of the Early Middle Ages—it appears, for example in the window of 'The Last Judgment,' at Easthampstead Church, and in Fig. 19; a harp (Fig. 55), which occurs both in 'Arthur in Avalon' and in the graceful design of 'Erin' (Fig. 56); and the instrument shown in Fig. 54. Though pronounced by a musical expert to be altogether fictitious, because no instrument constructed as this is could sound, it is of such very picturesque shape that the artist used it in numerous instances, *e.g.*, in the paintings: 'The Bath of Venus,' 'Laus Veneris,' 'Love Among the Ruins,' 'The Mill,' and 'Arthur in Avalon.' In every case where it is represented as being played the strings are touched with the hand alone; else, from its form, one might have been inclined to class it as a variety of dulcimer.



Fig. 42.—Model for King Cophetua's Shield. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 26). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

Fig. 44.—Breastplate of King Arthur, for the play of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum Theatre. Executed under the direction of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

The Arras tapestry, hand-woven by Messrs. Morris from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs, has already become historic. But this record would be incomplete without mention of 'The Star of Bethlehem' at Exeter College Chapel, Oxford, or the series of the Holy Grail for Mr. D'Arcy at Stanmore Hall, a series also employed to decorate a room in the house of Mr. George McCulloch in Queen's Gate. Beneath the compartments of figure subjects there runs a narrower strip, of the nature of a "verdura," representing deer in a thicket, upon the branches of which are hung the shields of King Arthur's knights, each

Fig. 45.—Design in water colour for a verdura in Arras Tapestry (p. 30). By Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By permission of the Executors.



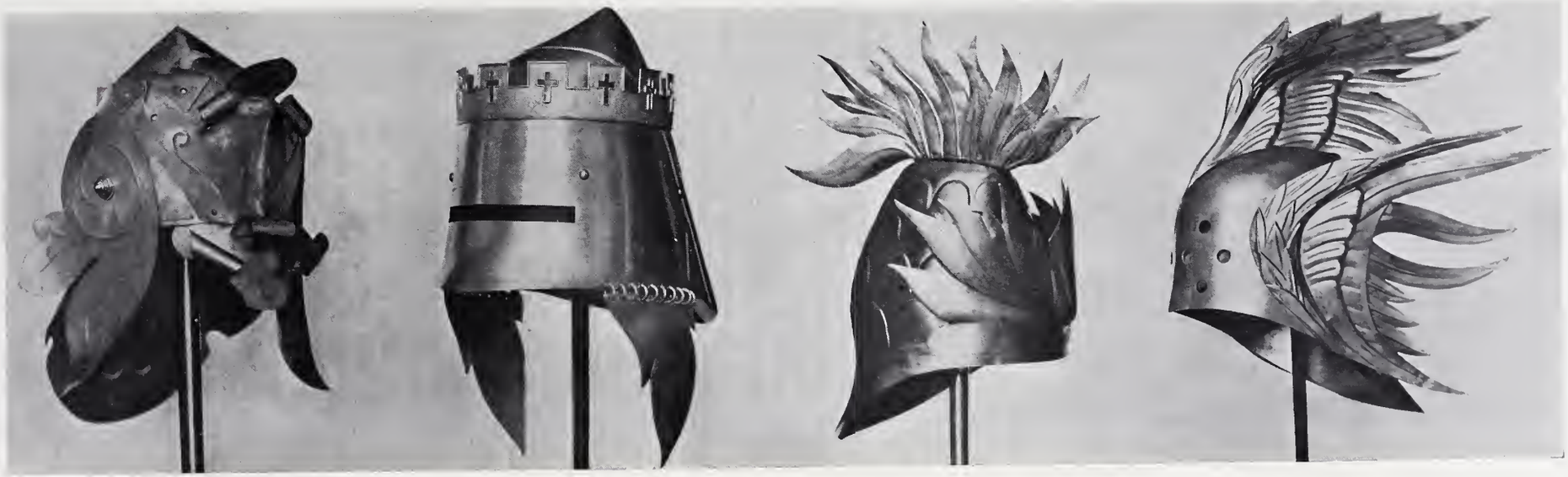


Fig. 46.—Model of Helmet for Perseus. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 26). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

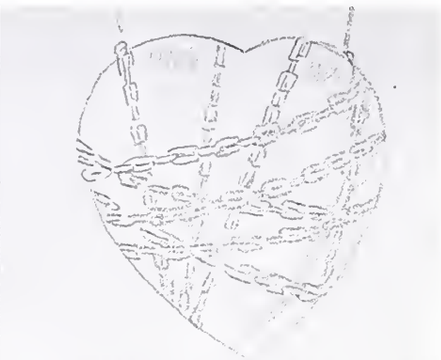
Fig. 47.

Fig. 48.

Fig. 49.

Figs. 47, 48, and 49.—Helmets for the play of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum Theatre. Executed under the direction of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). By permission of Sir Philip Burne Jones, Bart.





Figs. 50 and 51.—Designs for jewellery. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.





Figs. 52 and 53.—Copper models of crowns made from designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

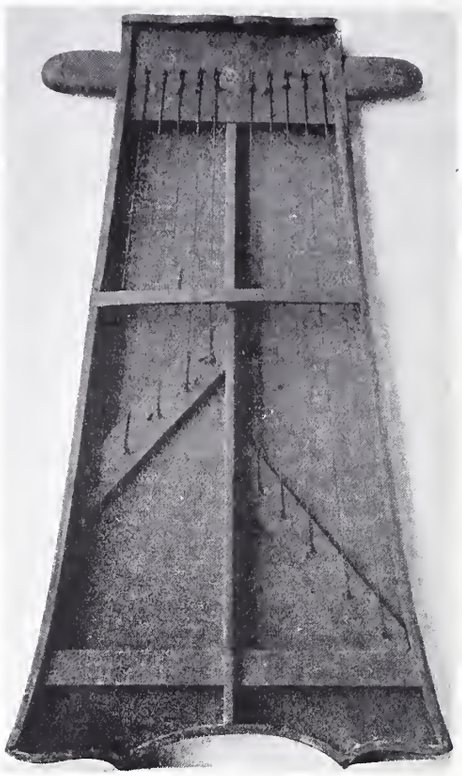
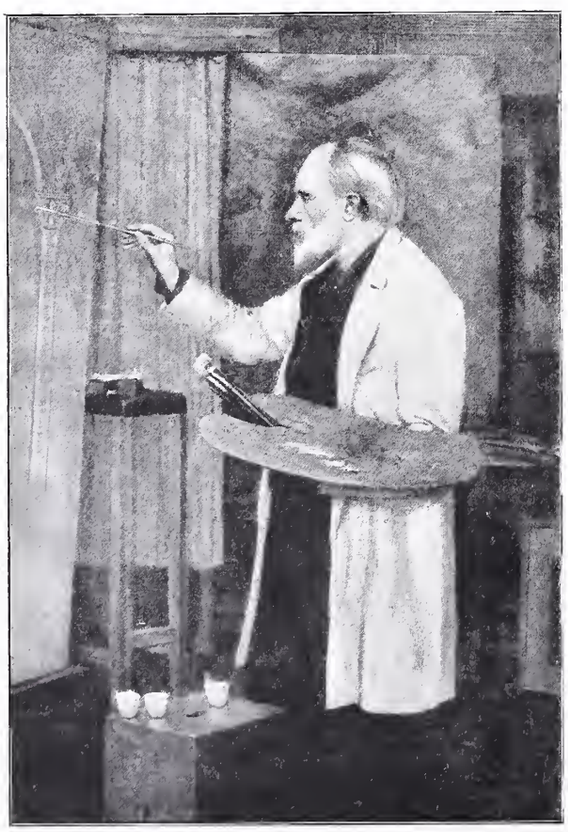


Fig. 54.—Model of musical instrument. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

with the correct charges as assigned by mediæval heralds. The original design for a portion of the "verdura" is here shown (Fig. 45). The beautiful 'Arms of Lancelot'—so named by the artist in his sketch-book (Fig. 43)—are not to be regarded otherwise than as a fanciful device, distinct altogether from the accepted heraldic blazonry.

It was some while after Morris's death that the firm of Morris & Co., in order that the high traditions and repute of Merton Abbey works might be fitly sustained at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, commissioned Sir Edward Burne-Jones to make them a new design for Arras tapestry; the subject, and all particulars as to colour and dimensions, being left to the artist's absolute discretion. 'The Passing of Venus' (Plate opposite p. 8) is therefore of peculiar interest, as being the product of the artist's own choice, and also because it was the last design he ever prepared for tapestry. Nay, rather it is practically the last design he made for any purpose; since it was on the large replica of the same in water-colour that he was working on the very day he died. The earliest germs of the *motif* may be discovered in the mural decoration in the background of the great picture 'Laus Veneris,' finished in 1878. And though the present example is but a small water-colour sketch, it is quite enough to show that the result would have equalled, if indeed it would not rather have surpassed, Burne-Jones's previous triumphs in this branch of design.



Portrait of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart., at work. Painted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. From the photograph by Mr. F. Hollyer.

As regards machine-made textiles, it has been stated in print that Burne-Jones designed, among other things, for this purpose too; but, if such was the case, there is no evidence to show for it. And the fact is the more singular, seeing how averse he was, as mentioned above, from borrowing ready-made details of furniture and other accessories; and also seeing that the mediæval masters, whose disciple he was, made abundant use of textile patterns, which, as Mr. Sydney Vacher, an authority who has made prolonged study of this special subject, believes, in numbers of cases they designed for themselves.

Examination of Burne-Jones's work goes rather to show that, as compared with the old masters, he rarely invented ornament of a recurring diaper type, such as might be executed by mechanical process. It would almost seem, indeed, that Burne-Jones resented the very sort of restrictions of manufacture, to encounter which afforded William Morris keen delight. Apparent instances to the contrary turn out on close scrutiny to be no exceptions. Thus, the skirt of 'Sidonia von Bork' (1860), (see THE ART JOURNAL for 1896, p.



Fig. 55.—Model of a Harp. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 28). By permission of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.



Fig. 56.—Decorative design, 'Erin.' By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 20). The block kindly lent by the Irish Industries Association.

354), which is covered with a pattern in black, suggestive of writhing snakes, is all free-hand drawing, nor can any repeat be made out of it from girdle to hem. Even in such robes or dosser hangings as are obviously intended to represent machine-woven stuffs, the pattern, as a rule, is a mere suggestion of diaper, which would not work out as a true repeat.

What is true of the earlier work equally holds good of the later. In the whole of the illustrations of the Kelmscott Chaucer there are but two instances where a repeat in textiles for wall-hangings is suggested, *e.g.* in the first picture of the Fourth Book of 'Troilus and Creysede,' and in that of the Proem of 'The Book of the Duchesse.' And as to the robes of the characters depicted, there are only two examples (one a powdering of daisy plants, the other of ladders) where any recurring ornament, beyond mere rudimentary dotting or scaling, is used at all. The draping of the figures is characterised by the utmost simplicity, the artist obviously preferring to obtain his effect by studied grace of line and folds instead of by richness of pattern.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was an absolute idealist. "I mean by a picture," he once wrote—and if this applies to mere pictorial work, how far more does it apply to decoration!—"a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful." None ever lived with a rarer or acuter susceptibility of the subtlest accidents of physical beauty. Yet his was an entirely transcendental type, as undistraught by the stress of passion or sex, as is the Hermes of Praxiteles, or the so-called Venus de Milo. That which has been charged against Burne-Jones's art is in fact one of its most precious merits, to wit, its utter restfulness and aloofness from all the sordid turmoil and lightning rush of modern life. Yet what he took from the treasury of the past, he glorified with the choicest of the present. He evolved the perfection of form by uniting the bodily proportions of a Mantegna with the face of a Botticelli, sublimating both the one and the other; and furthermore he was fortunate in lighting upon a model with the hands of a goddess. No more divinely lovely hands than those of Vivien in 'The Beguiling of Merlin,' of 'Temperantia,' and 'Sibylla Delphica,' ever have been represented in art or perhaps ever will be. As was said at the outset, Burne-Jones's primary characteristic is his decorative treatment of the human form. It is this which constitutes the principal interest of his work; this which enables it to hold its place unrivalled in the whole range of Art since the world began.

AYMER VALLANCE.



Fig. 57.—Decorative design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 16). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.



Fig. 58.—Sketch for decorative design. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 16). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.



Fig. 59.—Sketch for decorative border. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (p. 16). From the Book of Designs in the British Museum.

NOTE.—*The Author and Publishers desire to record their sense of obligation to Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart., for his invaluable assistance and support, to Lady Burne-Jones and Mrs. Mackail, to Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray and Mr. H. Reece, to Messrs. J. Powell & Sons, Mr. F. Hollyer, Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, to the Authorities of the British Museum and of the Victoria and Albert Museum, to the Corporation of Birmingham, and to all others who have kindly consented to allow the reproduction of Works of Art in their possession.*

PRINTED BY H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 294, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY
3 3125 00618 7773